

MUSEUM

OF

FOREIGN LITERATURE, SCIENCE AND ART.

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From Blackwood's Magazine.

HYMNS OF LIFE.

BY MRS. HEMANS.

I.

The Prayer of the Lonely Student.

Soul of our souls! and safeguard of the world!
Sustain—*Thou* only can'st—the sick at heart,
Restore their languid spirits, and recall
Their lost affections unto Thee and Thine.

Wordsworth.

NIGHT—holy night!—the time
For Mind's free breathings in a purer clime!
Night!—when in happier hour the unveiling sky
Woke all my kindled soul,
To meet its revelations, clear and high,
With the strong joy of Immortality!
Now hath strange sadness wrapp'd me—strange
and deep—

And my thoughts faint, and shadows o'er them roll,
E'en when I deem'd them seraph-plumed, to
sweep

Far beyond Earth's control.

Wherefore is this!—I see the stars returning,
Fire after fire in Heaven's rich Temple burning,
Fast shine they forth—my spirit-friends, my
guides,

Bright rulers of my being's inmost tides;
They shine—but faintly, through a quivering
haze—

Oh! is the dimness *mine* which clouds those rays?
They from whose glance my childhood drank de-
light

A joy unquestioning—a love intense—
They, that unfolding to more thoughtful sight,
The harmony of their magnificence,
Drew silently the worship of my youth
To the grave sweetness on the brow of truth;
Shall they shower blessing, with their beams di-
vine

Down to the watcher on the stormy sea,
And to the pilgrim, toiling for his shrine,
Through some wild pass of rocky Appennine,

And to the wanderer lone,

On wastes of Afric thrown,

And not to *me*?

Am I a thing forsaken,

And is the gladness taken

From the bright-pinion'd Nature, which hath
soar'd

Through realms by royal eagle ne'er explored,
And, bathing there in streams of fiery light,
Found strength to gaze upon the Infinite!

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And now an alien!—Wherefore must this be?

How shall I rend the chain?

How drink rich life again

From those pure stores of radiance, swelling free!
Father of Spirits! let me turn to Thee!

Oh! if too much exulting in her dower,
My soul, not yet to lowly thought subdued,
Hath stood without Thee on her Hill of Power—

A fearful and a dazzling solitude!—
And therefore from that radiant summit's crown,
To dim Desertion is by Thee cast down;
Behold! thy child submissively hath bow'd,
Shine on him thro' the cloud!

Let the now darken'd earth and curtain'd Heaven
Back to his vision with Thy face be given!

Bear him on High once more,

But on Thy strength to soar,

And wrapt and still'd by that o'ershadowing might,
Forth on the empyreal blaze to look with chas-
ten'd sight.

Or if it be, that like the ark's lone dove,
My thoughts go forth, and find no resting place,
No sheltering home of sympathy and love,
In the responsive bosoms of my race,
And back return, a darkness and a weight,
Till my unanswer'd heart grows desolate;
Yet, yet sustain me, Holiest!—I am vow'd

To solemn service high;

And shall the spirit, for thy tasks endow'd,
Sink on the threshold of the sanctuary,
Fainting beneath the burden of the day,

Because no human tone,

Unto the altar-stone,

Of that pure spousal Fane inviolate,
Where it should make eternal Truth its mate,
May cheer the sacred solitary way?

Oh! be the whisper of thy voice within,
Enough to strengthen! Be the hope to win
A more deep-seeing homage for Thy name,
Far, far beyond the burning dream of Fame!
Make me Thine only!—Let me add but one
To those refulgent steps all undefiled,

Which glorious minds have piled
Thro' bright self-offering, earnest, child-like, low,
For mounting to Thy throne!

And let my soul, upborne

On wings of inner morn,

Find, in illumined secrecy, the sense
Of that blest work, its own deep recompense.

The dimness melts away,

That on your glory lay,

Oh! ye majestic watchers of the skies!

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Through the dissolving veil,
Which made each aspect pale,
Your gladdening fires once more I recognize,
And once again a shower
Of Hope, and Joy, and Power,
Streams on my soul from your immortal eyes,
And, if that splendour to my sobered sight
Come tremulous, with more of pensive light;
Something, tho' beautiful, yet deeply fraught,
With more that pierces thro' each fold of thought,
Than I was wont to trace,
On Heaven's unshadowed face;
Be it e'en so!—be mine, tho' set apart
Unto a radiant ministry, yet still
A lowly, fearful, self-distrusting heart;
Bow'd before Thee, O Mightiest! whose blest
will
All the pure stars rejoicingly fulfil.

II.

The Traveller's Evening Song.

FATHER, guide me! Day declines,
Hollow winds are in the pines;
Darkly waves each giant-bough
O'er the sky's last crimson glow;
Hush'd is now the convent's bell,
Which erewhile with breezy swell
From the purple mountains bore
Greeting to the sunset-shore.
Now the sailor's vesper-hymn
Dies away.
Father! in the forest dim
Be my stay!

In the low and shivering thrill
Of the leaves, that late hung still;
In the dull and muffled tone
Of the sea-wave's distant moan;
In the deep tints of the sky,
There are signs of tempest nigh.
Ominous, with sullen sound,
Falls the closing dusk around.
Father! through the storm and shade
O'er the wild,
Oh! be *Thou* the lone one's aid—
Save thy child!

Many a swift and sounding plume
Homewards, through the boding gloom,
O'er my way hath flitted fast,
Since the farewell sunbeam pass'd
From the chestnut's ruddy bark,
And the pools, now low and dark,
Where the wakening night-winds sigh
Through the long reeds mournfully.
Homeward, homeward, all things haste—
God of might!
Shield the homeless midst the waste,
Be his light!

In his distant cradle-nest,
Now my babe is laid to rest;
Beautiful his slumber seems
With a glow of heavenly dreams,
Beautiful, o'er that bright sleep,
Hang soft eyes of fondness deep,

Where his mother bends to pray,
For the loved and far away.—
Father! guard that household bower,
Hear that prayer!
Back, through thine all-guiding power,
Lead me there!

Darker, wilder, grows the night—
Not a star sends quivering light
Through the massy arch of shade
By the stern old forest made.
Thou! to whose unslumbering eyes
All my pathway open lies,
By thy Son, who knew distress
In the lonely wilderness,
Where no roof to that blest head
Shelter gave—
Father! through the time of dread,
Save, oh! save!

From the Literary Souvenir.

SONNETS.

Milton visiting Galileo, Blind and in Prison.

I.

BEHOLD, how long, and with what earnest eye
He gazes on that venerable face,
And forehead up to heaven. Doth he trace
In that calm symbol of serenity,
And sorrow mastered with a loftier grace,
The shadow of his own high destiny?
Virtue contending with the pride of place,
And deathless fame, for present misery.
Yes, ye are like, though time not yet hath marred
One of those sunbright locks; nor sorrow prest
The signet of her silence, cold and hard,
Upon those lips so lovely in their rest.
Yes, ye are like, as morn is like to even,
Or trance of summer noon to winter's frozen
heaven.

II.

Art thou the mighty reader of the skies,
With thy Saturnian aspect, stern and cold?
Oh great Philosopher! and did those eyes,
Now vacant as the eyes of flowers, behold
The maze of heaven's star-ciphered mysteries?
And do they dream that they have thus enthralled
A soul of those enormous energies
That heaven's eternal hollow could not hold?
Look up, look up, great Prophet, and rejoice,—
Not Plato in the academic grove
Possessed an ampler state; not Sovran Jove
Holds on his peaceful lips a mightier voice
To chill an impious age with sudden fear,
Than those large open orbs of stony hue austere!
A. T. D. V.

From the Quarterly Review.

ZOHRAH THE HOSTAGE.

By the Author of 'Hajji Baba.' In 3 vols. 12mo. London. 1832.

This is the best novel that has appeared for several years past; indeed, out of sight superior to all the rest of the recent brood: its story richer in materials and more artful in construction, and its style simple, manly English,—the language of a mature observer of men and manners, as well as a scholar, 'and a ripe one.' Such a book presents truly a delightful contrast to the flimsy tissues of false thought and affected jargon which have been swarming upon us season after season from the same manufactory; and which, we must candidly confess, 'paid paragraphs' and 'paid extracts' had induced us to believe more acceptable to the public at large, than it now turns out they ever were. It appears that after our eyes had been disgusted for so many years with flourishing statements of the 'unparalleled' sale of the trash we allude to, the publisher has just been detected in disposing of thirty thousand volumes of 'historical novels' and 'novels of fashionable life,' in one batch, on condition of exportation, at the rate of eight pence per volume. The *hoax* then has at length been discovered—the bubble has burst—and the fine ladies and gentlemen, who have not disdained to let themselves be mixed up with this long career of imposture, must now be contented to waste all their sweetness on the Annuals; while the Unitarian preacher at Birmingham who indited, as we are informed, 'The Exclusives,' (ascribed by his modest bookseller's agents to her Royal Highness the Duchess of Gloucester!) may restore his pen to the Anti-Nicene controversy; and the ingenious governesses and attorneys' wives who depicted the tracasseries of the Hampstead *hops*, and labelled them 'Almack's,' 'High Life,' &c. &c. may settle down again with what appetite they can to Mrs. Trimmer's Catechisms, and the balancing of the green-grocer's week book. 'Young Dukes' will not again be caught inviting Marchionesses of Bucklebury to 'wine' with them; nor 'Patricians at Sea' show themselves at home in St. Giles's; nor 'Life in the West' on a title-page introduce the sayings and doings of the *hell* and the brothel: and if the clever stipulation about exporting be adhered to, we should not be surprised to hear that some of the works so dealt with had followed their authors—

'Wittings, brisk fools, curst with half sense,
Which stimulates their impotence.'

Mr. Morier lays his scene once more in Persia—a country with the manners of which, thanks to himself, Mr. J. B. Fraser, and Sir John Malcolm, English readers are much better acquainted, than they as yet are with those of any one district of our own eastern empire. The second volume of Malcolm's 'History' of

Persia has not indeed been read so extensively as his 'Sketches;' but it is quite worthy of being so, if it were but for the mere amusement it abounds in. When the author has fairly reached the events of his own age, his style assumes wholly a different character from what it had presented in the first volume; and he introduces at every page descriptions and anecdotes which have the stamp of personal observation, and the strength of what some German quaintly but expressively calls 'living life' upon them. The 'Sketches' of the Elchee, and 'The Kuzzilbash,' have been so lately reviewed in this journal, that we need not dwell on their merits; and we may say the same, both of the original 'Hajji Baba,' and of the 'Hajji Baba in England'—works which at once took, and are sure to keep possession of, a distinguished place in our lighter literature—works in which the principle of vitality makes itself to be continually felt; in which we never part with the sustaining confidence that we are in the hands of a man of good sense and good taste—in his gayest flights of fancy self-possessed, in his broadest humour *quiet*, in his pathos, which is sometimes profound, totally devoid of melodramatic exaggeration, the crying and besetting sin of the day;—pages, in short, of which we should be surprised to hear that the most somnolent of easy-chair critics had ever turned over two at once.

On the present occasion Mr. Morier lays aside what constituted one of the most available of his resources in 'Hajji Baba'—the contrast of national manners; Persian peculiarities opposed to Turkish—Oriental to European. The materials of Zohrab are all indigenous to Iran. It is an attempt, and a successful one, to transplant the most peculiar of European forms of composition into another soil: and by its means to present a fuller picture of the workings of a system of social and domestic relations, at almost every point unlike our own, than we could ever hope to obtain from the study of any native works that have as yet been analyzed or described to Europeans. That Fancy has been largely called upon, for the filling up of this picture in some of its most important details, is obvious: the interior of the *harem*—the actual manners and feelings of Persians in their domestic relations—cannot be known to Mr. Morier, or to any other traveller, so distinctly as to enable him to dispense with this when he undertakes to pour-tray such matters in detail. But that it has been exerted under the influence of severe judgment, and with constant reference to the results of real, though partial, experience and observation, we can desire no better evidence than the fact (which we have ourselves put to the proof) that a man may read Sir John Malcolm's History, with its rich appendix of dissertations on Persian life, manners, law, and religion the one day, and the novel now before us the next, without being able to lay his finger on any striking incongruity. Passing

over a few avowed perversions of the actual course of public events within the last half century, there is, perhaps, nothing in the work of fiction, which the student of the History is entitled to say *could not have been*. How few are the novels of this class, laying their scene in the writer's native country, that can stand such a test! and yet which of them, that is not prepared to encounter it, asks our acceptance, except on the presumption of our gross ignorance, or can expect, if we are informed, a better verdict than *incredulus odi*?

The authors of the novels, more especially the so-called historical ones, that have obtained any share of popularity within the last five or six years, if they should again think of venturing on this department, will do well to bestow some study on Zohrab. They appear, one and all of them, to have proceeded in ignorance, or negligence, of the fact, that this is a classical species of composition, having certain leading principles and rules established and illustrated by high authority and example, to depart from which, without exciting disgust, is entirely impossible—in the absence of great original genius, that is to say,—of that gift above all rules, to which nothing is impossible.

One of the cleverest writers of the class, for example, (we mean the author of Pelham,) distinctly avows, that in his opinion, the canon which had hitherto been held the most imperative of all (namely, that which forbids devoting any considerable portion of a work of this sort to persons or incidents nowise bearing on the development of the fable) is useless and absurd. In a drama, he says, such things are inadmissible, because there the object is to set forth a definite action within definite and narrow limits; but in the novel, the whole, or a greater part, of a lifetime may be treated; and, as in actual life every one continually meets with persons and incidents that leave little or no impression on the main tenour of his fortunes, so, in the novel, as often and as largely as it suits the fancy of the novelist, may purely episodic materials be introduced, not only without injury to the work of art, as such, but to its manifest advantage, as tending to make it resemble more closely the usual course of actual existence. This is to lose sight altogether of the primary principles of all works of art, and to suppose that imitation, simply *quâ* imitation, will do. At that rate, the Scotch mason that hewed out Tam O'Shanter's corduroy breeches is a more perfect artist than either Chantrey or Westmacott—and the painter of the panorama of Botany Bay towers, head and shoulders, above Turner.

These gentlemen, since they permit themselves such more than epic use of materials rejected by the drama, might be expected to abstain from those features of dramatic composition which are peculiarly and especially incompatible with the epic form; yet here again they are perpetually delinquents. They avail

themselves, in diffuse narrative, at every turn, of expedients which are only allowed in the drama, because of its exclusive characteristic—namely, as the species that brings personages and events directly before the spectator himself, without the palpable intervention of any third party. But this absurdity reaches its climax in the autobiographical novel—the very essence of which is, to present things as they occur to the writer. With these artists nothing is more common than to have an autobiographical hero describing a scene with his own father or brother,—known from the beginning, as it afterwards appears, by him to be such,—and yet leaving us in ignorance that the personage was his father or his brother, until the discovery of that fact to us comes to be a matter of convenience to him in the unravelling of his third volume. This is blinking all the peculiar difficulties of the form of composition, depriving it of all its counterbalancing peculiar advantages, and introducing into its main structure the very trickeries which it was expressly meant to avoid.*

We not long since, in reviewing certain romances by one of the authors of the never-to-be-forgotten 'Rejected Addresses,' had occasion to speak at length of the ridiculous fashion in which he, as well as less gifted imitators of Sir Walter Scott, has permitted himself to make use, in fictitious narratives, of real historical personages; and we may therefore pass lightly over the offences in this kind more recently perpetrated. We are not sure whether the taste of Mr. Bulwer himself, in this line, is exhibited to higher advantage in his 'Paul Clifford,' where he introduces a clumsy and witless caricature of King George IV. and his ministers, under the guise and similitude of a troop of Hounslow highwaymen,—the present Duke of Devonshire as 'Batchelor Bill,' the landlord of a flash-house in the Minories, &c. &c.; all this sort of travestie-farce being *inlaid* into a fable of the days of King George I.—or, in another piece, where, side by side with a sentimental Gypsy deeply learned in the minor poets of the Elizabethan age! figures the late Mr. Henry Fautleroy—scene over the Debtors' door at Newgate, and all the rest of him—or, in a third of the series, wherein the hero, an impudent wonder of *nineteen*, is gravely represented as living on the footing of intimate friendship and confidential intercourse with Bolingbroke, Pope, Swift, the Regent Orleans, Count Anthony Hamilton, Admiral Apraxin, the Czar Peter I., and his consort—to say nothing of occasional colloquies between the said beardless coxcomb and Colley Cibber, Matthew Prior, Mr. Addison, Richard Cromwell, (ex-Protector of England), Sir Richard Steele, the Abbé de Chaulieu, the Duc de St. Simon, Fleuri, Dubois, Massillon, Dangeau, Fontenelle, Mad. de Maintenon, Louis XIV., and M. de Voltaire, &c. &c. We

* See 'The Disowned' by the Author of Pelham.

had really thought that after Mr. Smith's episode of John Milton smoking tobacco and dictating *Paradise Lost* in a suburban parlour, into which a *hero* (we forget his name) happened to stumble when the bailiffs were in chase of him, there would have been an end of this horrible nonsense—but no. Mr. Bulwer has worked the same vein of absurdity with a still more daring hand; and sorry are we to say that a greater than either has penetrated even lower than Mr. Bulwer. The author of *Devereux* makes the attempt, however unsuccessfully, to put characteristic words into the mouths of the great shades whom he evokes—but M. de Chateaubriand (as if to show how genius can distance everything else, even in folly) interrupts a conversation, in his latest novel, by the squalling of a child—an infant—and what follows?—'Cet enfant—c'étoit Voltaire!' After this last hit, we confess, we can scarcely indulge the hope that even a new Sir Topaz would extinguish this impertinence.

Let us, however, be just to the author of *Devereux*. Others, before and after him, have gone beyond all patience in the vice of episodic tampering with illustrious names—but it was reserved for him to outrage the last remaining barrier of propriety and verisimilitude, by representing through three volumes a wholly imaginary *petit maitre* as not only mixing habitually, and on equal terms, with the best known men of one of the best known periods of modern history, but actually, during a considerable part of his career, occupying, amidst scenes and affairs with which all the world is perfectly familiar, all but the very first and highest place. But this hero, who acts, for ten years, as prime counsellor to Peter the Great, and conducts the most important negotiations of that reign with the courts of France and Austria—this exquisite 'Devereux,' to be sure, had sprung from a stock which might well give high augury of his fortunes. His father was a private English Squire, by historians unfortunately passed *sub silentio*, who, by his valour and skill in the military service of Louis le Grand, earned not only a high place in the French nobility, but the baton of a marshal of France. The rival of a Turenne might fitly progenerate the Sully of a Peter.

The Bolingbroke of the novel to which we have been alluding, is made to throw out, as *obiter dicta*, in the course of his *communes* (as the author delights to call them) with its hero, some ten or a dozen beautiful sentences, excerpted from the writings of the real Viscount; but, with these exceptions, nothing is said by him or any other of the *redivivi* in the smallest degree worthy of them. Frederick the Great says, 'C'est un déplorable effet de la fragilité humaine, que les hommes ne ressemblent pas tous les jours à eux-mêmes: les Espagnols disent très judicieusement, "Un tel a été brave un tel jour."' The greatest philosophers and wits have, no doubt, their hours

and days of dulness, but it seems hard to disquiet so many bright spirits for the sole purpose of showing that they *could* be dull. As for actions—the case is, if possible, worse. In these pages, while the real great men only say things that one could not, without regret, believe them ever to have said, the imaginary great men are not less assiduously occupied with doing things which we all know were either not done at all, or done *not by them*.

Since we have been led to say anything on this school of writers, we must take the freedom of making one remark more—which is, that Lord Byron's influence has, in certain particulars, left unfortunate traces among others than the poetasters of his time. These recent novelists have all borrowed from him a vein of egotism which nothing but very high genius could ever render tolerable in any species of composition, and which assuredly suits as ill with the novel as with any that could be named. Eternal rhapsodies about the personal feelings, opinions, circumstances, and prospects, of such a man as Lord Byron, might be borne with even in such a piece as *Don Juan*—but things like this make one sorry for authors of less distinguished rank.

The artist-like fashion in which Mr. Morier blends truth with fable, is especially worthy of the consideration of the writers to whom we have been recommending the study of Zohrab. If he touches on persons and events of nearly his own day, distance of place serves him and his reader, instead of distance of time; he has no real names merely for the name's sake, but grapples with, and expands dramatically, characters and feelings true to nature, in themselves interesting, and therefore worthy of expansion;—and he has no mere episode, to crutch up a halting narrative—nor a single description purely to 'supply the place of sense.' Nor in Mr. Morier's novel are we indulged with any confidences about Mr. Morier.

The period with which he has chosen to connect his fable is one of the most important in the history of Persia, and abounding in circumstances, to the picturesque effect, as well as tragic interest of which, it would not be easy to add. The late king, Aga Mohamed Khan, was only born the chief of one tribe, among several, each of which pretended an equal title to place its own patriarchal leader on the throne. Among the savage wars of his boyhood, he fell into the hands of Adel Shah, the nephew and successor of Nadir, and this prince instantly gave orders that he should be made an eunuch.

'This act of cruelty was meant,' says Malcolm, 'to destroy every hope of accomplishing that very end which it ultimately promoted; for by depriving the representative of a great family of those sensual enjoyments which, in eastern countries, too often enervate both the body and the mind, it forced him to seek gratification from other sources. The attention of Aga Mohamed appears, from his earliest years,

to have been directed to views of ambition; and he pursued them through life with a callous perseverance and unrelenting severity, which marked the deep impression made by his early wrongs.—*History of Persia*, vol. ii. p. 176.

This 'callous perseverance' and 'unrelenting severity,' after many years of struggle, enabled the emasculated competitor to subdue every rival whom his arts could not conciliate. He became the undisputed lord of Persia; the present king is his nephew; and there appears now no likelihood of his dynasty being disturbed.

The character of this extraordinary man is drawn with admirable skill by Sir John Malcolm, who had the advantage of living on terms of familiar intercourse with many of his surviving ministers and captains. His talents, both for civil administration and for war, appear to have been of a very high order; and this is shown in nothing more distinctly than in his wise choice of men to second him in both departments. His prime vizier, Hajji Ibrahim, is still venerated in Persia as the model of a profound yet humane politician. He kept his place to the last, though his temper was in every respect unlike that of his master, and though he had the virtue to speak truth, in opposition to the all but universal custom of his countrymen, and in the presence of one whose passions were as fierce as his heart was cold. The Shah showed in general the same superiority in his total want of jealousy with regard to the military merit and renown of others. Deprived of one source of sensual gratification, he despised all the rest; he ate the loaf of the common soldier; he never, unlike most Persians of rank, was known to violate the prophet's law against wine; he was, to old age, unwearied in labour of every kind—restless as determined—fearless as far-sighted. Sir John Malcolm thus describes him in his sixty-third year:—

'His person was so slender, that at a distance he appeared like a youth of fourteen or fifteen. His beardless and shrivelled face resembled that of an aged and wrinkled woman, and its expression, at no time pleasant, was horrible when clouded, as it often was, with indignation. He was sensible of this, and could not bear that any one should look at him.*

'His first passion was the love of power; the second, avarice; the third, revenge. In all these he indulged to excess, and they ministered to each other; but the two latter yielded to the first whenever they came into collision. His knowledge of the character and feelings of others was wonderful, and it is to this knowledge, and his talent of concealing his own purposes, that we must refer his extraordinary success. He never employed force until art had failed.—*Ibid.*

* Sir John tells us elsewhere, that a favourite centinel of the guard, happening to gaze one day on the Shah, as he rode by his post, had his eyes seared out on the instant.

We refer our reader to the chapter from which we have been quoting, for copious details of the intrigues, the battles, the sieges, the massacres, the executions, which mark the successive stages of Aga Mohamed's career. He at last perished by the hands of two of his own most confidential personal attendants, under circumstances which, says Malcolm, 'can leave little doubt that his mind had become deranged.' Having discovered his two *valets de chambre*, as we may call them, in a conspiracy against his crown, he pronounced immediately the sentence of death, but deferred its execution until next morning, and meantime permitted the men to continue their functions about his person. These condemned traitors were the nearest watchers that night as usual in the apartments where the king slept. Next morning he was found stabbed in his bed, and the murderers had escaped. Such is Malcolm's edition of the story. Our novelist, on the ground, no doubt, that *le vrai n'est pas toujours vraisemblable*, has given another version. We are not sure, however, that in this he has shown his usual judgment. Madness was not only possibly, but most probably, in Aga Mohamed's mind from the beginning. He had through life been afflicted with epilepsy. For ourselves, we confess we find it difficult, in spite of some three or four bright pages in Roman history, to imagine the existence of a perfectly sane despot; nor does it seem easier to conceive of an eunuch who does not either doze on the border of idiotism, or tremble on that of mania. What must it be when the two angry fountains of disease mix in the blood of one creature—placed in body out of nature—in mind beyond the natural relations of humanity?

A single page from Malcolm's *History of Aga Mohamed* will save Mr. Morier from all suspicion of having overdrawn the tiger-hall of his character. One of the most important triumphs of his career was the capture of Kerman, (the ancient Caramania,) where an old enemy, Looft Ali Khan, had, after many reverses of fortune, shut himself up, and made a most gallant defence. When all his out-works had been destroyed, and it was obvious that another day must consummate the success of the Shah, Looft Ali, and three of his principal officers, mounted their horses at midnight, fairly cut their way through the besieger's lines, and escaped scatheless to Nermansheer.

'When day dawned, and Aga Mohamed found, to use a Persian phrase, that "the lion had burst his toils," he wreaked his vengeance on the unfortunate inhabitants of Kerman; nearly twenty thousand women and children were given as slaves to his soldiers; all the males who had reached maturity were commanded to be put to death or deprived of their eyesight. Those who escaped owed their safety neither to mercy nor to flight, but to the fatigue of the executioners, who only ceased

to glut the revengeful spirit of their monarch when themselves were exhausted with the work of blood. The numbers of slain exceeded those deprived of sight, though the latter amounted to seven thousand. Many of these miserable wretches are still alive (1816).'

Sir John adds in a note—

'When at Shiraz on the 4th of June, 1800, I thought the best mode of celebrating the birth-day of our beloved monarch was to distribute alms to the poor: a great number assembled, and among them were more than a hundred men, whose eyes had been taken out at Kerman. It has been stated that Aga Mohamed ordered a certain number of *pounds weight of eyes* to be brought to him; nor is the tale in the least incredible.'

The following paragraph is a curious one. What insolence mingles even in the tender mercies of the tyrant! What soul-bruising arrogance in his very repentance!

'The meerza, or secretary, of Looft Ali was brought before him. He demanded how he had dared to send firmans or mandates to him who was a sovereign. "I wrote," said the man, "by the order of my master, Looft Ali; my fear of him present was greater than of you at a distance." "Strike off his hands and tear out his eyes," exclaimed the monarch, and the savage order was instantly obeyed. Next day he sent for the son of the man whom he had thus treated, and said, "Tell your father that the prophet has upbraided me in a dream for my usage of him: what can I do to repair the injuries I have done?" "He will desire if he lives," said the boy, "to pass the remainder of his days at the tomb of the holy Ali at Nujuff." The king immediately directed that mules, tents, and every necessary equipment should be furnished for his journey. He also sent him a present of three hundred tomanes, and entreated the youth to solicit his father to forgive him, and remember him in his prayers.'—*Malcolm*, vol. ii., p. 124, 125.

Mr. Morier's story opens with a lively description of this Monarch's *levee*, and introduces us, among other personages, to his benevolent vizier, his nephew, a youth of extraordinary personal beauty and grace, and an imaginary lump of deformity and mean cunning, who is represented as enjoying an extraordinary share of Aga Mohamed's favour and confidence—the royal barber, commonly called Goozoo, i. e. the Hunchback. A great hunting match, almost every particular of which reminds us of the *Cyropædia*, has been fixed for this morning. His Majesty's nephew is to attend him in the field, and his niece has been sent on, with other ladies of the harem! to pitch their tents in a sequestered valley, at a considerable distance from the capital, which the king designs to reach in the course of the evening. The whole pomp and circumstance of the royal *chasse* are given in picturesque fulness of detail; while by a few skilful touches here and there, we already begin to discover that the

main interest of the opening narrative is to be connected with the fortunes of the yet unseen princess. The first incidents, however, which present the Shah in connexion with his gallant heir, are all we shall quote from this chapter:

'Having advanced well into the recesses of the mountains, which reared their rude crests ever and anon into the most fantastic shapes, apparently forbidding the horseman's approach, or appalling his audacity, at length a cry was heard, loud and shrill, repeated from different stations on the rocks, "Goor khur! Goor khur!" "The ass!—the wild ass!" And, sure enough, some two or three of these beautiful and independent animals were seen quietly feeding in the very bottom of a deep ravine, apparently unmindful of their surrounding assailants. The old Chief of the Hunt came up in breathless haste, this time regardless of all ceremony, to where the Shah was posted, to inform him of the fact, and to point whither it ought to be their object to drive the game, in order that it might fall in with the different relays of dogs which had been posted in the mountains, and without which it would be in vain to attempt to tire the almost unconquerable activity and bottom of these beasts. The Shah yielded a quick and eager assent, and without loss of time rode in the prescribed direction.

'With great weariness and skill, the huntsman got the wind of the game, and then, being within two or three hundred yards of them, slipped from the couples two of the swiftest and strongest greyhounds. The beasts no sooner heard the noise of the hunt than, with head and ears erect, crest up, snorting aloud the nervousness of their activity, they bounded off a few paces—then stopped—then bounded a few more—stopped, and turned front on their pursuers, when, as if disdaining all pursuit, they allowed the dogs to approach within a few yards, and then darted off at a speed which left imagination far behind. Having gained an immense advance, as in derision of their pursuers, they stopped, and even fed; when the same flight was again repeated, and again and again terminated with success. It was now that the well known prowess of the Persian horsemen might be remarked: no ascent, however steep, no descent, however rapid, seem to stop them, but urging their bold and sure-footed horses over every impediment, they kept way with the dogs, in a manner that no one could believe who had not seen them. Among the foremost of these rode the king himself, with eager eye, in the direction of the chase, bearing in one hand his Georgian gun, and with the other directing his horse, with a quickness and dexterity worthy of any mountain chief. Close to the royal person rode the young prince his nephew, reckless of every danger, only anxious to be foremost, and distressed that he might not precede his uncle. He also had taken his gun in hand, for as the chase had now ascended to the rocky summits he might have a better chance of bringing down his game with

it than with his spear. The Goors had now been chased by two relays of dogs, and still no symptoms of faintness were seen; they had carried their pursuers to the very summit of the most stupendous heights, near to which only some three or four horsemen had ventured to follow them; the rest either remained behind or were toiling up the rocks and ravines, but still the ground was so disposed that the whole scene was kept in full view by all the party. A suspension of all exertion seemed to have taken place, when a quadruped was seen to take post on the very apex of a triangular rock, which formed the summit of the highest mountain, cutting the blue sky with its form. At that moment a shot was fired—the animal still kept its post; a second after, another was discharged—and lo! down it fell from its proud height, tumbling prone into a yawning precipice, and bounding from rock to rock, from projection to projection, until it alighted almost at the very feet of the Shah himself. An universal shout of approbation from a thousand uplifted voices was immediately heard, which resounded in a thousand echoes through the deep recesses of the mountains. But well would it have been for him who fired the shot, who excited the admiration, whose heart bounded with delight, that he had never fired it. As soon as the successful result of it was seen, the envy and rage of the Eunuch at once started into active passion. Turning sharp around, with a face beaming with wickedness, he exclaimed, "Who was that? What burnt soul dared to perform that feat?" Fatteh Ali, with his head down, his arms just supporting his drooping gun, and altogether deprived of his exultation, confessed himself the culprit by his silence. The gallant youth was instantly ordered from the field, and told to proceed at once to the night's resting-place, there to wait the king's further pleasure.

'With the excited anger of the tyrant fell his eagerness for the sport. His mind became the prey of every little hate and spite; and he would perhaps have sacrificed the promoter of it to his ill humour, had he possessed any other relative to whom he might look for perpetuating his dynasty.'—vol. i., p. 39-45.

The young prince, on reaching the camp, was imprudent enough to engage in shooting at a target with some of his attendants. On arriving there the old Shah's subsiding ill humour was rekindled by the sound of their firing. He suspected that his nephew was still exulting in the recent triumph of his marksmanship. After a brief interval the youth is summoned to the 'tent of secrecy':—

'The day had now completely closed, and two tapers were just about being introduced, when Fatteh Ali stepped in, and discovered his uncle seated in a corner, not unlike a venomous snake coiled up within itself, ready to dart upon its unconscious prey. This face-to-face interview at first staggered him, but conscious of no offence, in all the innocence and

confidence of his youth, he presented himself as if nothing of importance had occurred.

"Fatteh Ali," said the Shah, in no very agreeably toned voice, "sit!" This was an unheard-of privilege; however, in obedience he sat down. "Fatteh Ali," repeated the King, with a strangely solemn air, "You are young—you are heedless, 'tis true; but young and heedless as you are, you must be taught that if you once lose respect for those to whom respect is due, you may in time commit acts of the most reprehensible nature—acts, which if not rebellious, may border on rebellion, and leave me, your lord and master, no other alternative than that one of depriving you of the power of so doing." "For the love of the Prophet! for the love of Ali!" exclaimed Fatteh Ali, "what words are these! I am your sacrifice, my uncle! Whose dog am I, that I should think of rebellion? By your sacred head, by your salt which I have so long eaten, I was carried away by the ardour of the chase in what I did to-day—had I known that you would have been displeased, I would rather have cut my finger off than pulled that ill-fated trigger; pardon—oh pardon!" "All this is very well, Fatteh Ali! but before we part, I have something of importance to communicate to you. Prepare yourself—the King is in earnest." Saying this, he drew forth a small though strongly secured box, at which he looked with an expression of malignity and mystery that no pen can describe; and applying a key to the padlock with which it was closed, drew forth a parcel wrapped in a silken handkerchief.

'Fatteh Ali expected at least some gem of value, or some curiosity, precious from the manner in which it was preserved. His impatience was excited to the utmost, when wrapper succeeded wrapper, and still nothing appeared that in the least came up to his expectation. It might be a choice Koran, which on his departure his uncle might be anxious to give him, knowing how careful he was to let the world understand that he was a zealous promoter of his religion, and one of the holy prophet's most devoted sons. But no—the inside package had no appearance of any thing so substantial; or it might possibly be the Jika, the ornamented jewel to wear on the head, the ensign of royalty, which now that he was about more closely to represent majesty in his new government, his uncle might be inclined to give him with his own hands—this too did not appear to be the object of so much care. The Shah paused as he came to the last wrapper. At length at one effort, he pulled it off; but what was the youth's horror and surprise, instead of a splendid gift, to see an old handkerchief clotted with blood displayed before his eyes.

"Do you see this?" said the King, as he deliberately unfolded the abominable rag, his face at the same time taking an expression which would have appalled even a demon.

Fatfeh Ali, with fixed muscles and blanching cheeks, stared wildly at the horrid exposure. "Boy," said the King, with increased earnestness, "does not this blood speak?" Fatfeh Ali could only answer with looks of astonishment. "Speak, boy," said the tyrant, "do you know this?" "God forgive me," he answered, the words almost choking his utterance, "I know nothing of blood." "Ill-fated that thou art," exclaimed the Shah, "this blood is the blood of thy father." At this a deadly hue overspread the cheeks of the sensitive youth, and a tremor convulsed his frame. "My father!" he exclaimed. "Aye, thy father," said the despot, "and my brother! He was amiable, like thyself, therefore I loved him; he was thoughtless and heedless like you—I suspected him; he became ambitious and rebellious; therefore I slew him. There, go! Thou knowest the worst—thou knowest me—remember this night's lesson. Go; you are dismissed—ere tomorrow's dawn be on your road to Shiraz."

"As he described the love he bore his brother, tears, actual tears, sprung from sources which had seldom known such weakness, and gave an indescribable expression of inconsistency, of blended softness and harshness, to a countenance which long habit had imprinted with nothing but the most uncompromising sternness. But he soon recovered himself—this transient gleam of the truth of nature's feelings was quickly overclouded, and the youth in looking up at his uncle's face could discover nothing but its own usual impenetrable gloom. A long silence ensued."—vol. i., p. 47-52.

Aga Mohamed murdered one, if not more, of his brothers, and tore the eyes from several of them; and, according to Mr. Morier's preface, he did preserve the blood of one of these fraternal victims in a handkerchief, as described in the above extract—but the novelist has in one important particular departed from the truth of the story. The father of Fatfeh Ali was never supposed to have been either murdered or blinded by Aga Mohamed, but was his favourite brother, and fell gallantly fighting by his side in battle, leaving his orphan son to the Shah's care, who certainly, to give the devil his due, appears to have acquitted himself of that charge with fidelity. He from that hour considered his nephew as his heir, and used often, in reference to his bloody severities, to say—"All this I do, that yonder boy may have a secure throne." So writes Sir John Malcolm.

We have praised the construction of Mr. Morier's fable. It is extremely simple; but though, as soon as the hero and heroine have been brought on the stage, the experienced novel-reader can be at no loss to foresee their ultimate happy union, and even to anticipate a good deal of the resources that are to be relied on for bringing about that consummation, the difficulties in the way of it are skilfully varied and progressively heightened, so as to keep the

interest alive; and the precise denouement is scarcely guessed at until the last moment.

To engraft anything like what readers of the western world expect to find in the high-born hero of a tale of true love, on a fiction framed of Persian materials, must of necessity involve a considerable draught on the fancy. Persons surrounded, from opening adolescence, with the means and habits of boundless voluptuousness, can very rarely, we presume, surrender themselves to the empire of a genuine passion.

—'Tis dalliance dulls the soul
True heart-work speaketh in virgin pulse.'

In order to get over this grand obstacle, our author selects for his hero the son and heir of the chief of one of those simpler mountain tribes of Persia, of whose interior life it is comparatively easy for us to imagine that it may approach the European elements of domestic virtue and happiness. *Zohrab* (the well known name of the heroic son of Rustum, in Ferdoosi's epic*) is borrowed for this imaginary person; and we think it obvious that in many points of his character, as well as in some of the most picturesque vicissitudes of his career, our author has had his eye upon the gallant Looft Ali, the last prince of the Zend dynasty, whose escape from the massacre of Kerman has been quoted above from Malcolm's History, and whose ultimate fate was precisely such as the young reader anticipates

*The poet commences this episode with a beautiful line, which truly characterizes the story he relates. It is, he says, "*Ekec dastan pur abe chekum*,"—"A tale full of the waters of the eye."—The young Sohrab was the fruit of one of Roostum's early amours. He had left his mother, and sought fame under the banners of Atarshah, whose armies he commanded, and soon obtained a renown beyond all contemporary heroes but his father. He had carried death and dismay into the ranks of the Persians, and had terrified their boldest warriors, before Roostum encountered him, which at last that hero resolved to do, under a feigned name. They met three times. The first time they parted by mutual consent, though Sohrab had the advantage. The second the youth obtained a victory but granted life to his unknown father. The third was fatal to Sohrab; wishing in the pangs of death he warned his conqueror to shun the vengeance that is insisted by parental woes, and bade him dread the rage of the mighty Roostum, who must soon learn that he had slain his son Sohrab. These words were as death to the aged hero; when he recovered from a trance, he called in despair for proofs of what Sohrab had said. The dying youth tore open his mail, and showed his father a seal which his mother had placed on his arm, when she observed to him the secret of his birth, and bade him seek his father. The sight of his own signet rendered Roostum frantic: he cursed himself, attempted to put an end to his existence, and was only prevented by the efforts of his expiring son. To reconcile us to the improbability of this tale, we are informed that at Roostum could have no idea that his son was in existence. The mother of Sohrab had written to him that her child was a daughter, fearing to lose her infant if she revealed the truth; and Roostum, as before stated, fought under a feigned name, an usage not uncommon in the chivalrous combats of those days. In the account of this combat, Ferdoosi has excelled himself. Nothing can be more beautiful than the picture of the distraction of the mother of Sohrab, who set fire to her palace, meaning to perish in the flames, but was prevented by her attendants. They could not, however, console her. She became quite frantic: her wild joy was to clothe herself in the bloody garment in which he had been slain; to kiss the forehead of his favourite horse; to draw his bow; wield his lance, his sword, and his mace; and, at last, to use the words of the poet, "she died, and her soul fled to that of her heroic son."—*Malcolm's History of Persia*, vol. i. pp. 27, 28.

for Zohrab, the moment before the romancer's wand is pleased to dispel all the clouds of his own creation.

Zaul Khan, the father of Zohrab, is introduced as having been an early brother in arms of Aga Mohamed, who, outraged and insulted by the Shah, after the struggle for the throne had been determined, has thrown aside his allegiance, and is maintaining his independence at the head of a league of the Turcoman tribes, at Asterabad, the capital of his hereditary province of Mazanderan. In the resistance he has been opposing to the king of Persia, the main principle of success depends by universal admission, on the high qualities of the youthful Zohrab. He is the darling of his own race—the terror and admiration of all the land of Iran besides. The novelist lavishes, on his preliminary portraiture, all the resources of his art. It needs neither title page nor conjurer to make us recognize the hero.

The hunting expedition of the royal eunuch brings him within no great distance of the borders of disaffected Mazanderan. His beautiful niece, the Princess Amima, has, as usual, preceded his march, and is first introduced to us as embracing, *contra bonos mores*, the opportunity of walking about for a little, without attendance, except that of one favourite maid, in the neighbourhood of a remote encampment, the description of which is among Mr. Morier's happiest passages of that class.

The affection—the deep and reverent affection with which Aga Mohamed is represented as regarding his lovely niece—the one person in the world for whom he does feel purely and profoundly—is a redeeming trait for which the reader is wholly indebted to the novelist's imagination. With this, however, he has no right to quarrel—no human being was ever entirely bad; and Mr. Morier might have, on this ground alone, defended himself, alleging that he brought the bloody Shah within our sympathy by an imaginary feature of relief, only to make up for something real that would have produced the same effect, had his information been more complete. Sudden revulsions of humanity, however, do appear in various parts of Sir John Malcom's History of Aga Mohamed. It was, then, allowable to the artist to give consecutiveness and expansion of influence to an element of character, the existence of which had thus been not only inferred from general observation of mankind, but ascertained by specific facts in the case before him. The effect is every thing to his story.

We return to the encampment of the harem near Firouzabad, a village supposed to occupy the site of an ancient city of importance, as some gigantic ruins close to it still bear the name of Iskender, (Alexander,) but more celebrated as being the frontier town to the forest-girt province of Mazanderan, and for its neighbourhood to certain remarkable passes through ridges and belts of rocky mountains, which have been famous, both in ancient and modern

times, under the names of Gates, or Pylæ. The truth of the following picture of localities speaks for itself—every sentence recalls to our own recollection some feature of the magnificent drawings of Persian scenery, brought to this country, some years ago, by Sir Robert Kerr Porter,—a collection which has hitherto escaped, we know not how, the zeal of what may be called the age of landscape engraving:—

‘The plain on which the village is situated, extends itself, with some slight undulations, to the foot of a perpendicular wall, or curtain of rock, that runs in a straight line almost quite across it, and seems to bar any further progress to the traveller in that direction. Its elevation is so abrupt that one might suppose its almighty architect intended to exclude man from going farther, and to reserve it entirely for the habitation of the antelope and the mountain goat, with which the tract is overrun, were it not for one narrow pass or lane, formed by a perpendicular rent from top to base in the live rock, sufficiently wide for two horsemen to go a-breast, and which, after winding about in an uncertain manner some two hundred yards, leads into a basin of narrow dimensions, surrounded on all sides by the same sort of rock. This is again perforated by a similar channel, which is a little broader than the other, but more beautiful, for its sides appear to have been polished and prepared with great skill, although the hand of man has evidently not been employed upon them; whilst a stream of the purest water winds its way through a clean bed, partly rock and partly gravel, creating a fringe of the most refreshing verdure on its banks, and giving to the whole scene an appearance of the most careful ornamental cultivation.—This avenue, which even in the hottest weather is deliciously cool, again leads into a basin similar to the first, excepting in its dimensions, which are considerably larger, the former being, as it were, the anteroom to the latter, which, in its relative proportion, might be called the saloon. From this opening there appears to be no outlet. The rocks rise perpendicularly around, whilst the surface or the flooring, if we may so call it, is composed of a short tufted grass, which bends in crisp elasticity under the tread. No spot was ever better calculated for the purpose to which it was appropriated by the kings of Persia, namely, as a safe retreat for their harems; where their women, their wives, daughters, and female slaves, might roam about and take the air, without apprehension from the gaze of man, or indeed of any living thing, save the antelopes, and wild goats, which constantly, on the very crests

* The same scenery is described, less minutely, but still with beautiful effect, in Mr. Morier's "Second Journey through Persia, &c." 4to. 1818 p. 363. The reader will do well to turn to that part of the TRAVELLER'S narrative: as an insurrection which occurred in Asterabad and the neighbouring districts in 1815, and of which he gives a lively account, no doubt influenced THE NOVELIST in the choice of his localities.

of the rocks, peeped their heads over to survey the depths below."—vol. i., p. 63-65.

It was on this delicious spot that Aga Mohamed had ordered the pavilion of his beautiful niece to be erected:—

"Its outer walls of crimson stuff, richly embroidered, were spread to a vast extent, enclosing a garden and a basin of water, laid out with great skill and labour. The pavilion itself was erected on three poles, the fly or roof of which covered a large space, so that constant shade was thrown over the apartment which it contained; and this was lined with the most beautiful Cashmerian shawls, which had been worked on purpose in the looms of that country; the sides and walls had been perforated in devices like lace or trellis work, allowing the smallest breeze free access within. The floor of this apartment, which had been raised some two feet from the level of the ground, was overlaid with carpets of the most beautiful colours and patterns, also manufactured at Cashmere, and presented nothing to the tread of an unshod foot but the softest and thickest wool, whilst thick *nummuds*, or felts, were profusely spread all round the seats. In the corner was a magnificent black velvet pillow, embroidered with small pearls at the two extremities, and terminated by tassels of larger pearls. Immediately before it a small fountain was made to throw up constant streams, which refreshed the air, the borders of which were ornamented by fresh flowers, and by a succession of fruits piled in bowls.

"The day had scarcely dawned, and the east was just lightly tinged with the beautiful crimsons peculiar to Persian skies, when a female form was seen making the last prostration of the Mahomedan prayer in one corner of this pavilion. No pen could ever define the beauty, the bewitching air of innocence and dignity which pervaded her whole person. She was fast ripening into womanhood, but her forms were almost infantine; different from the generality of her countrywomen, she was fair, at least she might be so called, where all are decidedly dark; her hair, flowing down her back and over her temples in the greatest profusion, was brown, but rendered auburn by a slight tinge of *khenna*; her skin was whiter, and of a more delicate texture, than that of the most refined Circassian; and her eyes were of so dark a blue that they were occasionally taken for the usual black eye of the country, and being deeply set, they possessed a double force of expression. Her movements were full of grace. There was an earnestness in every thing she said, which enhanced the value of each word, and gave her an appearance of sincerity unusual to her countrywomen. She was richly though simply dressed, in the costume of spring, that is, chiefly in shawls, which were disposed in folds round her person; whilst rows of buttons, each possessing a stone of value, drew tight to her shape the short but graceful vest which covered her body. Her

head-dress was composed of a turban of shawl, of a round and picturesque form, two long tresses, after the fashion of Persia, falling from her temples in rich clusters nearly as low as the swell of her bosom. This fair creature was the Princess Amima. Possessing an almost unbounded sway over her uncle, she never took advantage of it but for the best of purposes, always tempering her zeal in favour of the unfortunate victims of his rage or ambition, by a wisdom and discretion beyond her years; and which, in fact, was the secret of her influence. She was almost adored as a saint by the whole country, particularly by those who immediately surrounded the person of the monarch. This young creature, as indeed all Persian girls do, had lived in such total exclusion from the world, that she had never spoken to man save her uncle, her brother, and the attendants of the seraglio, and consequently her heart had never known any stronger emotion of affection than for one or two of her own sex. Her mother had died when she was very young; and excepting an old nurse, whom she always called Dede, and her companion or waiting maid Mariam, both of whom she loved with the greatest affection, she had no attachments."—vol. i., p. 65-69.

The Princess, and her attendant, Mariam, are both eager, after saying their prayers, to avail themselves of the permission which the Shah had given them to walk about unaccompanied by their usual guardians.

"We are really like mice in a cage," exclaimed Mariam, as she surveyed the rocks which surrounded them. "We might try to get out, but it would be in vain; for, excepting at the entrance on the other side, where the guards are posted, there does not seem to be a hole to put one's head into." "No," said the Princess, "never was there seen a more complete underoof than this; 'tis one of the stupendous works of Allah! See the rocks rise round us like a *serperdeh*.*"

"As they proceeded they came to a small projection, within which they observed a very narrow pass which had been hidden from their view, the rocks lapping over each other, like the folds of an Indian screen, and keeping that hidden which could only be seen by a near approach. Without hesitation they proceeded to explore what they at first took for a cavity, but as they advanced, the passage continued to wind onwards, until it stopped almost abruptly; but there was a narrow part of the rocks which had been formed by nature into an easy ascent, and adopted as a path by the wild goats, and which gradually led from the intricacy of the channel into some more open space. At first the maidens, as shy as the antelopes themselves, seemed uncertain whether they should proceed; but, taking courage from the total seclusion of the scene, and impelled by their natural eagerness and curiosity, they ventured to ascend,

* The *serperdeh* is the wall of canvass which surrounds the royal tents.

turning their eyes upwards with looks full of interest towards the perpendicular rocks overhead, which opened new forms to their view at each step they took. As they ascended they found their path bordered with mountain flowers, which, as they gathered, invited them onwards; as they now saw more of the blue sky, and at length stepping over a huge rock, which had appeared to overhang their heads from the lowermost point of their path, they at once stood upon an eminence which overlooked an immense range of wild and savage country. In the extreme distance were seen the crests of the forest trees, which in one deep and impenetrable mass clothed the sides of the mountains that surround the Caspian Sea, and form the boundaries of the province of Mazanderan. A wild intermixture of low wood, rock, soil, and broken country took up the intermediate space, forming a chase celebrated throughout Persia for the variety of wild animals with which it abounds, and a well-known resort of its kings for the purposes of hunting. The majestic and snow-capped Cone of Demawend was seen to the westward, stretching its beautiful lines of ascent into the intervening lines of other surrounding mountains, and gave at once a character of grandeur, to what without it would be a dreary, chilling waste. No sound was heard save the shrill note of the hawk, or occasionally high in air the heavy cry of the eagle, which might be seen winding in graceful circles its descent upon its prey. The maidens, who had never before found themselves in so lone and unprotected a situation, remained awe-struck at the view before them, and scarcely ventured to address each other.

"Only let us advance to yonder rock," said the confidant, "and then we will retrace our steps. We shall certainly see strange sights from it." They proceeded cautiously about a hundred yards farther to a rock which held a conspicuous place in the foreground, and which by its projecting top would seem to afford shelter from the sun as well as the night air. They had scarcely turned an abrupt angle when they heard, or thought they heard, the growl of a dog. Advancing a few steps, their apprehensions were realized; for they not only heard the bark distinctly, but saw a dog rise from the ground, where it had been lying, and almost immediately after, a man's form extended on the ground, apparently asleep. A hawk, hoodwinked, was perched immediately over him.

The first impulse of both the maidens was to make a rapid retreat; but the bark of the dog having awakened the man, he immediately arose and advanced towards them. Amima, after recovering her fright, covered herself with her veil, though not before he had fully gazed upon her face; Mariam was too much pleased with the appearance of the stranger to feel unhappy. He was in fact a youth of the most prepossessing appearance. His shape was that of great manliness, agility, and strength;

the breadth of his shoulders showed to advantage the slimness of his waist, his whole frame being poised most symmetrically upon legs formed as though they had been sculptured. Features cast in a mould of great regularity, and animated by the expression of sense and goodness, would have been at all times his best introduction; but in this instance they produced so magical an effect that fear gave way to confidence, and suspicion to good-will. He was dressed in the costume of Mazanderan. His cap was placed on the side of his head, with hair in curl behind the ears; a short vest fitted tight to his body by a belt, and descended to his knees; a dagger was on his thigh, and a staff in his hand; a small hatchet was inserted within his girdle. With looks full of deference he approached the Princess and her attendant, and said, in the softest accent, "Be not in fear of me; I am your slave; tell me, as you fear Allah, where I am, in order that I may retrace my steps homeward. I have lost my way—benighted as I was last night, I passed my night under this rock, and now know not where I am."—vol. i., p. 71-79.

The parley proceeds for a few minutes, Mariam, who penetrates the feelings of her mistress, insisting on hearing who the stranger is:

The youth, still with hesitation on his lips, and admiration and astonishment in his whole manner, was about to answer, when suddenly an antelope bounded by, apparently sorely pressed, and shortly after the trampling of horses' hoofs was heard, with the shouts of huntsmen. Several shots were then fired in the direction in which the trio stood. The interruption was so unexpected, so sudden, that the youth had scarcely time to throw himself before the Princess, to screen her from harm, when a horseman on full speed, passing the angle of the rock before mentioned, forgot his chase as he discovered them, and stopped, by one vigorous effort on his horse's rein. The consternation which seized Amima and her attendant, on discovering who it was, was so great, that it deprived them of all power of speech and action, and half fainting, half dragging themselves along, they hid themselves like frightened birds before the hawk, behind the rock which effectually screened them from the gaze of the men. The youth, in the meanwhile, having very soon discovered the peril of his situation, and before whom he now stood (for it was the Shah himself) drew up to his full height, and put himself in an attitude, which while it bespoke his independence, at the same time announced his determination to defend himself. The first impulse of the king was immediately to cry out with all his might to his attendants, "Seize him—slay him!" and immediately the foremost dismounting from their horses, ran to put his orders into execution; as they approached their victim, he said "Keep off, in the name of the Prophet keep off." Again the king exclaimed, "Sons of

dogs! why do you delay! what news is this! whose dog is this! *bekoush! bekoush! kill, kill.*"

"The youth finding that there was no chance of escape, for his assailants had now completely hemmed him in on every side, exclaimed with a loud voice, "Avaunt! desist! I am Zohrab!"

"This name acted like a spell upon those who heard it. The King himself was now as anxious to save as he had been to destroy the stranger, and ordered a cessation of the attack with as much vociferation as he had before urged it on. Every mouth was now hushed, and every eye turned towards him. At length, after eyeing him for some time from head to foot, the King exclaimed, "So this is Zohrab! O well done, my good fortune! Zohrab is in my power! This is he with a burnt father, who has so long laughed at our beards. By the head of the Shah, by the soul of Ali, let us give thanks to Allah! Well done, my good fortune!"

"All this while the youth kept a firm and steady countenance, and although he now stood in face of the bitterest enemy of his father and his family, yet he exhibited such a manliness and bravery of appearance, that no one could see him without a feeling of respect. "How came you here!" said the King to his prisoner in a taunting tone. "You less than man! What have you to do hitherwards!" "What shall I say!" said Zohrab. "My evil star led me hither; of my own accord I came not." "If you do not fear the Shah, at least respect the Coorook.* What had you to do with yonder women? Speak, before your tongue is cut out!" "I have no news to give either of the Coorook, or of the Shah, or of the women. I was hunting—my hawk fled from me—I pursued him—I was benighted. The morning found me asleep under this rock—on awaking, I found two women standing before me—and shortly after I was surrounded by armed men. That is my history—what else can I say?"

"By this time the rage of the tyrant, which to this moment he had in great measure suppressed, broke out upon witnessing the apparent coolness and indifference of his prisoner. "Dog's son! child of an unclean parent! ill born, ill begotten slave!" said he; "is it thus you speak to the Shah? You die not, but you shall live to misery. I will cut your accursed family into a thousand morsels; dogs shall defile their graves; aye, the graves of your grandfathers and grandmothers, and all their ancestors. Take him, seize him," roared he to his guard; "give him the shoe on the mouth if he speaks; tie him with the camelie, and lead him straight to the camp. Give him to the chief tent-pitcher, and let every tent-pitcher, one after the other, go and spit in his face; and then I will think of further acts of uncleanness to inflict upon him." Upon this

*The 'warning off'—the proclamation against coming within a certain distance of the royal harem in progress.

he rode off, and such was the violence of his rage that he totally forgot the two unfortunate women, who were entranced with fears almost mortal at what they had heard, as they stood trembling behind the rock.—vol. i., p. 81-85.

The fates of Zohrab and Amima are now of course fixed; but the course of their true love has many a formidable barrier to burst ere it reaches the certain termination. The hero of Mazanderan is retained in durance by the Shah, as the *hostage* of his tribe, whose submission is expected as the price of his release. He is committed to the care of the chief executioner—an officer in Persia, as in most Oriental countries, of high rank and importance, whose house conveniently abuts on the outer wall of the *ark* or citadel of Teheran, where the Shah and Amima have their ordinary residence. That, placed so near each other, the lovers should find some means or other to speed their soft intercourse, is what every one anticipates; that there should be a rival fair one to contest the affections of the Hostage—and that the enamoured and jealous daughter of his excellency the chief executioner should perplex effectually the affairs of volume the first to its close—all this is equally in the course of things. It would be unfair of us to do more than indicate lightly the stages of such a narrative.

In the second volume, Teheran is visited by a solemn embassy from the insurgents of Mazanderan, eager to accomplish the deliverance of their idolized champion. The first reception of these envoys by the Shah might be quoted entire, as another vivid picture of real manners; we have room only for a fragment:

"The subjection of Mazanderan had long been the object of the Shah's policy, and anxious to impress his former friend and rival, Zaul Khan, with an idea of his greatness, he determined to receive him with the utmost magnificence. The years which had elapsed since they met, had left but a slight impression upon their respective minds of each other's person. Upon the frame and countenance of an eunuch, an appearance of premature age settles the cast of his features even from youth, and the changes are not so strong as upon the man, whose beard, like the verdant foliage of nature, shows by the variety of its tints through which of the seasons of his career the owner of it is then passing. The Shah's superior good fortune, his rise from being a wanderer and an adventurer to the possession of a throne, were subjects in his mind of great exultation; and as he thought that success is always the test of merit, although his ostensible breed was that it was the gift of fate, so he longed to exhibit himself to his coming guest in all the glory with which his fortune had clothed him.

"The Shah was dressed so entirely with jewelry, that as the sun glanced upon him, the eye could scarcely meet the refulgence. His sword was placed across his knees; nothing

could exceed the richness of its belt and sheath; a resplendent dagger glittered in a girdle of incalculable value, whilst he was backed by a pillow, so inlaid with precious stones, that it looked like a work of mosaic. But with all this his appearance was scarcely human; a dressed skeleton would have filled his place as well; at best he became a living illustration of the vanity of life. The jewels in which his person was incased, were contrasted with the ghastliness of his features, whilst those same features seemed to destroy the value of the jewelry.

‘But still how dreaded a king was he to his subjects! There was something so uncommon in the circumstance of a being, so degraded in his person, raising himself to kingly power, that that circumstance alone gave a character of the marvellous to his appearance, and surrounded him by feelings of awe and mystery, highly conducive to the establishment of his power.

‘The master of ceremonies proclaimed with an audible voice, “that the chiefs of Asterabad and the elders of the Turcomans, having arrived with presents to the king of kings, claimed permission to rub their foreheads against the threshold of his gate, and place themselves at his disposal.” The Shah upon this was just on the point of saying the usual “*Khosh amedeed!*” you are welcome, when his ferocious eye in an instant flashed unexpected fire, and his whole features assumed an expression of doubt and suspicion. In countries where the blessings of freedom are known, the expression of the king’s face is not scrutinized with the same degree of interest, as it is in those unhappy regions, where the contracted brow, the bitten lip, and the indignant attitude, acting like a barometer of public security, tell at once that danger is gathering in the political horizon. . . .

‘There was a certain twitching of his hideous mouth, an occasional uplifting of his scanty eye-brow, and a small vibration of his large ears, which the initiated in his looks well knew portended mischief. As the first indications of rage in the tiger, the stiffened bristles of the nose, the stretching of the limbs, and the outspreading of the claws, put the keeper on his guard, so the Vizier, and his own immediate attendants, instantly armed their minds with ready wit, and their nerves with fresh strength.’—vol. ii. p. 109.

The cause of this rising rage is, that the king has not discovered Zaul, the father of Zohrab, and his own former friend, among the members of the deputation. He is pacified by the assurance that the chief of Asterabad has been detained by sickness, and will follow immediately; but meantime Zaul has already arrived in Teheran, in the disguise of a dervish or faquir, which character he sustains, with admirable effect, through several of the most interesting chapters of the second volume. The end of it is, that the pretended holy man obtains in vir-

tue of his supernatural knowledge and piety, access even to the recesses of the royal *anderoon*—penetrates the secret of an illness which is by this time preying on Amima, to the despair of the Shah—and, being consulted on similar grounds by the disappointed daughter of his son’s jailer, finds the means of passing a night in the house where he is confined, and emancipates Zohrab. The other Turcomans have all their horses in readiness, and daylight satisfies the Shah how pertinaciously and deliberately ‘his beard has been laughed at.’

In the course of examining into the conduct of the chief executioner, whose prisoner had escaped, the hunchback barber arrives, and places in the Shah’s hand an armlet, which had just been found in the deserted chamber of Zohrab:—

‘The Shah had no sooner received it into his own hand and cast his eyes upon it, than his whole nature seemed to undergo a quick revulsion. It was his turn now to tremble—but it was the tremour of jealousy, of rage, of abhorrence, of maddening fury. Breathing short, and evincing much prostration of strength, he said slowly to the Humpback—“So you found this in Zohrab’s room!” “As I am your sacrifice,” said the crafty wretch, “I did.” “And where!” “Near the youth’s pillow,” answered he, with a significant look. The king drank these words as if poison had been mixed with them. He said nothing. His head sank dejectedly on his breast. Every sort of feeling, from the deepest tenderness to the most deadly revenge, ran in quick succession through his frame. At one moment his beautiful and retiring niece stood before his imagination in all the modesty of her nature; at another he saw her in the arms of his young prisoner, whilst he felt that he himself was the object of their derision. It was but a short time since with his own hands he had given her the armlet, which had belonged to her father; to find it restored to him in this manner, and with this story attached to it, was more than he could bear. His first impulse was to order instant execution upon her who had excited his wrath; but so malignant were his present feelings, that he seemed to have pleasure in dwelling upon them, in order that he might devise a more sweet and perfect revenge. The pause, the awful pause, which ensued during these his cogitations, was felt by those present as if they stood on the verge of eternity—as if they were awaiting the signature of their death-warrant, so sure were they that none but the most dire results could accrue from the delay. The eyes of all present were turned towards the dreaded awarward of their fate; in deep and breathless silence: it seemed as a mockery upon their misery, if the leaves of the surrounding trees even ventured to be agitated by the breeze, or the splashing fountains to throw out their refreshing waters.”—vol. ii. p. 256.

We pass over a scene of horrible ferocity,

and follow the eunuch to his private apartments, where he is alone with the *Goozoo*.

During the whole of the public audience, his thoughts had been entirely absorbed in the history of the *bazubend*, which, as if it were a piece of live coal within the folds of his garment, appeared burning for revenge. Now that he was free from other cares, he reverted to this, with a degree of savage eagerness, which spoke how entirely it had taken possession of his mind. "You found it near the pillow, did you?" said the Shah. "As I am your sacrifice, I did," said the humpback. "Did you remark any thing else," inquired the king. "Nothing," said the humpback: "but—" "But what?" roared the agitated monarch.—"Your slave does not venture to say what he has heard," said the crafty barber, with assumed backwardness. "Speak, wretch," said the king, his eyes almost starting from their sockets; "speak, ere I cut your tongue out." "As I am your sacrifice," said the other, "I was informed that a man was seen descending from the turret on that same night."

Upon hearing this, the Shah, without giving himself time to make more inquiries, gasped for breath. His senses appeared to be totally and entirely bewildered; he was as weak as a child, and his ferocity seemed for a moment to have forsaken him. All he could utter was—"Send for the *Khajeh Bashi*.*" At the sight of this officer, who was ever in close attendance, and who immediately made his appearance, shaking from fear, all his violence returned, and with a screech, more like the tones of an animal than that of a human voice, he said—"Pander! there has been a man in the harem!" The wretched creature to whom this was addressed so shook from head to foot, that his tongue refused to do its office. His jaw vibrated, and that was all. "Speak!—where have been your eyes!—a man was seen descending from the turret!" said the Shah, the words scarcely finding utterance from his choking throat. "A man!—*Aslafarrallah*!—Heaven forbid," said the poor wretch. "We know nothing of him. By the head of the Shah—by the salt of the King—your slave falls from the skies. What news is this?"

By this time the deputy of the *Khajeh Bashi* had also been brought in, and he being a man of nerve, said, with all the humility possible, that if any thing of the sort had taken place, it must have been when there was so much difficulty in making way to the turret chamber through the Banou's apartment, when the Shah last visited the lady Amima. These words excited all the Shah's curiosity, and when the chief guardian, upon recollection, confessed that he had seen a collection of shawls tied together, hanging from the window frame in the turret, and that he had suspected that all was not right, conviction flashed upon the Shah's

mind that the sacred precincts of his harem had been betrayed, and that his niece was guilty.

"She dies!—she dies!" he was constantly repeating to himself, as he rested his head on his hands, occasionally rising from his seat and walking to and fro. He devised many schemes for putting his intention into execution, but none accorded with his feelings. He thought of the turret as a fitting place to hurl her from; but he dreaded lest her cries might alarm the harem, who would rise in her favour. At one moment his fury roused him to do the deed himself. At another, he would have seen it perpetrated before his eyes, in order that he might enjoy her sufferings; but when the moment for decision came, he found that in fact he was afraid of confronting her, so much did he feel how completely he was in her power when they were face to face.

At length he made up his mind as to the best mode of effecting his purpose, and this was, to order her destruction without again seeing her. Sadek* was a man in whose fidelity he knew he could trust, for he had never deceived him. His dogged resolution and courage were proof against everything, and to him he determined to entrust the accomplishment of this dark deed. Accordingly he summoned him, and when he had ascertained that they were entirely alone, and no ears within hearing, he caused him to approach almost within whispering distance, and then in a low and suppressed tone—with all that earnestness of manner for which he was famous—"Sadek," he said, "I have ever been satisfied with thy services. Thy King now requires a proof of thy devotion, which he can entrust to none other than thee." The words which he was about to utter appeared to choke him. Calling up a long-drawn sigh, and using great violence upon himself, he said—"Amima dies! I have said it. Take her hence this night—never let me see her more. Go—show her this—(giving him the armlet)—it will explain all.—Go." He would have said more, but respiration almost failed him. Sadek, in wild consternation, would have answered and remonstrated at this cruel order; but the king made him signs, such as belong to a maniac, to be gone: and knowing what the reaction might be if he pressed the matter too hard, he kissed the ground and left the presence.—vol. ii. p. 272-278.

Here the youthful reader of Mr. Morier's pages will feel a throbbing pulse. We, alas! are qualified to console ourselves with a quotation from Crabbe:—

'Time have I lent—I would the debt were less—
To flowery pages of sublime distress;
And to the heroine's soul-distracting fears
I early gave my sixpences and tears.
Much have I feared—but am no more afraid—
When some chaste beauty, by some wretch betrayed,

* The chief eunuch of the harem.

* Sadek was the *valet de chambre*, by whose hand Aga Mahomed died.

Is drawn away with such distracted speed,
That she anticipates some dreadful deed,
Not so do I!—Let solid walls impound
The captive fair, and dig a moat around—
Let there be brazen locks, and bars of steel—
And keepers cruel—such as never feel.
With not a single note the purse supply;
And when she begs let men and maids deny:
Be windows, those from which she dares not fall,
And help so distant 'tis in vain in call:
Still means of freedom will some power devise,
And from the baffled ruffian snatch his prize.'

From this hour the Shah is never heard to breathe the name of Amima—who is supposed by him, and by all the world but Sadek, to have died in obedience to his command. The mode of her preservation, and most of the circumstances that follow it, are drawn, we must say, from the old magazine of romantic properties—

'Nota magis nulli domus est sua quam mihi lucus
Martis, et Æoliis vicinum rupibus antrum—
Expectes eadem à summo minimoque poetâ.

The tidings of her fate plunge Zohrab, it needs not to be said, into indescribable affliction, from which he recovers only to nerve his arm for the last struggle of Mazanderan, now about to be assaulted by the outraged Shah in person, at the head of an army which the insurgents can scarcely flatter themselves with the slightest hope of resisting.

The events of this expedition form the chief materials of the third volume—and the ambuscades, surprises, single combats, and battles of all sorts, which are made to bring out the chivalrous prowess of Zohrab, might furnish, had we room, a series of extracts not surpassed even by the splendid panorama of Persian warfare in the pages of *'The Kuzilbash.'*

In the midst of the tumultuous warfare of this volume, the Shah, a thorough soldier, appears to high advantage,—equally prudent in planning and brave in executing; indeed, so decidedly superior to all about him, that we begin to wonder whether we are reading of the same personage that had moved emotions so different throughout the preceding part of the tale. Of a sudden our old acquaintance reappears:—he discovers, that his most intimate confidant, the Goozoo—the humpbacked barber—has been tampered with by the insurgents, and has sold an important piece of intelligence to an emissary of Zohrab. This discovery takes place while the Shah is on his march through the frontier forest; and the short scene which ensues appears to us one of the most masterly in the book:—

'The Shah sat for some time wrapt in thought. At length he exclaimed, "Send for the humpback!" and looking upward to the summit of an enormous pine tree, which had been struck by lightning, he said, "and bid one of the executioner's gang be in readiness at hand with a rope." An awful fear ran through the by-standers as they heard these words, strongly enhanced by the wildness of the

scenery around them. There sat the king, coiled up as it were in the folds of his power, like the dragon of the wilderness spreading terror around; above him reared the towering stem of the pine, scathed and blackened, overtopping all the trees of the forest, stretching out its burnt and withered branches in stiff and rigid outlines, and presenting no bad emblem of the withered person of the Shah himself.

'He had not waited long ere the culprit appeared, making protestations with his wonted ease, but rather perplexed at the suddenness of the call, and much more surprised at seeing the number of people collected at so unusual an hour. "Stand forth!" said the Shah.—These words, uttered with a solemn voice, made the traitor's heart sink within him: and as he stood alone, and disengaged from the rest of the crowd, he made his lowest inclination.—"Hear the words of the king: listen to his question, and answer as you hope for salvation. There was once a dog; a dog, mangy, ill-savoured, and of broken fortunes; the refuse of its species; despised by men, avoided by other beasts; one man only in the world felt compassion for its sufferings; he took it in, fed it, cherished it, placed every confidence in it; made it the guardian of his house, and the companion of his hours. Long did this go on, disinterested kindness on the one hand, apparent undeviating fidelity on the other; when one day, for a piece of dainty meat, not a bit more dainty than what it got at home, did the ungrateful beast betray his benefactor's trust. What ought to be done to such a beast? Speak, O man! speak."

'The humpback's fears were excited to such a degree that he could scarcely utter; he looked with a supplicating face around, to see if he could discover a friendly countenance—the whole scene was that of ominous despair. "Speak!" said the Shah in a voice of thunder. "As I am your sacrifice," said the wretched man, "your slave knows nothing. He has fallen from the clouds. Whatever the Shah ordains is right." "Art thou that dog," said the Shah; "speak, yes or no?" "What does your slave know? He is less than a dog, or even the meanest reptile that crawls, before the face of the asylum of the universe; but, as Allah is in Heaven, as Mahomed the blessed is his prophet, and as Mohamed Shah is the shadow of God upon earth, your slave has done nought, save to pray daily for the happiness and prosperity of the sovereign of Iran." "So is it!" said the Shah, with a most incredulous face. "As I am less than the least, it is," answered the humpback, stroking his beard and face down into as open an expression as possible. "What does *this* mean," said the Shah, holding the letter out to him? The humpback looked at it with astonishment, and having read it, delivered it back to the Shah, saying, "As I am your slave, its contents are totally unknown to me." "Search him!" said the Shah, "whatever is found in his pockets bring to our

presence." Upon hearing this, the poor wretch broke out into a cold sweat, his knees knocked under him, and he could say nothing, but "*cheezi nist*,"—there is nothing. However, in the very pocket, where he had first deposited it, there was found among other papers the original note which he had received from Zohrab.

'No sooner had the Shah read it, than without saying another word, and with an ominous fierceness of manner, he pointed upwards to the withered pine-tree, and straightway an executioner's officer was seen ascending with a rope to throw over its highest branch, whilst others seized with ruthless hand upon the condemned traitor.

'One must have heard them to conceive the piercing cries that issued from that small body. As soon as he perceived the fate that awaited him, he gave utterance to the most heart-rending lamentations. He threw himself upon the ground before the Shah, in attitudes the most abject; he begged for life, as if it were sweeter to him than to any one else; he entreated Zulma, the *ferashes*, Ali, any one and every one around, to intercede for him; in short, so miserable a spectacle of human wo and human weakness was scarcely ever seen. But all would not do. When everything was ready, and the rope about his neck, at a signal from the king, the ill-fated man was drawn up with the rapidity of lightning to the highest branch, and there he swung to and fro, a future feast to the vultures, and an intended beacon to the enemy, warning him not to trust for the future to a traitor's interference.

'The whole scene was full of awe, and as the blast swept through the forest glades, and agitated the tops of the highest trees, the withered branches of the pine creaked, and as it were moaned over the forsaken corpse which they bore. The uplifted faces of the assembled crowd, looking their last at the well-known form of the creature who not an hour before had been their dread, the stern figure of the king, and the silence which reigned, altogether produced a solemn and impressive effect.—vol. iii. p. 158-165.

The fall and massacre of Asterabad—the death of Zaul Khan—the capture and condemnation of Zohrab—and an angry interview between the Shah and his nephew Fatteh Ali, who arrives too late to partake in the assault of Asterabad, but, on hearing of the murder of his sister, reproaches his uncle in fierce despair, and is also ordered into fetters—these incidents, which follow each other with breathless rapidity of effect, bring every interest that has been stirred to a point;—and then every knot is cut at once by the assassination of Aga Mohamed himself, by the hands of his attendants.

'A small lamp burnt in their room, by the light of which Sadek, with a gloomy determination overspreading his features, inspected the fatal dagger—a long Georgian *khanjar*, made of the highest tempered steel. Not daring

to speak, scarcely to breathe, they communicated to each other by signs. They did not take off their clothes; both had prepared themselves for immediate flight as soon as the deed was over, and horses were ready saddled waiting for them at a moment's notice.

'The hour of midnight, for which they had been watching with nervous expectation, at length was announced by the sentinels on the city walls, and then indeed their courage was put to the test. Sadek's rose in proportion as Hussein's fell. The youth was scarcely alive, still he kept as steady a countenance as he could, and looked at his dagger. Sadek arose, and trimmed the waning lamp, his face exhibiting to the timid Hussein features full of stern resolution. "*Biah, come! uakt shoud!*" It is his time," said Sadek. "One minute," said Hussein, his heart totally failing him. At that moment they heard an audible sigh from the Shah. "In the name of the Prophet, what's that?" said the youth. "Come on," said Sadek fiercely, "otherwise thy heart shall feel this," brandishing his weapon in his face. He then led on, and slowly opening the door of the Shah's apartment, entered without making the least noise; but Hussein, in his excessive agitation, stumbled over the high threshold, and awoke the king. "What's that?" exclaimed his shrill voice. "Who goes there?"

'Seating himself upright in his bed he perceived Sadek. "Sadek!" roared he, "what do you seek?" and at once perceiving his intention, "Stop! or ye die." "Die yourself," said Sadek; "I come for thy blood ere thou takest mine." "I'll give you all you ask," said the king, groping about for his arms. "I am your king! all ye desire take." "We want nothing but justice," said Sadek, "and this it is;" upon which he aimed a deadly blow at the king, which he parried with his arm; the king then raised his voice, and seeking safety in flight around the room, he dodged his assassin with considerable dexterity. He had just seized his sword, when Sadek, watching his opportunity, plunged the dagger in the very inmost recesses of his heart. He fell, and as the stream of life flowed rapidly from the gaping wound, all he could articulate was, "I am the Shah—I—I—Shah—Shah—." And thus fell the scourge of Persia's fair kingdom, and of her soft and thoughtless sons.—vol. iii. p. 278-280.

His nephew mounts the throne amidst the acclamations of all classes; and Zohrab, delivered from his dungeon, receives the hand of the lady Amima, who appears at the right moment, her charms nothing impaired by half-a-year's seclusion in the recesses of the desert.

We have selected for extracts such passages as might, in our opinion, justify our praises of the novel, without materially interfering with the pleasure which the perusal of the work itself is calculated to afford. We are persuaded that if its author were to write a novel of English manners of his own day, he could hardly miss to produce a decided re-action in the pub-

lic taste;—even on eastern ground, we think it hardly possible that the compactness and life of his fable, and the grace of his language, should fail of contributing largely to that desirable issue.*

From the Westminster Review.

JOURNALISM.†

'JOURNALISM' is a good name for the thing meant; at any rate it is compact, and when once in circulation is incapable of equivocal meanings. A word was sadly wanted. 'Newspapers,' and 'newspaper-writing,' not to mention that they have a bad odour, only imperfectly describe the thing intended. The intercommunication of opinion and intelligence, as maintained in England and other countries by means of journals, is too important to pass without a name, and that a good one. The Press is, however, a new power; and it is neither arranged on a right footing as yet, nor is it properly appreciated, nor has time settled or sanctioned the names or the conditions of the persons who take a part in its government. We hear of editors, reporters, writers in newspapers, and sometimes 'publicists,' a neological term; but the world not only does not assign the definite meanings to these terms, but they are, in public estimation, somewhat derogatory expressions. It is not very usual to find any one who will avow his connexion with a newspaper, and if it were avowed, it would certainly operate to the disadvantage of the party so avowing. The profession, were it *officiée*, would effectually exclude the professor from many circles of society; and the fact only suspected, would close the doors of some of the largest, if not the best, houses in town, against the unhappy dealer in public instruction. In

* From the condemnation which we have bestowed on most of the novels lately published in London, we must take this opportunity of marking one remarkable exception. The authoress of 'Carwell' has, indeed, had recourse to materials, the effect of which, in any less delicate hand, must have been horrible and revolting; but she has had the art to use even them without touching anything more painful than 'the sacred source of sympathetic tears.' It is a little tale, in every page of which we feel the efficacy of an imagination equally strong and feminine. The language is simple—a world apart from the stilted exaggerations in vogue—and every sentiment speaks the warmth of a good heart and the elevation of a graceful genius.

There is another recent book which many readers, taking it for a novel, may think worthy of being separated from the million of its class. But the 'Younger Son' is not a work of fiction. It is, we are assured, a fragment of the Autobiography of a man of remarkable talents, who has chosen to live a most extraordinary life, and to describe its incidents with, considering their character, a most extraordinary measure of fidelity. With Mr. Trelawney's general strain of opinion and sentiment it is impossible not to be grieved and pained; but the facts he narrates, and the eloquence of his style, are such, that when his book is completed we shall feel it our duty to treat of it separately, and at some length. He has not yet reached what we expect to find the most interesting part of the story—the detail of his adventures in Greece, and more especially of his intercourse with Lord Byron.

† *Du Journalisme*. Art. 1. *Revue Encyclopédique*. Publiée par MM. H. Carnot et P. Leroux.—Paris. Septembre 1832.

France, on the contrary, to be a journalist, is to be a person of note; to be an editor, is to be a person of accredited power; the title of a journalist, implies education, character, and perhaps disinterested enthusiasm; at any rate, in public opinion, a union of respectable qualities.

'In France,' says the writer on *Journalisme*, 'all political men, all the chiefs of parties, write in the journals. In them they acquire their popularity, through them they attack the ministry, and by them they defend it when they have got it into their own hands. In no other part of the world, is the combat between the government and journalism so fairly engaged; for where else is the Press so completely the representative of the whole society?'

'The Frenchman,' he again remarks, 'is beyond all others *journalistic*; his social temper, his capacity for interesting himself in the fortunes of other countries, his facility in talking on every subject, his energy in debate, and all the gifted nature of a people fated to dispense a civilizing influence on the world, are marvellously adapted to the institution of journalism.'

England may be maintained to be as '*journalistic*' as any part of the globe; and as far as a gifted nature is concerned, perhaps no population more abounds in *quidnuncs* than that of the British Islands. It may be uncertain whether they are a people fated to spread a civilizing influence over the rest of the world, but this is certain, that our descendants in the new world, and our fellow-subjects in the colonies, are intent upon providing themselves with a newspaper, as among the first necessities of social life. Why is it then that there is a sort of odium attached to journalism in this country? Why do not our principal politicians write in them, or if they do so by any chance, why do they conceal the fact as shame, and others fling the charge on them in scorn? Why is it, that to be connected with (such is the delicate phrase) a journal, is an argument against a man? The power of journalism is acknowledged on all hands to be enormous in France, but it is not proved that it is less in England. Newspapers are everywhere a necessary of life; multitudes of men cannot breakfast without them; after breakfast, other multitudes of men resort to the club and reading-rooms for their perusal, with an appetite not exceeded by that with which the hard-working man seeks his dinner. Numbers of persons, both of fortune and supposed education, converse solely by and from the newspapers; and the fact of a barren journal, often assumes to individuals so situated, the shape of a serious misfortune. It has even been said, that suicides have been committed from a constant repetition of the announcement that nothing new had occurred,—in other words, that the newspapers of the day were barren. And yet the instrument which administers to the

supply of an appetite so craving, is despised as an authority; the source is hardly acknowledged, or with a sneer; the influence is denied; and the very individual whose whole thoughts have been moulded and directed by that morning's newspaper, would utterly deny the source of his inspiration. The majority of men are absolutely led by the journals, yet the majority deny their authority, and are ashamed of their teachers. Why is this?

Much light is thrown on the condition of newspapers in this country, by contrasting the state of journalism in France and England. Some of the elements of the comparison have been already indicated; but nothing has been said of the causes which have led to the difference; and scarcely anywhere has anything been done towards analysing the circumstances, which have made the British journalists and journals what they are and what they are thought to be.

The present character of the French press, is owing both to its history, and to the conditions under which the journals appear.

Before the Revolution, Paris had but two daily political journals, the *Gazette de France*, and the *Journal de Paris*. On the breaking out of that event, numerous sheets of all kinds were published, and though often summarily dealt with, continued till Bonaparte assumed the reins of government. Bonaparte had an exaggerated idea of the importance of the Press, and he resolved upon subduing the power to his own purposes. With this view he enslaved on one hand, while he dignified it on the other; he seized the property of every newspaper, and in different ways disposed of the old proprietors and editors. M. Bellmare, for instance, he sent as prefect of police to Antwerp, and poor M. Suard, the well-known academician, to a lunatic asylum at Charenton, with an annuity of thirty pounds per annum. Every newspaper received a new responsible editor appointed by the government; and thus the Press was wholly laid at the feet of the executive. On the other hand Bonaparte declared the nonexistence of a censorship in France, (for every paper had its own censor,) and he appointed a bureau *de l'opinion publique*. The members of this bureau were upwards of half a dozen of the most ingenious and popular writers in France. Their duty was to contribute to the various newspapers, such articles as would conciliate public opinion, —that is to say, recommend the measures and maxims of the government of the Emperor. The Press was thus bound hand and foot, but then its chains were gilded. It was in fact raised to be one of the departments of state, and though its power was limited and its beneficence poisoned, its apparent consequence, —its status among professions, —was greatly raised; it in short became honourable according to the vulgar notions of honour, and though it was a slave, it was a titled slave, and not at all more slavish than the senate or the

council of five hundred, the bar or the church. The Press, thus, was increased in dignity by the importance attached to it by a powerful and sagacious ruler, while it was excluded from the exercise of its natural prerogative. If the principle of the representation of the people could have been as easily managed and as carefully directed to the purposes of delusion, it would have been used. Had the newspaper press of England ever been openly adopted by the government, had its editors been appointed by the throne, and its active agents rewarded with pensions and governments; though it would have lost its highest quality, and for the time the chief part of its power, still it would have been exalted in public opinion, and under different circumstances might possibly have turned this sort of authority to account. At any rate, after it had become a habit with the leading men in France to edit and manage a morning newspaper in the brilliant times of the Empire, it never could by any possible revolution or change, be an occupation popularly depreciated. On the contrary, subsequent events have been such in France, as to develop all the native power of the Press, while there have been none of a tendency to degrade the character of the employment. The conditions under which newspaper publication has taken place in France of late years, have also materially tended to influence its character. It was impossible for a jealous government to permit the anonymous; and what is more, the epoch at which journalism burst into existence, was anything but one of concealment. Every man was aiming to influence some portion of his countrymen, and was proud to avow his motive and triumph in his success. National character has also something to do with the openness of French periodical writing. Be this as it may, there is no doubt that the absence of the anonymous materially influences the tone of French newspapers, and that the superior decorum they preserve, is one cause of the estimation in which they are held.

Another most important and influential consideration is, the size of French newspapers; a size which has been allowed altogether to assume its natural dimensions. The *maximum* duty upon a French journal does not amount to one halfpenny; in England the duty upon a newspaper is ten times the duty in France. The 'Tax upon Knowledge,' as it is popularly designated in England, forcibly tends to the production of an enormous volume of paper. If the paper were small the duty would be the same, and the subscriber would complain that he had too little for his money; the proprietors consequently are led by competition to make the utmost of their limits, and the results may be seen in any of the morning papers of the metropolis. On the other hand, the editor of a Paris newspaper has no more space than he can easily fill with the contributions of himself and his principal writers; he can answer for

every line of his publication. French newspapers are by no means perfect, but there is no doubt that in information, style, tone, and all that may be understood by the term deportment, they far excel our own, and that the qualities considered necessary for the profession of a journalist, are education and character. For these advantages they may be considered indebted to the causes pointed out.

The London journals, in almost every respect, furnish a very decided contrast to those of Paris. Looking at the externals, the gigantic size of the broad sheet is at first sight overwhelming; on examining, however, its constituent parts, the wonder subsides. Advertisements occupy sometimes one half of the whole space; when parliament is sitting the whole of the sheet is filled with debates. But, except on extraordinary occasions, if subtraction be made of the advertisements, the extracts from foreign journals and the country papers, the reports of meetings, of courts of justice and of police, together with all that peculiar consistency called the penny-a-line matter, very little will be found that has proceeded directly from the reflexions of a person of education and intelligence. The quantity of what may be called 'writing,' as worthy of the name, in a London morning paper, does not exceed, if it equals, the quantity in an ordinary Paris journal. The other portions of the paper have their value; but it is most certain that the space which must be filled, leads to a most crude style of filling up; thus extracts from foreign papers are flung in bodily, and most frequently form a mass, defying the efforts of the reader who has anything else to do than study the newspaper. The same remark is applicable to other departments. The most scandalous portion of the London press, however, is that which is supplied by the itinerant venders of intelligence, the reporters of the police, of accidents and offences, of the lower and sometimes of the superior courts of law. The manner in which this supply of floating intelligence is paid for, is a direct premium on verbiage first, and next on falsehood.

The Morning paper of London aims at everything, and this may be the reason why it does nothing well. No transaction takes place which it does not conceive itself competent to report; and for reporters it is lamentable to think that it relies much on the itinerants above spoken of,—persons who, if they had no inducement to be false, have no faculty enabling them to be true. The absurd style, the bad English, and the curious phraseology, of that abundant crop of small and long paragraphs to be found in the morning papers, and which have been so often the subject of ridicule, are altogether attributable to the class of news-purveyors on whom a morning paper principally depends for its supply of *facts*, as they are facetiously termed. The penny-a-line men are generally persons who are by no means qualified to report common proceedings,

—persons who have not had the education of decent butlers; but such is the constitution of the morning paper, that in these hands are the names and characters of a very large portion of their countrymen daily and hourly placed. It is they who supply the whole of that portion of the paper that comes under the head of domestic news. It is through the habit of relying on such unaccredited agents as these, that the London newspapers are liable to be hoaxed, as they so frequently are, by pretended information; such as that lately imposed upon the *Times*, by some 'lubberly concocter of a lie,' to use its own phraseology,—respecting first, a fatal accident to one Mrs. Burney in consequence of the furious riding of Lord Palmerston's groom, and next giving all the details of a coroner's inquest that was never held, on a corpse that never appeared.

The whole of this mass is placed under the superintendence of an editor,—the same person who is expected to write the dicta that are to guide the opinions of the British world, for at least a day. He is to be responsible for not merely his own opinions on events,—events on which a secretary of state, with all the facts before him, would often find it difficult instantly to write an article for the nation,—but he must be cognizant of the whole correspondence; he must further have revised all the other departments of intelligence, and decide upon the pretensions of twenty penny-a-line men, and the reclamations brought against their reports of the preceding day,—and all this in the dead of the night, when the small hours are increasing fast, in a heated manufactory redolent of oil and printer's ink.

Size is the author of much evil; it tempts the proprietors to attempt everything, and the consequence is that nothing is done well. But this is not all.

To produce this enormous sheet requires, as has been observed, a manufactory, and that maintained on a large scale. It implies the retaining a great number of agents, correspondents, reporters, and occasional assistants,—an army of compositors,—another of distributors,—huge supplies of paper,—and a steam engine. This is not to be done without large capital; the necessity of a huge capital being concentrated in particular hands, implies a virtual monopoly; and the evils of monopoly need not be gone into here. Nothing can be plainer than the lesson written on the front of every daily journal in London. It is to the monopoly, and the monopoly alone, that must be attributed the incongruities, the absurdities, in short the inaptitude, of the daily press. If public instruction is to be conveyed daily to every part of the kingdom, should not the nation have the best instructors that can be found? *Has it?* Are the editors of the daily papers, generally speaking, the men that would be selected to inform, teach, and guide a country like this? Could, indeed, one man alone do it? Would it not require many? But the establishment

cannot afford such a plan,—it must be content with the least it can do with. If much were given to the writers for public instruction, the credit might be more, but the profit might be less than it is. But then are there not disinterested men of ability in this great and enlightened nation, who would gladly come forward to guide their fellow-countrymen,—at any rate to share with them the gifts of intelligence and industry? There are numbers; but is it to be expected that, first of all, they would submit to the control of a trading proprietor, whose ambition it is to draw profit, and not to scatter good? And again, would such individuals consent that their writings should be mixed up with the contents of the penny-a-line man's wallet, the rags and fragments of the basket of the literary scavenger?

If reports of proceedings are to be given at all, should not the best be had?—should not they, whether in courts or at meetings, be first faithfully reported and then carefully and judiciously abridged, in such a manner as to present not only an idea of the event, but a trustworthy record of the opinions enounced and the transactions that took place? Is anything like this done? The appeal may be made to any one who was ever present during a series of transactions, and next morning perused a report of them in a daily paper. Every line bears the mark of haste, indifference, uncertainty; and, what is more, the whole record itself hangs upon a balance;—it is a question of time and space;—if the report is not ready to an instant,—if another subject catches the eye of the superintendent editor,—the whole matter is swept into oblivion. Thus are information and intelligence made to depend, not on their importance to the public welfare, but on the number of square inches in a morning paper.

There are few things more essential than correct reports of the debates in Parliament; the demand for them has been so considerable, that, even under the monopoly, they may be said to possess just claims to praise. There is much to be said, however, on this head. If the report of one daily morning paper is good, the others cannot be exact, for they all materially differ; phrases differ, which is pardonable; but the matter is not the same, and the length of the speeches and the fulness of the report depend altogether on the politics of the paper,—sometimes on the caprice of the reporter. The channel of this most essential intelligence may at any time be stopped by the conspiracy of a few nameless adventurers employed in this capacity by the monopolists, or it may be poisoned by the malignity of any one of them. If this may be said of the morning papers, what shall be said of the evening ones, which are mere garbled abridgments of the morning papers, and which would not trouble themselves with abridgment at all, were not the evening paper of smaller size than the morning. Supposing, however, that

the reports of the parliamentary proceedings are made in the manner they ought,—and there is much to be said in their favour, considering the circumstances under which they are got up;—because the Houses of Parliament sit late and talk long, is the country therefore to be deprived of every other species of intelligence, every other topic pushed aside? Yet this is the case; in consequence of the same paper being used for conveying every kind of information, it is frequently seen that the debates occupy the whole of the journal, and all the rest of the world is as if it were not. It is not, however, the fact, however late into the night the English Houses of Parliament may sit, that when they debate, all the rest of the globe sinks into repose.

The preservation of the anonymous in English newspapers has several causes, some of which are closely connected with the virtual monopoly, others, if at all, only remotely. One cause is, that the proprietary, for the sake of cheapness, and under the necessity of filling their pages, employ agents whom they are ashamed of, and the mention of whose names would deprive all they write or contribute of authority;—another is the personality of the Press, reacted on again by the anonymousness of this species of writing, and its consequent impunity; another cause may be the insignificance of each previous contribution, and the fact of the name of the contributor often being unknown to the parties adopting the contribution. Occasional contributors, who break through the common objections to writing in the newspapers entertained in official circles and among the aristocratic classes, of course do not wish to be known, lest they should be mixed with the persons habitually connected with newspapers, and to whom they consider odium attached. The anonymous again has its advantages to such persons; who, under its shield, will sometimes venture a license of attack, which they could not sign without being subjected to more or less inconvenience.

It is not to be denied that many of the daily papers contain articles of ability,—that some of their editors are writers of acknowledged talent; but can one man do everything? can he know everything? has he the power of writing with effect daily and for ever? is he never to read? is no time to be given to society, to recreation, to the laying in a fresh stock of experience, to encouraging and cultivating new impressions or removing the old? So tasked is the editor of a morning journal, that he must necessarily soon be driven to the lees of his brain, and be content to foist his intellectual dregs upon the gaping world in lieu of the wisdom they have a right to expect from the pen of the public instructor. This comes of the monopoly; and the monopoly comes of the stamp.

The few lines quoted from the *Revue Encyclopédique* refer to the fact, that the French politicians make their reputations in the jour-

nals. The British certainly do not; a polite politician would blush to be accused of a leading article in a newspaper. This is to be lamented, if for no other reason than that the discussions in the journals would afford an admirable school for future public servants, and the writings of such men would be a better guide to their abilities and opinions, than either the extent of their property or the colour of their ribbons. The maintenance of political arguments in an arena before the world, would also corroborate the morality of young aspirants; they would early acquire a name and fame not to be bought and sold, and cease to be the tools they are now too often considered by their more experienced predecessors in political life. Such an object would raise young men above merely sensual pursuits, and give them a greater scope of ambition than is now afforded by either Melton Mowbray or the Red House. It would counteract the baneful prevailing idea that property and not intelligence make the legislator; for it would show that independence is founded, not upon wealth, but upon tastes. It may be remarked as a singular fact, the root of which is, however, somewhat deeper than the newspaper itself, that so few editors in this country have obtained either political celebrity or political power. To represent a borough even, has been considered as an object beyond the legitimate scope of their views; and yet these are the men the nation looks to for its opinions,—the men whose lucubrations lie on the first table in the land, as on the bench of the meanest hovel; whose ideas are canvassed in club-houses, coned over at private firesides, and read aloud to admiring audiences in public houses. How is it that the wisdom of such persons never creeps into the senate, much less into office. Sometimes, but rarely, the concealed contributor works himself into power; such men as James Stephen and Sir James Mackintosh, though dishonoured by contamination with journalism, have scrambled into places, but it has been in spite of this connexion and not by means of it. Mr. Stephen once avowed in the House of Commons that such a connexion had once existed as regarded himself, and his magnanimity was applauded to the skies. If this is partly to be attributed to the aristocratic institutions of the country, it is also owing in some measure to the constitution of the stamped newspaper. The abolition of the stamp-laws will destroy one cause, and the reform in parliament may put away the other. It is to be hoped that men who have studied the people's interests long and carefully, pointed them out by their writings and ably contributed to the formation of right opinions, will no longer be virtually excluded from a place in the senate, but on the contrary that there will be sufficient intelligence abroad to discern, that persons so trained are most likely to make efficient public servants and representatives.

The power of the press depends upon causes

in part unconnected with the ability of its conductors. It arises chiefly from the power of spreading its opinions whatever they are, from its means of rapid communication and perpetual transmission. A sentence though feeble in itself gains a momentum merely by its being sent before ten thousand individuals at the same instant; just as in theatres, the expression that would but faintly affect a single individual, falling upon the ears of a large assembly simultaneously acquires a vast additional force, and will move to tears or laughter the same person who was not to be touched in solitude. Something like this occurs in newspapers. The man who can publish what he pleases in a journal habitually read by a multitude, is a man of power, even though he may not be a man of ability. Nay, it may be, and indeed often has been, that a writer of less ability is the person of greater power; the chance being that an ordinary writer will use topics and broach sentiments more level to the comprehension, and more soothing to the prejudices of readers, than the writer of deeper views. The best instructor is not likely to be most willingly listened to; in fact the way to be most extensively popular, is to flatter prejudice, encourage vanity, and please the ear by the harmonious rounding of easily understood common-places. This must be considered as one of the reasons why so little discontent has been expressed with the daily organs of intelligence; the worst in essential points, was calculated to be most liked by the mass, and it is to the mass that regard must be had by persons whose sole concern is successful trading. Public satisfaction, the exponent of which is circulation, will be found often to vary inversely as merit, in existing papers. Some of them, looking to their conduct through a great number of years, have been despised or ridiculed by all intelligent men, perhaps at the moment when they were laying the foundation of immense circulation and great future wealth. These huge vehicles of public intelligence have been raised like balloons into the air by the speed of a courier, by the superior absurdity or vulgarity of their police reports, by the particularity of their details of the court, some ability in their theatrical critiques, or some other equally non-essential point in the conduct of a public instructor; for which however many persons cared, many others might be indifferent. The guiding principle is necessarily the per-centage, and editors are rewarded or changed according to the state of the books. Though the daily newspapers are avowedly partizans of particular opinions or classes of persons, the objection to a thorough change of side does not consist in the honesty of the editor, for he may be easily changed,—nor in the convictions of the proprietary, for they frequently differ among themselves, and may be wholly opposed to the party espoused by the journal,—but solely in the chance that a change of opinion, if too abrupt, may be ruinous to the concern, the manufactory, the business of the firm. But within limits,

every species of shifting takes place, in order to trim the vessel and its sails to the catching of the gale. Both questions and persons are managed; and though bribes may not be taken in form, there is no doubt that in many instances considerations are entered into, which appear only in their effect upon the columns of the paper. How can any other course be expected in merely mercantile establishments; and how blind must that public be, that does not see it; how absurd not to expect it. In what other line of business do men take any guide but that which is likely to lead them honestly to the end aimed at in business, viz. profit. If truth is elicited,—if useful measures are urged,—if good information is produced,—the accident is lucky; the fact being, that even considerations of profit, make some show both of ability and independence necessary.

At the bottom of all this mischief, is the stamp. On observing the great imperfections and many vices of our journals, and looking into their nature and causes, it has always been found that that red deformity on the corner of each sheet, is the damning spot, the plague mark, that taints the whole mass. Do away with the stamp,—establish free trade in news,—and the supply of Journalism will be of a very different shape and character. The bond that binds up all this heterogeneous mass will be cut, and the gigantic sheet will crumble into morsels. It is not meant that there will be no large papers; but papers will be adapted to the magnitude of the subject and the pockets of the readers. Why should a gentleman much attached to theatricals be compelled to purchase an expensive dispatch from Oporto, or a debate upon the poor-laws? The courts and police will have their own known reporters, and then perhaps, reputations and cases will not be so grievously murdered as at present. The writer who conceives he has valuable opinions to communicate, will set up a journal for the season or as long as the subject lasts, and then drop it. There must be accredited channels of news; there must and will be daily reports of parliamentary proceedings; the interests of commerce must be consulted; but these purposes will be answered together or separately as may best suit the different interests to be served. Some large firms will be broken up; but the activity that will be thrown into the profession of journalism, the addition of its power, extent, and utility, is not to be calculated. There is not a man in the kingdom, so poor that he will not be able to have his newspaper, and that the newspaper most peculiarly adapted to his wants and wishes. The dissemination of journals of all kinds will induce persons possessing peculiar talent or information, who now hold off from the newspaper press or are excluded from it, to come forward in the shape most agreeable to their habits, and throw all the weight of their ability into the general bank of intelligence. The newspaper would become as it is in France, the Exchange of

opinion, the political University; and be even more than it is there. The greater enterprise of the English, the older habits of freedom, the more popular character of many of their institutions, and the more pervading spirit of their inquiries and their curiosity, would give greater variety, scope, and interest to their newspapers. From what has been done under all the oppressiveness of the stamp, and all the disadvantages under which it is evaded by the cheap journals, may be seen what may be expected as soon as the newspaper emancipation takes place; and assuredly that event cannot be long postponed. The stamp must be yielded, or it will be taken. That it has been continued hitherto, can only be accounted for by the fact that few of the public instructors are honest in urging its abolition. They dread the effects of a dissolution of the monopoly; luckily, however, the smuggling now going on to so enormous an extent in the shape of penny papers, is producing an effect that might not have been obtained from patriotism alone. It is to be hoped that the organs of the common interest and their own, will soon raise such an outcry as will frighten our gentle Chancellor of the Exchequer from the propriety of his calculations. The public in this, as in other things, have been supine; free journalism is an essential of political existence, and ought to be argued for, subscribed for;—it ought to be urged in assemblies both small and large; no set of men should get together without proposing as a thing to be done, the unshackling of the press; it is more necessary than to drink the King's health after dinner. 'The press must be untaxed,' should be the answer to every demand for money by the tax-officer, the burthen of every petition to parliament, the instruction of every member sent to represent the people. Let the people but will it, and it is done. They have freedom of speech of one kind; why should not they have another? For what is publishing, but permanent talking to a great number of persons at once?

In the foregoing remarks on the Press as it exists, the daily papers have alone been mentioned. Some of the observations apply to the weekly ones; not all. The character of the weekly Press is in some respects more discreditable to the country than that of the daily papers. Frivolity of every kind, unmeaning attempts at wit, indecent stories, scandalous allusions, personal slander, and wretched efforts of aiding a political party by ribaldry and ruffianly abuse; these are the characteristics of much of the weekly Press. As it is not to be expected that such compositions would be tolerated more than once a week, no change is to be expected in the frequency of the publication; and as those who are gratified with such productions must have tastes too depraved to relish any higher entertainment, they will probably continue to enjoy the same extensive circulation as at present, especially those aimed at the rich. Such as are levelled at the ill-taught

and ill-conducted part of the poor, it is to be hoped, will have their readers taken away from under them by a reformation and an extensive education in the more numerous classes. The more enlightened weekly journals are, in many respects, admirably conducted, and for talent and industry are just now hardly to be matched. They consist at present of original papers and of compilations from the daily news; the change to be expected after the abolition of the duty, would be perhaps the separation of these two parts. The compilation, abridgement, and condensation of the intelligence of the week is sufficient to occupy the whole of a moderate-sized paper; and assuredly the original discussions suggested by the events of the week are enough to occupy one body of men, and to fill one ordinary weekly paper, conjoined with advertisements, and a few matters of record or announcement.

One point should not be omitted, in a sketch however hasty of the evil condition of London journalism. It is, that the Journal being undertaken as a trading concern, and universally felt to be such, the readers and subscribers simply take up the paper as a hiring informant, and feel no more interest in the publication than goes to the settling of the newsman's bill. These are not the terms on which such communications should take place. The journalist is both an instructor and a representative; and the bond between him and his constituents, should neither be seven pence nor a shilling. It being well understood that the ablest and most industrious papers, and those which demand the rarer qualities in the individuals concerned in the construction, are the least circulated and the worst paid, the enlightened portion of the public should take care that they do not suffer for their ability or their honesty. Again, for the furtherance of all beneficial measures, no more convenient medium could be found, than the connexion supplied by editor and reader of the same journal. Such a Corresponding Society would defy any tyrant in the world. There has hitherto been a coldness between the parties; and the cause has been indicated. A journal has always been deemed a trading concern; it generally has been so; and the reader has justly considered the terms of the connexion as what might be thus laconically interpreted; 'I buy the newspaper, and the newspaper is ready to sell me.'

From the same.

THE REFUGEE IN AMERICA.*

Mrs. TROLLOPE having all but overturned the United States, by a book in the department of Voyages and Travels, has now brought romance to bear them down, and proposes to give

them the *coup de grace* with a novel. In her former work, she could only tell us what ungainly people our descendants are; but now she can show them to us in action, and, what is more, present them to the notice of Europe in contrast with the refinement, the liberality, and the education of the mother country. The resort to fiction was a happy idea. That Mrs. Trollope was quite equal to its management had been already established; and the power which it puts into the hands of one familiar with its employment, of varying the scene, introducing different characters, and all ranks and descriptions of people, affords an author an excellent opportunity of working up such of his *adversaria* as he had not been able to weave into narrative, or incorporate in dissertation. Besides which, it presents the remarkable advantage of contrast, which has already been spoken of. It is not necessary to censure; brutality has only to be set *vis-a-vis* with refinement, and it is rebuked in the most formidable manner; and so with every other vice, virtue, or indecorum.

Acting up to this idea, Mrs. Trollope has sent across the Atlantic a small family of the *élite* of English society. Persons of wealth and consequence in their own country, and more than that, persons who in England would be regarded as the models of society,—rich, generous, noble, benevolent, courteous, and refined, both in manner and sentiment. This was certainly subjecting our younger and hard-working brother to a fearful ordeal. But first it should be said, that these models of civilization are not able to separate themselves from the old country, without retaining some connexion with the society left behind. This is somewhat unfortunate for the purpose of the author; for the parties with whom the voyagers are connected at home, happen to be the most diabolical creatures that ever entered into the mind of even a lady novelist; for it would seem, the more innocent the habits, the blacker the imagination. It would appear that the female mind, kept free from actual contact with villainy,—in conceiving it, goes to sea without compass, and thus trusts wholly to the colouring of the imagination, unchecked by the test of experience. The scoundrel of the lady-novelist, is always ten times as infernal as the creation of an author of his own sex. An authoress may in fact always be discovered by the deeper die of her crimes.

In order to get some persons of refinement to the United States, Mrs. Trollope could hit upon no better plan than making one of her models of propriety fly his country for murder. Crime, is no doubt, a very frequent cause of the immigration of our refined countrymen into the ruder districts of the United States; and this is a circumstance to be taken into consideration on both sides. But still it may be suggested that the authoress could have contrived to whisk a peer of the realm into a Liverpool packet, with less violence than for the she-

* A Novel. By Mrs. Trollope, Author of "The Domestic Manners of the Americans."—12mo. 3 vols. London. Whittaker, Treacher, & Co. 1832.

ding of blood. From debt, to be sure, they have an immunity; as they do not open Banks, they cannot follow the example of Mr. Touchandgo, who, with his clerk Robbthell, left Lombard Street one frosty morning, and of whom the first intelligence was dated from the State of Apodidaskalia. These motives certainly fail; but peers are to be found in other quarters of the world than where they are appointed to governments, wandering, it is to be presumed, for the satisfaction of a rational curiosity, and, at any rate, if Mrs. Trollope would send a young member of the House of Lords to examine a republic, it was by no means necessary that his hands should be reeking with the blood of a peasant. Nevertheless, so it is. In merry England, somewhere on the Dorsetshire coast, exists a race of scoundrel smugglers, who when silks and brandy fail, take to inland robbery. One of this class,—the parallel to which Mrs. Trollope has omitted to show in the States—has a grudge against Lord Darcy. Partly because the young gentleman is a lord, and partly because he has interrupted the robbery of a hen-roost, the peasant smuggler, himself a mere boy, vows revenge. He lets out the entrails of the young lord's favourite spaniel, and before his lordship's face; a struggle ensues, and the lord contrives to wrest the knife out of the young smuggler's hands, and to insert it into his side. The peasant drops motionless, and the peer stands over his victim in despair. This scene takes place in a boat in shallow water on some Dorsetshire sands.—

'Lord Darcy's fury now completely mastered him. He wrested the knife from the man's hand; and, before either of them had again drawn breath, it was plunged hilt deep in the smuggler's side.'

'After giving a convulsive spring, and one deadly yell, the unhappy youth lay lifeless at his feet. Lord Darcy stood like stone beside his victim; his dress was stained with blood, his face livid with horror, and the fatal knife still in his hand, when a small pleasure-boat, its white sail glancing brightly in the evening sun, shot directly into the little bay where the smuggler's skiff lay moored.'—vol. i. p. 19.

This was the moment for whipping off the noble youth to America; he was qualified, as is said at the Magdalen, to be transferred across the Atlantic. The skiff spoken of is a pleasure-boat belonging to a Mr. Gordon of the neighbourhood, a man of wealth and rank, and, at the moment, is occupied by himself and daughter. This gentleman had formerly been in love with Lord Darcy's mother, but being under engagement to marry another, he had only made love, and not contracted marriage; motive is here supplied for his active interference between Lord Darcy and Tyburn, for such the authoress deems would have been the fate of her hero had he remained in his fatherland. Mr. Gordon takes the young peer into his sailing boat, and, with a gallantry unheard of since the days of chivalry, ships the whole

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party in a vessel bound to America, then conveniently lying off the coast. More conveniently still, Captain Birdmore happens to be an American friend of Mr. Gordon's of long standing. Captain Birdmore is the first Yankee to whom the reader is introduced; and it suited the authoress, under the circumstances, to make him both an honest and obliging man.

"As soon as we found ourselves on board, I led our unfortunate Edward to the cabin, and taking the astonished captain with us, I stated to him exactly what I had seen, adding that the safety of the young man before him was dearer to me than my life. I concealed nothing from this excellent and true-hearted man, but the name and rank of his passenger; and this I did as much to spare him future inconvenience, as to increase the security of my poor charge. When my short story was ended, I addressed myself to Lord Darcy with sufficient meaning to make him comprehend my purpose, and said, 'Now, Edward Smith, relate, I entreat you, to my friend and to me, the circumstances which led to this dreadful catastrophe.' What a countenance he has! I never shall forget the manner in which he told his dreadful tale, nor ever did I see remorse so deeply felt. Birdmore's eyes overflowed as well as mine, and, giving a hand to each of us, he swore to guard his person, and secret, as tenderly as if they were his own. I determined on accompanying Lady Darcy's son to America; he was in no state to go alone. My Caroline, I knew, would as willingly cross the Atlantic as her drawing-room, if I were with her; but I felt it due to her that I should have no reserves. She, and she alone, knows who he is. Fortunately, my servants had never before seen him."

"I have hardly spirits to add more details: but do not increase the misery you must suffer, by any fears for our inconvenience. My credit with Captain Birdmore is good to any amount. After having had a most fortunately rapid run, he went himself on shore with me and my fearless girl at Plymouth, and there, in less time than you would believe possible, we furnished ourselves with all that was needful to our whole party for the voyage."—vol. i. p. 80.

Captain Birdmore furnishes the party with letters of introduction, recommends Rochester for a residence, and acts in every way as might be expected from a benevolent man. Whether he possessed any Yankee peculiarities of dialect or not, is only to be conjectured. Mrs. Trollope says nothing on that head.

It has been seen that the peer assumes the name of Smith; but in his progress from New York to Rochester, he looks something between a lord in masquerade and a murderer in disguise. He evidently does not answer to the name of Smith. He suffers from remorse,—he is writhing under his misfortune, to call it by a euphonistic term much in use where crime is meant,—he disdains all fellowship with the people he meets with,—nay he will scarcely hold colloquy with good Mr. Gordon his pre-

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server, and his daughter who is evidently falling in love with him apace. Well, this person proceeds on his travels. Mr. Gordon, his companion, is certainly not so much of a Belte-nebros as Mr. Smith; but he is as little a person to be calculated upon, as his ward. It appears to the Americans, a shrewd people, that he is travelling without adequate motive; he is a person of large income, and has never been careful of money; that which would be termed liberality in England, or at most carelessness of money,—among a people where coin represents pains-taking and labour in whatever hands it may be found, seems nothing less than ignorance of its value. Our countrymen have taught the Yankees, in what class abundance of ready money and carelessness of its expenditure are usually combined; and certainly they are not in fault, if suspicion attaches to such persons. Something was wrong, very wrong; and the Yankees were not so much to blame, if they suspected the party of robbery only, and not of murder. Yet this is the grand offence. Mr. Gordon and family proceed through a country they evidently possess no curiosity to see; they attempt to reside among a people whom they evidently despise, though their contempt is somewhat courteously displayed; they abound in wealth, and seeing that the persons about them are ready to make any profitable bargain, they fall into the most obvious traps, traps too obvious for an American to believe unseen; and after all, the party is only suspected of being bankers, or something of that description, in a state of uncereemonious emigration. In spite of all this, the family is introduced into the society of Rochester. This is the fact which seems to tell most against the Americans; and not that they were turned out of it when it was found a police officer was in search of them. But to be sure they were fortified with the introductory letters of Captain Birdmore, and these went a long way, and indeed served them altogether until the arrival of the police. On the mere commendatory letter of Captain Birdmore, a Mr. Warner instantly invites them to his hospitable house, until they can find a suitable abode, and that they may escape the annoyances inseparable from remaining at a hotel. On the same introduction, they are visited by a respectable widow, a Mrs. Williams, and introduced to such society as the place affords. They take a furnished house from a Mrs. Oaks, for which they agree to pay an extravagant price, and on its first being mentioned, Mr. Gordon declares it a very reasonable demand indeed, though confessedly he knows nothing on the subject of prices at Rochester. Not content with this, however, Miss Gordon secretly gives the landlady the value of three or four months hire of the whole house, for instantaneous possession; after which, it was absolutely charitable, to suppose the party only guilty of running off with bank plunder.

"Sit down, ma'am, sit down," began Mrs.

Oaks. "After all, Miss Gordon, there is nothing like leaving women to settle business. When did you say you should like to come in, miss?"

"To-night, ma'am, if possible."

"To-night? Why, sure enough that is short notice. Lord bless me, why how can that be, and I with neither of my daughters to help me pack!"

"If the thing is impossible, madam, it cannot be done; but as it will greatly suit my convenience, I wish it to be so arranged, if possible. The additional trouble occasioned by this haste may be charged for, at any rate you please."

"There was much food for meditation in this speech, and most excellent ground-work for speculation; but poor Mrs. Oaks had not time allowed her for either. It was but a moment that she sat with her eyes wide open, and her mouth but half shut; yet the impatient heiress rose from her chair, and so effectually alarmed the good lady with the fear of her escape, that she made a vigorous effort to subdue all lesser feeling, while she sought to gratify that which was dearest."

"She, too, rose from the chair, and fearing to lose the golden moment, said, as promptly as Miss Gordon herself could have desired, "I will be out of the house, bag and baggage, in four hours, if you will make it worth my while."

"The queer, comfortless dinner, the long dragging afternoon, the vulgar supper of yesterday evening, with the hurry-scurry breakfast, the odious bitters, and the still more odious *beaux* of the morning, all pressed upon Caroline's mind; and in utter forgetfulness of the caution Lord Darcy had received from the friendly major of the tavern, she eagerly answered, "I will give you fifty dollars beyond the rent if you will do so."

"Mrs. Oaks was indeed a happy woman, and she felt it. Not only were her most sanguine hopes of gain exceeded five-fold, but she had a story to tell, and that of English folks, which would ensure her listeners wherever she chose to visit for a month to come."—vol. i. 193.

Now this is intended to be not only amusing, but highly characteristic of our thriving republicans. It happens, however, to be a scene which is taking place every day in this country among the class who let lodgings and those who take them, though it does not very frequently happen that the keen Mrs. Oakses of London are so lucky in their victim.

The comedy of the book, is however chiefly supplied by the inmates of a boarding-house in Rochester, who are for the most part elderly bodies, whose grand source of diversion, is in the new country as in the old, gossip, varied with dram-drinking and prayer-meeting. These characters are drawn with considerable humour; but whether they are American or not, it is certain that they may be matched in every particular in every market-town of England. Their furious love of news, their quick transition from censure to praise and even servility, their ignorance and their malice, their love of

tea and sometimes strong waters, the flutter caused by male society, and the relief found for the pain of celibacy in the animation of the conventicle, are all English, or rather all human nature under similar circumstances, to the very letter. They who hesitate to believe this, from never having been brought into contact with such society, need only be referred to the novels of Miss Austin; more particularly her 'Emma,' in which abundant proof will be found, and what is more, the source of some of Mrs. Trollope's inspirations.

It must be allowed, that for the female *quidnuncs* of a boarding-house in a provincial town, whether of England or the United States, finer game than the Gordons, father and daughter, and the pseudo Mr. Edward Smith and a couple of booby livery servants, could not well be selected. Of course when the police is understood to be on their track, vehement is the agitation of the tongues, and great the triumph of the prophetesses of evil. The intelligence is thus received and acted upon at the boarding-house, whose society has been increased by the addition of the keen Mrs. Oaks.

'Mr. Mitchel had not himself been among the visiting acquaintance of Mr. Gordon, but he had heard enough of them, to know that his strong suspicion of their being followed by the police of New York, would not be unfavourably received by his fair friends.'

'It was not, therefore, many hours after Mr. Burns had left him, that he entered Mrs. Bevan's parlour, his long narrow face sharpened with the consciousness of his important tidings. When the character of a neighbour was the problem, Mr. Mitchel was apt to reason like a woman, and jump to the conclusion. He cheered the hearts of all the ladies, and Mrs. Williams was one of them, with the broad assertion, that the iniquity of those who had scorned their betters was brought to light; and that in the Lord's good time, they would be punished for their misdeeds; for that to his certain knowledge, the officers of justice were after Mr. Gordon, &c. &c. &c.'

'It is hardly necessary to trouble the reader with a detailed account of the horror expressed, or the pleasure felt, on this occasion.'

"I thought so!"

"I was very sure how it would be!"

"I said it would issue in mischief."

"I am not one bit surprised."

"I saw it clearly from the first," and

"The Lord be good unto me! what will brother Wilson say?" formed the chorus with which the news was received.'

'Mr. Mitchel shook his head, as the ladies purred around him, and almost squeezed the hand of Miss Duncomb, in the sympathy he felt for her detestation of such wickedness.'

"It is perfectly astonishing," observed Mrs. Cornish, "how often my prognostics have been right, respecting English people. When I lived in New York, it was quite impossible, even in the elevated circle in which we moved, not to

fall in occasionally with some of these wretched, unfashionable, disreputable, people; but I always put Mr. Cornish on his guard against them."

"Indeed, mamma," said Miss Maria, arranging her 'spit curl' in that particular manner which at once explains the meaning of the rather particular appellation given by American ladies to the little captivating lock which adorns their temples, "Indeed, mamma, they are not always so very low. I remember hearing that there was a lord came over once; I am sure, I wish I had been grown up then!"

"I don't see," said Mrs. Oaks, "why I should not go over just now, when that insolent Miss is pulled down a little, and look about after my elegant things. It is the bounden duty of every body in this life to look after the things that are trusted to their keeping. It is not nowise impossible but she may say something more about the book-shelves—or, frightened as she is, I should not be surprised if she thought it would be as well to pay me the compliment of leaving the pianoforte behind her. I wish Mrs. Bevan, or you, Miss Duncomb, or both of you, ladies, would just step over with me this very minute."

'Both ladies instantly declared their willingness, and Mr. Mitchel professed himself much pleased that he had been the means, in the hands of Providence, of being serviceable in so good a cause.'

'The three ladies hastened to bonnet and cloak themselves, and leaving Mr. Mitchel to await the news they might bring with them at their return, they walked off with the firm step of virtuous indignation, to see how poor Caroline bore her "pulling down."

'But the pulling down had not yet reached her. She was sitting, as was now pretty generally her custom in the morning, tête-à-tête with her friend Emily. Miss Gordon was drawing, while Emily read to her; and at the moment the three ladies were announced, they were laughing very heartily at the scene between king Richard and the friar, while at supper in the holy cell of the forest anchorite. There is always something embarrassing in the abrupt check given to laughter, by the unexpected entrance of a person, or persons, totally unfit to join it. It is like a sudden stop put to violent motion. If this be true in ordinary cases, much more was it so in the present instance; for there was that in the manner and aspect of the visitors, which must have banished the smile from the cheek of Hebe herself.'

'Mrs. Oaks entered first—as she had a right to do, seeing that the house was her own. Her countenance, which was naturally sharp, now bore a sort of vinegar expression, mingled with defiance. Her arms were firmly fixed to her sides, and her hands tightly clasped together. Miss Duncomb followed, with her dark eye-brows knit into an awful frown. She intended that her countenance should express the virtue and holiness of all the saints and martyrs; but there was a little crabbed air of

earthly spite in her features, that quite overpowered the celestial expression she aimed at. Mrs. Bevan, as usual, humbly entered last. Not even the business she was upon could conquer her habitual smoothness; but she showed the interest she took in it, by muttering to herself, every step she went, "Dear me!—Mercy on us!—Oh dear! oh dear!"

Miss Gordon half rose from her chair, and uttered a civil salutation, which was received in perfect silence, except the muttered, "Oh dear! oh dear!" of Mrs. Bevan. The servant had placed chairs, and they sat down. Emily closed her book, and turning her sweet eyes on Miss Duncomb, said—

"Have you seen mamma to-day, Miss Duncomb?"

"Go home to your mother's house this instant, Emily Williams, and try to atone for all the idle hours you have wasted. The daughter of a Christian woman like your mother, would be better on her knees at home, than sitting in such company, and hooting and laughing that fashion."

"The grisly devotion, and sour morality of Miss Duncomb, were pretty generally known throughout Rochester, and neither Miss Gordon, nor Emily could have been surprised by any ordinary expression of ill-humour; but there was something in her present address that they were quite unable to understand. They involuntarily looked at each other, and after a moment's pause, Miss Gordon said—"

"Has Miss Williams been sent for by her mother, ma'am?"

"Miss Duncomb turned her head aside to avoid looking at her, as she replied—"

"I come on no one's message, ma'am, and I wait for no one's commands, when the Lord's work is to be done. Go, Emily Williams, and be thankful to the Lord that you have friends to look after you."

"Elle est folle, ma chère," said Caroline, "ne vous effrayez pas. Montez à ma chambre, quand elle sera partie, je viendrai vous chercher."

Emily rose, and followed the advice of her friend, much surprised, and a good deal alarmed at Miss Duncomb's extraordinary address, but not at all inclined to receive it with the implicit obedience she seemed to expect.

Miss Duncomb did not understand a word of French, and was sorely provoked to see "a member of the same congregation" walk off, as she greatly feared, in defiance of her. Miss Gordon's perfect composure of manner puzzled all the ladies exceedingly, and a minute elapsed before either of them could decide what they had best say next; but Mrs. Oaks, who was the only one that expected actual solid profit from the business, rallied her faculties, and said—

"I expect, Miss Gordon, if you go off in a hurry, as seems nowise impossible, that you will remember that you have been accommodated with one of the most elegant places in the town, and that without word asked, what or who you were, nor where you come from.

I think my accommodation should not be forgotten in my turn, and that any odd things as you may have brought into the house should be left, to make up for all the ill-words, I may come by, for being so over confiding to strangers." And as she spoke she had the courage to fix her eyes very particularly on the piano-forte.

Miss Gordon stared at her with most unfeigned astonishment, and then turned to examine the countenances of her companions. The almost ferocious solemnity of Miss Duncomb's face, as well the downcast eyes, and pursed-up mouth of Mrs. Bevan, convinced her that there was something going forward that she did not understand, and she determined on making an effort to obtain an explanation.

"I am always extremely happy, ladies, to receive a visit from you—but, will you permit me to ask, if you have any particular reason for calling this morning?"

The three looked at each other, and evidently began to wish themselves home again. They had supposed it certain, from Mr. Mitchell's statement, of the arrival of "the police," that the parties concerned must have been made acquainted with it, and that they should have had an opportunity of seeing "if the English girl would dare to look them in the face after being found out." But she did look them in the face, with such an air of unconsciousness and surprise, that there was no doubting the fact of her ignorance; her innocence was quite another affair.

Mrs. Bevan's *in-grain* civility forced her to answer the young lady's question, as no one else seemed inclined to do it, and looking first at one, and then at the other of her companions, as if to ask their leave for what she was doing, she said—

"Dear me, ma'am, nothing at all."

"Though this was not particularly satisfactory, it was difficult to insist upon anything more. Miss Gordon bowed and was silent."

"It is best, ma'am, that Emily Williams should bide with her mother," said Miss Duncomb, rising to go, "and if you don't know any reasons why, it is likely that in the Lord's good time you may."

So saying, she departed, followed by the others. Mrs. Oaks, however, pausing to say, "I hope Miss Gordon, ma'am, that you will remember my obligingness:" and poor Mrs. Bevan, waiting till the other two were out of sight, turned round, and made a very respectful courtesy.

No sooner was the house-door closed upon them, than the tongues which had been paralyzed in the presence of Miss Gordon, began to recover their powers.

"It's a right-down shame in Mr. Mitchell," said Mrs. Oaks, "to send people off on a fool's errand this way—that the Gordon's deserve to be hanged is all very likely, and it may come to pass too, for all that I know or care; but it's plain as the sun, that the girl knows nothing about it as yet; and I make no manner of

doubt I shall find half a dozen stitches dropped in my stockings, bolting out as I did in such a hurry."

"It is no fault of Mr. Mitchel's, Mrs. Oaks, that you did not act with the decent slowness of a Christian, in putting your stocking in your bag, and I'm free to think that there was more view to earthly gain than to religious edification, in the hurry you was in to go."

"(Mrs. Oaks was *not* of the same congregation.)"

"Dear me! dear me! what a sad business 'tis, to be sure, to see that dear sweet girl of good Mrs. Williams's set up so by that gally-vaunting miss. Did you ever see, Mrs. Oaks, such lace as she got on her collar, and such a gown too! really, 'tis hardly fitting, to my mind, that any body should wear such clothes every day, 'tis all very well for a Sunday, or walking in Broadway, at New York; but to sit at home, just painting that way, is altogether quite unprincipled extravagance. However, I do wish Mr. Mitchel hadn't sent us off so, just for nothing."

"Mr. Mitchel's words will come true yet, ladies, and then say I told you so," said Miss Duncomb. "And I must say you would show yourselves better Christians if you trusted to the words of a godly man like him, instead of being startled and terrified by the airs and finery of such a creature as that we have been looking at."—vol. ii. p. 150.

The Miss Emily Williams here introduced, is an American, and according to Mrs. Trollope's report, one of the most lovely, amiable, and intellectual creatures of her sex; how is it that Mrs. Trollope finds all this elegance and virtue in a young girl 'raised' at Rochester in the state of New York? It is unfortunate for the authoress, that the exigencies of her story render it incumbent upon her to put all her virtue into her American-born subjects, while, without exception, every Englishman is either a knave or a fool. Mr. Gordon himself, the model of a Briton, must be included in the latter category; for his conduct, under the names of generosity, refinement, elegance, and gentlemanliness, is a mere tissue of folly. Wilson, the preacher, appeared to promise a specimen of Yankee ruffianism; but he, alas! turns out to be an English colonel Brown, a gambler and swindler, who, under the name of the Rev. Robert Wilson, had hoped to hide both his country and his iniquity. He presents a further confirmation of the wisdom of the Americans, in looking very closely after the claims to respectability on the part of the English importations into America.

The inquiries of the police officer produce a sudden migration from Rochester, as the good ladies of the boarding-house had charitably expected; and on this removal, the real adventures of the Refugee in America commence. They form a series of improbabilities and absurdities, not equalled by the lowest and most extravagant romance of the Leadenhall Street

library. Dally, the man supposed to be murdered by Darcy, is not dead. The coroner had brought in a verdict of wilful murder against the Earl of Darcy, without ever having ascertained the fact of the man's death. The *corpus delicti* had never been found; for the mother of the deceased had thrown her son's body into the sea! But Mrs. Trollope is not bound to know the law; she has made pretty extensive use of it, however, and has even had the hardihood to get up a peer's trial in Westminster Hall, which for absurdity, is not to be equalled in the annals of Bartholomew fair.

By one of the lady-fictions, which as has been said are notorious for their atrocity, Mrs. Trollope contrives to dress up Satan himself in the person of a learned Serjeant Oglander, a cousin of the Earl of Darcy. This gentleman's services are engaged by Lady Darcy, in order to investigate the truth of the circumstances under which her son is condemned, and by which he is compelled to become a fugitive. This Serjeant Oglander is, conveniently enough, the heir of the property of the Earl of Darcy in case of his demise without legitimate issue; he therefore without delay, sets about either to get him assassinated abroad or hanged at home. In pursuance of this monstrous plan, he employs Dally, the fellow of whose murder Darcy is accused, to kill his lordship in America; and to render his death doubly sure, he also engages the assistance of an old comrade-criminal of his own, the quondam colonel Brown, the present pious brother Wilson of Rochester, the very town in which poor, persecuted, stupid Mr. Edward Smith has taken refuge. If ever there was a libel on the parent country, it is this history; it is necessary, in charity, to hold the American pictures equally credible. The pious and prosperous Mr. Wilson, the wealthy and almost worshipped preacher of Rochester, the quondam colonel in the British army, undertakes without scruple the murder of the young peer, under the inducement offered by the learned Serjeant in London, of one thousand pounds down. The preacher's plan is to thrust the lord Darcy, alias Edward Smith, into the falls of Niagara, and then proclaim that the romantic youth had fallen a victim to his passion for the picturesque. The arrival of Dally from England, in some measure disconcerts this well laid scheme.

"He was then proceeding to summon his daughters, in order to set them about such packing as he required, when he heard himself inquired for at the house door, by a voice perfectly unknown to him."

"He paused at the door of his library to learn who his visitor might be, but he would not send in his name, saying, he only wished to speak to the gentleman for a minute."

"Show him in," said Mr. Wilson; and the black help ushered in a young man, apparently not much above twenty years of age, but who wore a look of confidence, or rather auda-

city, which belonged to a later period of existence.'

'His dress was much in the style of that of a servant out of place, and even this appeared too superb for him to wear easily.'

'His hat was new, and in that American style of elaborate *furriness*, which gives to the head of a transatlantic beau some resemblance to a mop. This "rich beaver" he held in a sort of embrace with one arm, while the other was extended towards Mr. Wilson, as an invitation to perform the friendly ceremony of shaking hands. The reverend colonel, however, who had not yet learnt to relish the universal handling of his adopted country, retreated a step, as it did not appear to him, that on the present occasion any thing was to be gained by submitting to it. He had grievously erred, however, in his estimate of the importance of his visitor; for instantly placing his hat on his head, and his arms in that kimbo fashion which denotes defiance, as surely as a lance in the rest, he exclaimed—'

"D—n your American impudence—I am come here on a job, d'y'e see, as shall make our hands acquainted, or the devil's in it. Here's the letter of our employer: you'll see I've lost no time in obeying orders."

'No words can express the bitter rage with which Wilson saw that the imprudence, or treachery, of his former associate, had placed him completely in the power of the vulgar, desperate young ruffian before him.'

'The letter to Dally was written in a character totally unlike that of the one received by Wilson, and equally so to the acknowledged hand-writing of Sergeant Oglander; it ran thus:—'

"DALLY,

"On the receipt of this, repair immediately to Rochester, in the western part of the State of New York. On arriving in this town, inquire for the house of the Rev. Mr. Wilson; go there, and be careful to see him alone. He is fully acquainted with the business you have in hand, and will give you the needful instructions as to the manner in which it is to be accomplished. I have already named to you the sum you are to receive, when the work you have undertaken shall be completed. I will add twenty sovereigns more, if it be done within a month after you reach Rochester."

(Signed) "YOUR EMPLOYER."

'The faculties of Wilson were ever ready for work on any emergency; and no man had greater command of voice and feature; yet for a moment he trembled before the audacious eye of his new associate.'

'His first idea was to deny his identity with the Mr. Wilson referred to in the letter; but a sort of panoramic view of the town of Rochester, pouring forth its swarms of prayerful females, rose before his eyes; he thought he saw them trotting from house to house, to hunt for the explanation of the scandal this denial

would create. No; it was impossible to stand it, and the thought was abandoned.'

"Sit down, Dally, sit down; how long have you been arrived?"

'The look of angry defiance faded before the friendly tone in which this was spoken; and the young smuggler seated himself in Wilson's luxurious arm chair, which, by a graceful use of the muscles of the lower man, he caused to roll forward on its castors towards the fire; then taking up the tongs to arrange the glowing brands to his fancy, he answered cheerily,'

"Not an hour, my hearty; you shall find I am't one to dream, when work's to be done. Give me a snack, and a draught of ale, with a glass of brandy to warm it, and I'm ready to set about it directly."

"Softly, Dally, don't speak so loud: we must consider of it."

"Consider away, then, old one; but make haste. I'm not the lad to lose twenty golden sovereigns, by twirling my thumbs when I ought to be stirring; give us something to eat, can't ye, while you are studying?"

'Wilson shook with rage, but he mastered it, and rang the bell. The black girl entered.'

"Bring meat and bread, and whiskey here."

"Here, Mr. Wilson!" remonstrated the free black help.'

'Almost the only innocent pleasure Mr. Wilson indulged in, was the endeavouring to make an English room of his library. Seldom was any American gentleman permitted to enter it, lest tobacco juice should defile the rich carpet; the smell of whiskey was never suffered to pollute its atmosphere, and nothing grosser than a water-melon had ever been eaten there. But this was not a moment for such observances; and in no very gentle tone he reiterated the order.'

'The girl retreated with an emphatic "My!" and her tortured master turned to listen to the further amiable communications of his guest'—vol. ii. p. 239.

In order to get an opportunity to do the work himself, Mr. Wilson sends off the too straight-forward Dally on a wrong scent, and repairs to execute the business in person. He takes his niece with him, in order to supply Mrs. Trollope with pleasant means of frustration. For the reader must know, that the proud and silent English peer, has established a flirtation with little Emily Williams of Rochester, and that she is to be the future Countess of Darcy. Mr. Wilson lays a trap for the peer, on a precipice overhanging the falls of Niagara, after the manner of a wolf-trap, by means of rotten sticks laid over a gap, and he is represented as on the point of pushing his lordship on to the frail covering, when his proceedings are arrested by his niece, who has watched the whole business from a precipice above. Mr. Wilson retires in disgrace, and Lord Darcy and the Gordons pursue their travels. Wilson being foiled, Dally's turn

commences, and wondrous are the predicaments in which his lordship is involved. The peasant-smuggler turns out, not a mere blood-thirsty villain, but a most accomplished actor; he penetrates everywhere, and had he been really murdered, and haunted his lordship in the shape of his ghost, he could not have passed through space with more rapidity. Had he taken lessons from Matthews and Yates, he could not have assumed various disguises with more activity, or acted his different parts with more success. Darcy is accordingly haunted by Dally in his visits to the southern states, and is continually placed in his power. Dally, the poor, the ignorant, and the abandoned, is enabled, owing, it is presumed, to the iniquity of the laws and the baseness of the police of the United States, to set the wise Mr. Gordon and the rich Lord Darcy at defiance. Dally is seen at an assembly at the house of the President in Washington. Mr. Gordon gets an order from the President to close the doors; the congress and all the chief men of the country are thus shut up, that a foreigner accused of murder, may catch the man he is charged with murdering. The company are indignant, and insist upon the doors being opened. Mrs. Trollope represents this as abominable republicanism, and so it is. When they learnt that it was a case in which an English lord and an English squire were concerned, they ought to have consented to have been stifled before they complained. And it is very possible they might have done so, could the affair have been explained to them. It would be curious to know what would have been said at St. James's, at a drawing-room, if windows and doors had been suddenly closed, and a hubbub and confusion created, while a couple of Americans were bobbing about the rooms playing at catch-whom-can, one of whom travelling under an alias was accused of murder, and the other charged with being alive after being found murdered. This, however, is worked into a serious charge against the Yankees, and a proof, not that the age of chivalry is gone, but that it has never been.

In the harlequinade of Dally and Darcy that follows, a scene takes place in a lone public, in a thinly populated and ill-settled district, which, in Mrs. Trollope's mind, places some parts of America in a lower and wilder state of lawlessness than any of the south of Italy; and that indeed is saying much. The English reader has been prepared by what has passed, to take great interest in the fortunes of the genteel persons concerned in the affray; seeing that they are described as holding the first stations in his own country, and on account of their benevolence and generally estimable qualities, greatly to be regarded. Colonel Smith, of the way-side tavern, was bound to know nothing of all this, and as living in a remote district, and that too (to the shame of America be it spoken) a slave district, he was not the person in the world, the best qualified

to form a judgment from any refinement of manner. Refinement, on the contrary, as producing uselessness in his services and fastidiousness in his guests, was rather likely on the whole to prejudice him against those, who, though extremely glad of his shelter, were evidently not over and above delighted with his entertainment.

Play-goers who have seen 'Mother Goose,' at least in the olden time, will remember Grimaldi's helpmate, Mr. Bologna junior, when first he stands confessed, a gladiator of a fish-wife. A similar scene, by a blow of the authoress's wand, is compassed in the kitchen of the American colonel and negro-driver. An old woman was sitting in the chimney-corner; and the English heroine, moved by that 'deeper feeling' so 'difficult to trace,' insists on pulling off her 'head-gear.'

'In a moment her bonnet and cloak were on the floor, and Richard Dally, livid with rage, and struggling desperately for his freedom, stood displayed before them.'

'Neither Lord Darcy nor Mr. Gordon were deficient in strength, but so desperate were his efforts to free himself from their grasp, and so muscular and powerful was his person, that he would probably have succeeded, had not Robert lent his assistance to pinion his arms.'

'But though the three were certainly an overmatch for the one, it was by no means an easy task to keep their hold upon him; and the other parties present looked on with an apathy which arose partly from that habitual selfishness, which characterises a thinly-peopled country, and partly from the indifference generated by the frequent recurrence of brawls, in a house chiefly supported by the sale of whiskey.'

"I must request your assistance, Colonel Smith," said Mr. Gordon, "in securing this person; he must immediately be put into confinement."

"Sure?" answered the Colonel, without stirring; "what's the business?"

"He has offended against the laws of his country, sir, and must stand his trial for it."

"Possible! I expect then he's English as well as you!"

"Certainly he is."

"Well, then, settle it between you; I am no subject of the king of England;" and so saying, the patriotic Colonel renewed his attack upon the fried ham, with the most perfect composure.

"Will you not assist us in the performance of our duty?"

"I will arrest this man," said Lord Darcy, "upon my own peril, and I am certain that if you will send for your nearest magistrate, or assist in conveying us before him, he will immediately acknowledge the necessity of placing him in security."

"It is false," exclaimed Dally, "I am no Englishman, but a Kentuckian, and by God you had better let me go, before some of my countrymen come to help me out with your eyes, for laying your hands on a free citizen."

"Upon my word he gives you good advice," said the Colonel, laughing complacently, "we Americans don't approbate having the hands of an Englishman put upon us, that way. I expect you had better let the young man alone, and sit down and eat your supper; you'll have to pay for it any how."

"But is it not evident that this man is a criminal? Why was he travelling in this disguise?"

"It is quite remarkable," replied Colonel Smith, "how hard it is to learn you English the nature of real liberty, and freedom: why, in our country, a man is at liberty to travel just as he likes; our glorious revolution wasn't for nothing, I expect; but you cannot comprehend the principle, that's a fact; no Englishman, as I ever met, could take in the notion that every white man was free to do and to say just what he likes in our country. They have always got their heads full of the king, and the lord chancellor; but it won't take here; better let the man go, and let's eat our supper peaceable."

"Good God!" exclaimed the unfortunate Lord Darcy, "is it possible that you refuse us the means of securing this villain, who we can prove is in a conspiracy against my life?"

"Why, bless you," replied the Colonel, laughing, "you don't know these Kentucks; why they'll threaten your life if you do but affront them the least bit; but it most commonly comes to nothing. I reckon, however, this time, you had best not aggravate too much; you English have no notion of gouging; but its done in a minute, I can tell you."

"Caroline had sat during this scene, with her hands clasped, and her eyes fixed on Dally, who continued to struggle desperately for his freedom."

"The driver having swallowed his supper with the national rapidity, had left the house to look after his horses, before the affray began."

"Mrs. Smith paid not the slightest attention to what was going on, but continued eating her supper, and occasionally feeding with her fingers a young child seated in her lap. The slaves stood apart, grinning with evident pleasure, at the bustle; and notwithstanding the inequality of the parties, it seemed very doubtful if they should finally succeed in securing Dally."

"Caroline," said Mr. Gordon, "can you not find some cord, some string of any kind, to secure this villain's hands?"

"Now if you arn't too bad," said the Colonel, composedly lighting his segar; "for my share, I never meddle nor make with the people what quarrels in my house, but if the girl does help you, I hope she'll catch it first or last. Why how remarkable you English be," he continued, placing his heels on the table, and balancing himself on one of the hind legs of his chair, while he looked at the scene before him as if it had been something performing on the stage for his amusement: "how queer to see three of you handling a man, and yet you can't do for him."

"Caroline had risen from her chair on the appeal of her father, and with trembling fingers was endeavouring to tie the silk handkerchief she had worn round her neck, to her waist ribbon; having at last succeeded, she approached to give it to him, but as he extended his hand to receive it, she uttered a fearful scream, for, taking advantage of the weakened force upon his right arm, Dally swung himself round with a violence that disengaged it entirely, and in an instant, had drawn a knife from his bosom. Lord Darcy, at whom it was aimed, evaded the blow, but in doing so, lost his grasp of Dally's collar, and but for Robert's hold, he would have been free."

"The Colonel burst into a shout of hearty laughter."

"A Kentuck—that is he, I'll be sworn for him; I'll have no tying by G—d, miss;" and he gently pushed back the hand of Caroline with his foot. "Fight it out, if you will;—three upon one is odds enough, but I bar tying, that spoils sport altogether."

"Lord Darcy had now wrenched the weapon from the hand of Dally, but perfectly determined not to injure him, they were greatly at a loss how to proceed."

"Mr. Gordon, spite of the Colonel's remonstrance, attempted to bind him, but Smith again interfered."

"If you tie him, I give you warning, I'll let him loose; why arn't you ashamed now? Arn't three upon one enough, without tying the man! Fight it out, can't ye! like Christians, and not go to tie him up as if he was a wolf or a bear."

"You strangely misunderstand our object, sir," said Mr. Gordon, "we would on no account hurt this man; our only wish is to bring him to justice."

"Now if that arn't English! if he's offended you, take your will of him like a man, but in the Devil's name, don't come over us with your damned English law; for that's what we won't bear, no how."

"What was to be done? It was certain that they could have murdered Dally with very little difficulty; but it was at least equally so that this was not their object, and to obtain his legal detention appeared impossible. Dally quickly saw this, and seizing with great subtlety the character of his host, he said,"

"He speaks like a gentleman, and an American, as he is. I'm ready to fight any two of you together, but I'll settle the girl by herself"

"This sally produced a roar of laughter from master, mistress, and slaves. Mr. Gordon immediately quitted his hold, and took Caroline by the hand to lead her from the room; but ere he reached the door, turned and addressing Dally, said,"

"We have spared your life when we might easily have taken it; learn from this, that you may trust my assurance, that you shall be perfectly safe, either here or at home, if you will sign a declaration of your having survived the wound given you by Lord Darcy. My daughter,

my servant, and myself can witness it; do this, and you shall receive instantly a draft upon New York for a hundred pounds."

"Dally looked at Lord Darcy for some minutes without speaking."

"A hundred pounds? I shall gain nothing by that; and I shall lose what I love better still. Lord Darcy! he's no lord now, as I've been told by them as knows; nor ever shall be, if I can talk him. So much for robbing me of my chickens."

"All this was perfectly unintelligible to Colonel Smith; the only part of it that he clearly understood was, the accusation concerning the robbing of the chickens, which, as it remained uncontradicted, left him persuaded that he must be sharp in looking after his moveables."—vol. iii. p. 172.

Here is an apparent old woman seated quietly by the fireside, and an elegant young lady proceeds to snatch off her bonnet. It is discovered that the old woman is a young man, and that the whole party are English mysteriously connected together. The landlord is told by the stronger party, that the weaker is escaping from the hands of justice—English justice—which is downright falsehood; it is Darcy who, according to Mrs. Trollope herself, is escaping the law of the land. Amid the confusion, whom is Colonel Smith, as he is called, to believe, and what does it concern him? Why should he interfere in a doubtful cause, beyond forbidding the use of bonds? When, however, Dally succeeds in maintaining himself a Kentuckian, it is manifest that Smith shows much impartiality, in not interfering for a countryman against the presuming but impotent foreigners. This would have been the proceeding of a John Bull, had he wished to gain the applause of his neighbours. The effect of this passage, artfully arranged as it is by the ingenious Mrs. Trollope,—by her mincing up a slave country, a Kentuckian, and Yankee coolness on one side, with all the prejudices in favour of rank and gentility, and moreover good intentions on the other, but utterly unknown and unproved on the spot, and only to be collected from a knowledge of the story,—is to produce a prejudice in the breasts of Englishmen against their transatlantic brethren. It would be idle to waste time on such a subject, or it would be easy by the transposition of a few names and phrases, to turn the tables upon the authoress. A similar trick was played by the dramatizer of Cooper's 'Pilot.' In Captain Borrowcliff, the booby English captain of volunteers was converted into a Yankee captain of militia, and in the hands of Reeve, but with the words of Cooper, drew down thunders of anti-national applause.

The result of this adventure with Dally is less amusing, but more improbable. Dally, a stranger in the country, is acquainted with all its windings and secret recesses, and, still more odd, every body is leagued in his favour. The possession of these advantages enable him to

kidnap Lord Darcy. He does not assassinate him, for no reason that can be discovered, except that Mrs. Trollope had the programme of his Lordship's trial in the House of Lords in her pocket. Darcy is rescued, returns to England, is tried by the Peers, and is about being condemned for the murder of a person still alive, when Dally, the *corpus delicti*, appears in court very well in health and very penitent in spirit.

"Save us from our friends." It is hoped that the American readers of this novel will not judge of England and Englishmen by Mrs. Trollope's good intentions in their behalf. They probably know enough of English law, to be aware that it is not quite so bad as it is painted; and of the English people, in spite of the very good-for-nothing specimens too often sent over to them, that they are neither such atrocious scoundrels as the Dallys and Oglannds of Mrs. Trollope's imagination, nor yet such imbecile miseries as her Gordons and her Darcys.

On the other hand it is to be allowed that Mrs. Trollope has a considerable 'privilege' of humour, a vast capacity for appreciating the ridiculous, and that where motive for depreciation was supplied, she would be a dangerous member of a small circle, such as that of *Perfect Bliss* for example. Every nation has its absurd points of view; and no national personification presents himself in so many ridiculous attitudes as John Bull. That the Yankees may be fairly laughed at for some peculiarities of dialect and manner, is as certain as that '*Les Anglaises pour rire*' was a fair jest at Paris on our national *gaucherie*. By the accumulation of such singularities,—those which are true being for the most part as incidental to the position of the parties as any accident of soil or climate,—Mrs. Trollope sometimes raises a laugh, for which she is not greatly to be condemned. There is in fact only one semi-national characteristic, on which it is impossible to make the Americans respectable; and that is, their slavery. It is of no use to fume about it; but while this lasts, there is no more chance of keeping them, in European eyes, on a level with what are considered as the civilized nations of Europe,—than there would be of getting Sancho Panza chosen President of the United States. There is nothing to be done for men, that are 'busy flogging Becky.' It will be urged, that the English also have slavery. It is too true, that they are made to pay for it by a poll-tax; but then they keep it in a distant apartment by itself, like that which the persecuted Mayor of Bristol so oddly made his larder. The Americans, like the Arabs of Mocha, have the nuisance in every room in the house. *Voilà de la différence.*

The authoress's claim to merit arises out of the talent with which she exhibits the foibles and follies of some of the middle ranks of society, which belong as much to this country as to America. Here her success is as complete,

as her failure is decisive when she comes to put in motion the aristocracy of her own country. Whatever may be their defects, Mrs. Trollope is not the person to describe them; she has evidently drawn her Gordons and Darcys, by the expenditure of fourpence a volume on the circulating library adjacent to her suburban lodgings. She is now, however, launched as a successful authoress. As she does not promise to go back to America, ample supplies of the ridiculous, the petty, and the vain, may be found in any of our inland counties; only let her eschew law, and lords, and villany on the romantic scale, and entertain us with the people she evidently knows,—the Miss Duncombs, the Mrs. Fidkins, and the Mr. Mitchels of some English market-town.

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THE ACHIEVEMENTS OF THE GENIUS OF SCOTT.

BY HARRIET MARTINEAU.

HAVING already* tendered our homage to the memory of Scott in his capacity of vindicator of the character of Genius, we proceed to discuss his other claims to the veneration and gratitude of society.

In doing this, we shall not enter into any elaborate criticism of his compositions as works of art. This has been done a hundred times before, and will be done a hundred times again, to the great benefit of literature and the fine arts, and to the exalted entertainment of both those who lead and those who follow in the discrimination of the manifold beauties and graces with which Scott has adorned the realms of taste. We apply ourselves to the contemplation of the works of Scott, in their effects as influences, rather than to an analysis of their constitution as specimens of art. If we include in our inquiry the services which he rendered to society negatively as well as positively, unconsciously as well as designedly, it may appear that the gratitude of one age and one empire is but a sample of the reward which his achievements deserve and will obtain.

There is little reason to question that Scott has done more for the morals of society, taking the expression in its largest sense, than all the divines, and other express moral teachers, of a century past. When we consider that all moral sciences are best taught by exemplification, and that these exemplifications produce tenfold effect when exhibited unprofessionally, it appears that dramatists and novelists of a high order have usually the advantage, as moralists, over those whose office it is to present morals in an abstract form. The latter are needed to systematize the science, and to prevent its being lost sight of as the highest of the sciences; but the advantage of practical influence rests with the former. When we, moreover, consider the extent of Scott's prac-

tical influence, and multiply this extent by its force, there will be little need of argument to prove that the whole living phalanx of clergy, orthodox and dissenting, of moral philosophers, of all moral teachers, except statesmen and authors of a high order, must yield the sceptre of moral sway to Scott. If they are wise, they will immediately acknowledge this, estimate his achievements, adopt, to a certain extent his methods, and step forward to the vantage ground he has gained for them. If they be disposed to question the fact of the superiority of his influence, let them measure it for an instant against their own. Let them look to our universities, and declare whether they have, within a century, done much for the advancement of morals at home, or to bring morals into respect abroad. Let them look to the weight of the established clergy, and say how much they actually modify the thoughts and guide the conduct of the nation; taking into the account, as a balance against the good they do, the suspicion there exists against them in their character of a craft, and the disrepute which attaches itself to what they teach, through an admixture of abuses. Let them look to the dissenting clergy,—far more influential as they are than the established,—and say, whether they operate as extensively and benignantly upon the human heart, as he who makes life itself the language in which he sets forth the aims and ends of life; who not only uses a picture-alphabet, that the untutored and the truant may be allured to learn, but imparts thereto a hieroglyphic character, from which the most versed in human life may evolve continually a deeper and yet deeper lore. Let our moral philosophers (usefully employed though they be in arranging and digesting the science, and enlightened in modifying, from time to time, the manifestations of its eternal principles.)—let our moral philosophers declare whether they expect their digests and expositions to be eagerly listened to by the hundred thousand families, collected, after their daily avocations, under the spell of the northern enchanter; whether they would look for thumbed copies of their writings in workshops and counting-houses, in the saloons of palaces, and under many a pillow in boarding schools. Our universities may purify morals, and extend their influence as far as they can; their importance in this case runs a chance of being overlooked; for Scott is the president of a college where nations may be numbered for individuals. Our clergy may be and do all that an established clergy can be and do; yet they will not effect so much as the mighty lay preacher who has gone out on the highways of the world, with cheerfulness in his mien and benignity on his brow; unconscious, perhaps, of the dignity of his office, but as much more powerful in comparison with a stalled priesthood as the troubadour of old,—firing hearts wherever he went with the love of glory,—than the vowed monk. Our dissenting preachers may obtain a hold on

* Museum for March, page 339.

the hearts of their people, and employ it to good purpose; but they cannot send their voices east and west to wake up the echoes of the world. Let all these classes unite in a missionary scheme, and encompass the globe, and still Scott will teach morals more effectually than them all. They will not find audiences at every turn who will take to heart all they say, and bear it in mind for ever; and if they attempt it now, they will find that Scott has been before them everywhere. He has preached truth, simplicity, benevolence, and retribution in the spicy bowers of Ceylon, and in the verandahs of Indian bungalows, and in the perfumed dwellings of Persia, and among groups of settlers at the Cape, and amidst the pinewoods and savannahs of the Western world, and in the vineyards of the Peninsula, and among the ruins of Rome, and the recesses of the Alps, and the hamlets of France, and the cities of Germany, and the palaces of Russian despots, and the homes of Polish patriots. And all this in addition to what has been done in his native kingdom, where he has exalted the tastes, ameliorated the tempers, enriched the associations, and exercised the intellects of millions. This is already done in the short space of eighteen years; a mere span in comparison with the time that it is to be hoped our language and literature will last. We may assume the influence of Scott, as we have described it, to be just beginning its course of a thousand years; and now, what class of moral teachers, (except politicians, who are not too ready to regard themselves in this light,) will venture to bring their influence into comparison with that of this great lay preacher?

If they do so, it will be on the ground, not of disputing the extent of his influence, but its moral effect; which, therefore, we proceed to investigate; beginning with his lesser, and going on to consider his greater achievements.

His grateful countrymen, of all ranks, acknowledge that he has benefited Scotland, as much morally as in respect of her worldly prosperity. Not only has he carried civilization into the retreats of the mountains, and made the harmonious voices of society float over those lakes where the human war-cry once alternated with the scream of the eagle; not only has he introduced decency and comfort among the wilder classes of his countrymen, a full half century before they could have been anticipated, and led many thousands more into communion with nature, who would not, but for him, have dreamed of such an intercourse; not only has he quickened industry and created wealth, and cherished intelligence within the borders of his native land; he has also exercised a direct moral influence over the minds of those on whom Scotland's welfare largely depends; softening their prejudices, widening their social views, animating their love of country while drawing them into closer sympathy with men of other countries.

It may be said,—it is said,—that his country is not sensible of his having done all this; that she cannot be sensible of it, since she suffered his latter days to be overclouded by sorrows which she could have removed, and his mighty heart and brain to be crushed by a weight of care and toil of which she could have relieved him. The fact is undeniable; and it is on record for ever, with a thousand similar facts, from which it is to be hoped that men will in time have philosophy enough to draw an inference, and establish a conclusion in morals to which Walter Scott has failed to lead them, even by the mute eloquence of his own sufferings. They may in time perceive that the benefactor of a nation should be the cherished of a nation, before he has become insensible of their affection; and that it is a small thing to make splendid the narrow home of him who was allowed to perish unsheltered in the storm. It is not enough to abstain from the insult which aggravated the sufferings of Lear;—to be innocent of inflicting his woes. It is not enough for the subjects of this intellectual being to have honoured him equally when his train was shortened, and to have uncovered their heads as he passed, in respectful compassion for his reverses: they ought to have felt that in having been made their king, he had become their charge; and that whence-soever adversity arose, it was their duty to avert it from his honoured head. It is folly to talk of the evil of a precedent in such a case. The line of intellectual sovereigns is not so long as to make the maintenance of their prerogative a burdensome imposition; and we ask no loyalty to pretenders. As for the present case, bitterly as we feel the crudeness of the world's morality of gratitude, we are as far as was the illustrious departed from imputing blame to individuals,—to any thing but the system under which he suffered. He was too humble—too little conscious of his own services to apply to himself the emotions with which the lot of other social benefactors were regarded by him, and with which his own is too late regarded by us—the emotions of grief and shame that society has not yet learned to prize the advent of genius: that the celestial guest is still permitted to tread, solitary and unsheltered, the rugged highways of the world, however eagerly its deeds of power and beneficence may have been accepted. That the countrymen of Scott feel truly grateful to their benefactor, we doubt not. We implore them to strengthen this gratitude from a sanction into a principle of conduct; that, if it should please Heaven again to bless them with such a guest, they may duly cherish him while yet in the body, delay his departure to the latest moment, and be disturbed by no jarring mockeries of shame and remorse while chanting their requiem at his tomb.

To do his next work of beneficence, this great moralist stepped beyond the Border, and over continents and seas. He implanted or

nourished pure tastes, not only in a thousand homes, but among the homeless in every land. How many indolent have been roused to thought and feeling, how many licentious have been charmed into the temporary love of purity, how many vacant minds have become occupied with objects of interest and affection, it would be impossible to estimate, unless we could converse with every Briton, from the Factory Terrace at Canton round the world to the shores of the Pacific, and with every foreigner on the Continent of Europe whose countenance lights up at the name of Scott. If one representative only of every class which have been thus benefited were to repair to his grave, the mourning train would be of a length that kings might envy. There would be the lisping child, weeping that there should be no more tales of the Sherwood Foresters and the Disinherited Knight; there would be the school-boy, with his heart full of the heroic deeds of Cœur de Lion in Palestine; and the girl, glowing with the loyalty of Flora, and saddening over the griefs of Rebecca; and the artisan who foregoes his pipe and pot for the adventures of Jeanie Deans; and the clerk and apprentice, who refresh their better part from the toils of the counting-house amidst the wild scenery of Scotland: and soldier and sailor relieved of the tedium of barracks and cabin by the interest of more stirring scenes presented to the mind's eye; and rambling youth chained to the fireside by the links of a pleasant fiction; and sober manhood made to grow young again; and sickness beguiled, and age cheered, and domestic jars forgotten, and domestic sympathies enhanced;—all who have thus had pure tastes gratified by the creations of his genius, should join the pilgrim train, which will be passing in spirit by his grave for centuries to come. Of these, how many have turned from the voice of the preacher, have cast aside "good books," have no ear for music, no taste for drawing, no knowledge of any domestic accomplishment which might keep them out of harm's way, but have found that they have a heart and mind which Scott could touch and awaken! How many have thus to thank him, not only for the solace of their leisure, but for the ennobling of their toils!

Another great service rendered is one which could be administered only by means of fiction—a service respecting which it matters not to decide whether it was afforded designedly or unconsciously. We mean the introduction of the conception of nature, as existing and following out its own growth in an atmosphere of convention; a conception of very great importance to the many who, excluded from the regions of convention, are apt to lose their manhood in its contemplation. There is little use in assuring people of middling ranks, that kings eat beef and mutton, and queens ride on horseback: they believe, but they do not realize. And this is the case, not only

with the child who pictures a monarch with the crown on his head, on a throne, or with the maid-servant who gazes with awe on the Lord Mayor's coach; but, to a much greater degree than is commonly supposed, with the father of the child, the master of the maid,—with him whose interests have to do with kings and courts, and who ought, therefore, to know what is passing there. It would be impossible to calculate how much patriotism has lain dormant, through the ignorance of the plain citizen, of what is felt and thought in the higher regions of society, to which his voice of complaint or suggestion ought to reach, if he had but the courage to lift it up. The ignorance may be called voluntary: it may be truly said that every one ought to know that human hearts answer to one another as a reflection in water, whether this reflection be of a glow-worm on the brink, or of the loftiest resplendent star. This is true; but it is not a truth easy in the use; and its use is all-important. The divine preaches it, as is his duty, to humble courtly pride, and to remind the lowly of their manhood: but the divine himself realizes the doctrine better while reading Kenilworth, or the Abbot, than while writing his sermon; and his hearers use this same sermon as a text, of which Nigel and Peveril are the exposition. Is this a slight service to have rendered?—to have, perhaps unconsciously, taught human equality, while professing to exhibit human inequality?—to have displayed, in its full proportion, the distance which separates man from man, and to have shown that the very same interests are being transacted at one and the other end of the line? Walter Scott was exactly the man to render this great service; and how well he rendered it, he was little aware. A man, born of the people, and therefore knowing man, and at the same time a Tory antiquarian, and therefore knowing courts, he was the fit person to show the one to the other. At once a benevolent interpreter of the heart, and a worshipper of royalty, he might be trusted for doing honour to both parties; though not, we must allow, equal honour. We cannot award him the praise of perfect impartiality in his interpretations. We cannot but see a leaning towards regal weaknesses, and a toleration of courtly vices. We cannot but observe, that the same licentiousness which would have been rendered disgusting under equal temptation in humble life, is made large allowance for when diverting itself within palace walls. Retribution is allowed to befall; but the vices which this whip is permitted to scourge are still pleasant vices, instead of vulgar ones. This is not to be wondered at; and perhaps the purity of the writer's own imagination may save us from lamenting it; for he viewed these things, though partially, yet too philosophically, to allow of any shadow of an imputation of countenancing, or alluring to vice, with whatever wit he may have depicted the intrigues of Buckingham,

or whatever veil of tenderness he may have cast over the crimes of the unfortunate Mary. His desire was to view these things in the spirit of charity; and he was less aware than his readers of a humble rank, that he threw the gloss of romance over his courtly scenes of every character, and that, if he had drawn the vices of the lower classes, it would have been without any such advantage. Meanwhile, we owe him much for having laid open to us the affections of sovereigns,—the passions of courtiers,—the emotions of the hearts,—the guidance of the conduct,—the cares and amusements,—the business, and the jests of courts. He has taught many of us how royalty may be reached and wrought upon; and has therein done more for the state than perhaps any novelist ever contemplated. That he did not complete his work by giving to courts accurate representations of the people, seems a pity; but it could not be helped, since there is much in the people of which Walter Scott knew nothing. If this fact is not yet recognised in courts, it soon will be; and to Walter Scott again it may be owing (as we shall hereafter show) that the true condition and character of the people will become better known in aristocratic regions than they are at present.

The fictions of Scott have done more towards exposing priestcraft and fanaticism than any influence of our own time, short of actual observation; and this actual observation of what is before their eyes is not made by many who see the whole matter plainly enough in the characters and doings of Boniface, Eustace, and the monks in *Ivanhoe*,—of Balfour, Warden, and Bridgenorth. It is, we allow, no new thing to meet with exposures of spiritual domination; but the question is, not of the newness, but of the extent of the service. These things are condemned in the abstract by books on morals; they are disclaimed from the pulpit, and every Christian church demonstrates its odiousness by the example of every other; but these exposures do not effect half so much good as exemplification from the hand of a philosophical observer, and disinterested peace-maker. Men may go on for centuries bandying reproaches of priestcraft and superstition on the one hand, and irreligion on the other;—men may go on long pointing out to those who will not see, the examples of all which may be seen at every turn,—of priestcraft nourishing superstition, and superstition inducing irreligion; and less will be done by recrimination towards finding a remedy, than by the illustrations of a master-hand, choosing a bygone age for the chronology, orders long overthrown for the instruments, and institutions that have passed away for the subjects of his satire. Many who take fire at any imputation against their own church, have become aware of its besetting sins by pictures of a former church, and will easily learn to make the application where it may be serviceable. Many who look too little to the spirit through

the forms of religion, are duly disgusted with the foibles of the puritans; and, perceiving how much the vices of the cavaliers were owing to the opposite vices of the contrary party, acquire a wholesome horror of spiritual pride and asceticism in the abstract, and become clear-sighted to the existence of both, in quarters where they had not before been recognised. Sir Walter says, in one of his prefaces, "I am, I own, no great believer in the moral utility to be derived from fictitious compositions;" but, in saying this, he either meant that sermons are not commonly found to produce so good an effect when introduced into a novel as when offered from the pulpit, or he was thinking at the moment of his own fictitious compositions, which, he was singularly apt to imagine, could have little influence to any good purpose. If he had looked at his own writings as those of any other man, he would have thought, as others think, that his vivid pictures of the effects of a false religion are as powerful recommendations of that which is true, to those who will not read divinity, (and they are many,) as works of divinity to those who will not read Scott's novels, (and they are few.) When to such a picture as that of his *Louis XI.* is added such a commentary as is found in the preface, we have a fine exposition of an important point of morals, and a satire upon every species of profession which rests in forms.

"The cruelties, the perjuries, the suspicions of this prince, were rendered more detestable, rather than amended, by the gross and debasing superstition which he constantly practised. The devotion to the heavenly saints, of which he made such a parade, was upon the miserable principle of some petty deputy in office, who endeavours to hide or atone for the malversations of which he is conscious, by liberal gifts to those whose duty it is to observe his conduct, and endeavours to support a system of fraud, by an attempt to corrupt the incorruptible. In no other light can we regard his creating the Virgin Mary a countess, and colonel of his Guards, or the cunning that admitted to one or two peculiar forms of oath the force of a binding obligation, which he denied to all others; strictly preserving the secret, which mode of swearing he really accounted obligatory, as one of the most valuable of state mysteries. It was not the least singular circumstance of this course of superstition, that bodily health and terrestrial felicity seemed to be his only objects. Making any mention of his sins when his bodily health was in question, was strictly prohibited; and when, at his command, a priest recited a prayer to St. Eutropius, in which he recommended the king's welfare, both in body and soul, Louis caused the two last words to be omitted, saying, it was not prudent to importune the blessed saint by too many requests at once. Perhaps he thought, by being silent on his crimes, he might suffer them to pass out of the recollec-

tion of the celestial patrons whose aid he invoked for the body."

It may be said, that all this may be found in history. True; but how many have been impressed with this and all other instances, from the rise of popery to the decline of puritanism, in comparison with the numbers who have received, and will receive, a much stronger impression to the same effect from Scott's novels?

Another important moral service, which belongs almost exclusively to fiction, is that of satirizing eccentricities and follies, commonly thought too insignificant to be preached against, and gravely written about; but which exert an important influence on the happiness of human life. The oddities of women he has left almost untouched; but we have a brave assemblage of men who are safe from pulpit censure; (unless another Henry Warden should rise up to preach against the sixteen follies of a Roland Græme under sixteen heads;) but who may be profited by seeing their own picture, or whose picture may prevent others becoming like them. Is it not wholesome to have a Malagrowth before us on whom to exhaust our impatience, instead of venting it on the real Malagrowthers of society? Shall we not have fewer and less extravagant Saddletrees, and Shaftons, and Halcroes, and Yellowleys, for these novels? and will not such bores be regarded with more good humour? Will not some excellent Jonathan Oldbuck now and then think of the Antiquary, and check his hobby?—and many a book-worm take a lesson from Dominic Sampson? Whether such a direct effect be, or be not produced, such exhibitions are as effectual as comedy ought to be on the stage, and mirthful raillery in real life, in enforcing some of the obligations, and improving the amenities of society. The rich variety of Scott's assemblage of oddities, and the exquisite mirth and good-humour with which they are shown off, are among the most remarkable particulars of his achievements. There is not only a strong cast of individuality (as there ought to be) about all his best characters; but his best characters are none of them representatives of a class. As soon as he attempted to make his personages such representatives, he failed. His ostensible heroes, his statesmen and leaders, his magistrates, his adventurers, his woman-kind, whether mistresses or maids, leave little impression of individuality; while his sovereigns, real heroes, and oddities, are inimitable. The reasons of this failure of success may be found under our next head. The result is, that Walter Scott is not only one of the most amiable, but one of the most effective satirists that ever helped to sweep the path of life clear of the strewn follies under which many a thorn is hidden.

In ascending the scale of social services, for which gratitude is due to the illustrious departed, we next arrive at one which is so great that we cannot but mourn that it was not yet greater. There can be no need to enlarge

upon the beauty and excellence of the spirit of kindness which breathes through the whole of Scott's compositions; a spirit which not only shames the Malagrowthers of society, just spoken of, but charms the restless to repose, exhilarates the melancholy, rouses the apathetic, and establishes a good understanding among all who contemplate one another in these books. It is as impossible for any one to remain cynical, or moody, or desponding, over these books, as for an infant to look dismally in the face of a smiling nurse. As face answers to face, so does heart to heart; and as Walter Scott's overflowed with love and cheerfulness, the heart of his readers catch its brimings. If any are shut against him, they are not of his readers; and we envy them not. They may find elsewhere all imaginable proofs and illustrations of the goodness of a kindly spirit; but why not add to these as perfect an exemplification as ever was offered? It may be very well to take one abroad in the grey dawn, and tell him that the hills have a capacity of appearing green, the waters golden, and the clouds rose-coloured, and that larks sometimes sing soaring in the air, instead of crouching in a grassy nest; but why not let him remain to witness the effusion of light from behind the mountain, the burst of harmony from field and copse? Why not let him feel, as well as know, what a morn of sunshine is? Why not let him view its effects from every accessible point, and pour out his joy in snatches of song responsive to those which he hears around him, as well as his thankfulness in a matin hymn? If it be true, as no readers of Scott will deny, that it exhilarates the spirits, and animates the affections, to follow the leadings of this great Enchanter, it is certain that he has achieved a great moral work of incitement and amelioration. The test of his merits here is, that his works are for the innocent and kindly-hearted to enjoy; and if any others enjoy them, it is by becoming innocent and kindly for the time, in like manner as it is for the waking flocks and choirs to welcome the sunrise: if the fox and the bat choose to remain abroad, the one must abstain from its prey, and the other hush its hootings.

This kindness of spirit being of so bright a quality, makes us lament all the more, as we have said that it had not the other excellence of being universally diffused. We know how unreasonable it is to expect every thing from one man, and are far from saying or believing that Walter Scott looked otherwise than benignantly on all classes and all individuals that came under his observation. What we lament is, that there were extensive classes of men, and they the most important to society, that were secluded from the light of his embellishing genius. His sunshine gilded whatever it fell upon, but it did not fall from a sufficient height to illuminate the nooks and valleys which he found and left curtained in mists. What is there of humble life in his narratives?

What did he know of those who live and move in that region? Nothing. There is not a character from humble life in all his library of volumes; nor had he any conception that character is to be found there. By humble life we do not mean Edie Ochiltree's lot of privileged mendicancy, nor Dirk Hatteraick's smuggling adventures, nor the Saxon slavery of Gurth, nor the feudal adherence of Dougal, and Caleb Balderstone, and Adam Woodcock, nor the privileged dependence of Caxon and Fairservice. None of these had anything to do with humble life; each and all formed a part of the aristocratic system in which Walter Scott's affections were bound up. Jeanie Deans herself, besides being no original conception of Sir Walter's, derives none of her character or interest from her station in life, any farther than as it was the occasion of the peculiarity of her pilgrimage. We never think of Jeanie as poor, or low in station. Her simplicity is that which might pertain to a secluded young woman of any rank; and it is difficult to bear in mind—it is like an extraordinary circumstance, that her sister was at service, the only attempt made throughout at realizing the social position of the parties. We do not mention this as any drawback upon the performance, but merely as saving the only apparent exception to our remarks, that Sir Walter rendered no service to humble life in the way of delineating its society. Faithful butlers and barbers, tricky lady's maids, eccentric falconers and gamekeepers, are not those among whom we should look for the strength of character, the sternness of passion, the practical heroism, the inexhaustible patience, the unassuming self-denial, the unconscious beneficence—in a word, the *true-heartedness* which is to be found in its perfection in humble life. Of all this Walter Scott knew nothing. While discriminating, with the nicest acumen, the shades of character, the modifications of passion, among those whom he did understand, he was wholly unaware that he bounded himself within a small circle, beyond which lay a larger, and a larger; that which he represented being found in each, in a more distinct outline, in more vivid colouring, and in striking and various combinations, with other characteristics of humanity which had never presented themselves to him. He knew not that the strength of soul, which he represents as growing up in his heroes amidst the struggles of the crusade, is of the same kind with that which is nourished in our neighbours of the next alley, by conflicts of a less romantic, but not less heroic cast. He knew not that the passion of ambition, which he has made to contend with love so fearfully in Leicester's bosom, is the same passion, similarly softened and aggravated, with that which consumes the high-spirited working man, chosen by his associates to represent and guide their interests, while his heart is torn by opposite appeals to his domes-

tic affections. He knew not that, however reckless the vice of some of his courtly personages, greater recklessness is to be found in the presence of poverty; that the same poverty exposes love to further trials than he has described, and exercises it into greater refinement; and puts loyalty more severely to the test, and inspires a nobler intrepidity, and nourishes a deeper hatred, and a wilder superstition, and a more inveterate avarice, and a more disinterested generosity, and a more imperturbable fortitude, than even he has set before us. In short, he knew not that all passions, and all natural movements of society, that he has found in the higher, exist in the humbler ranks; and all magnified and deepened in proportion as reality prevails over convention, as there is less mixture of the adventitious with the true. The effect of this partial knowledge is not only the obliteration to himself and to his readers, as far as connected with him, of more than half the facts and interests of humanity, but that his benevolence was stunted in its play. We find no philanthropists among his characters; because he had not the means of forming the conception of philanthropy in its largest sense. He loved men, all men whom he knew; but that love was not based on knowledge as extensive as his observation was penetrating; and it did not therefore deserve the high title of philanthropy. We have no sins of commission to charge him with, no breaches of charity, not a thought or expression which is tinged with bitterness against man, collectively or individually; but we charge him with omission of which he was unconscious, and which he would, perhaps, scarcely have wished to repair, as it must have been done at the expense of his Toryism, to which the omission and unconsciousness were owing. How should a man be a philanthropist who knows not what freedom is?—not the mere freedom from foreign domination, but the exemption from misrule at home, the liberty of watching over and renovating institutions, that the progression of man and of states may proceed together. Of this kind of freedom Sir Walter had no conception, and neither, therefore, are there any patriots in his *dramatis personæ*. There are abundance of soldiers to light up beacons and fly to arms at the first notice of invasion; many to drink the healths and fight the battles of their chiefs, to testify their fidelity to their persons, and peril life and liberty in their cause; plenty to vindicate the honour of England abroad, and to exult in her glory at home. But this is not patriotism, any more than kindness is philanthropy. We have no long-sighted views respecting the permanent improvement of society,—no extensive regards to the interests of an entire nation; and, therefore, no simple self-sacrifice, no steadfastness of devotion to country and people. The noble class of virtues, which go to make up patriotism, are not even touched upon by Scott. The sufferings of his heroes are repre-

sented to arise from wounded pride, and from the laceration of personal, or domestic, or feudal feelings and prepossessions; and in no single instance from sympathy with the race, or any large body of them. The courage of his heroes is, in like manner, compounded of instincts and of conventional stimuli; and in no one case derived from principles of philanthropy, or of patriotism, which is one direction of philanthropy. Their fortitude, howsoever steadfast, when arising from self-devotion at all, arises only from that unreasoning acquiescence in established forms, which is as inferior to the self-sacrifice of philanthropy, as the implicit obedience of a child is inferior to the concurrence of the reasoning man. None of Scott's personages act and suffer as members and servants of society. Each is for his own; whether it be his family, his chief, his king, or his country, in a warlike sense. The weal or woe of many, or of all, is the only consideration which does not occur to them—the only motive to enterprise and endurance, which is not so much as alluded to. There is no talk of freedom, as respects any thing but brute force,—no suspicion that one class is in a state of privilege, and another in a state of subjugation, and that these things ought not to be. Gurth, indeed, is relieved from Saxon bondage, and Adam Woodcock is as imperious and meddling as he pleases, and the ladies' maids have abundant liberty to play pranks; but this sort of freedom has nothing to do with the right of manhood, and with what ought to be, and will be, the right of womanhood—it is the privilege of slavery, won by encroachment, and preserved by favour. Gurth got rid of his collar, but in our days he would be called a slave; and Adam Woodcock and Mistress Lillias lived by the breath of their lady's nostrils, in the same manner as the courtiers of Cœur de Lion gained an unusual length of tether from their lord's knightly courtesy, and those of the second Charles from his careless clemency. There is no freedom in all this. *Slave* is written on the knightly crest of the master, and on the liveried garb of the servitor, as plainly as even on the branded shoulder of the negro. But it must be so, it is urged, when times, and scenes of slavery, are chosen as the groundwork of the fiction. We answer, Nay; the spirit of freedom may breathe through the delineation of slavery. However far back we may revert to the usages of the feudal system, there may be,—there must be, if they exist in the mind of the author,—aspirations after a state of society more worthy of humanity. In displaying all the pomp of chivalry, the heart ought to mourn the woes of inequality it inflicted, while the imagination revels in its splendours. But this could not be the case with Scott, who knew about as much of the real condition and character of the humbler classes of each age as the Japanese; perhaps less, as he was a reader of Basil Hall. Beyond that which seemed to him the outermost

circle, that of the domestics of the great, all was a blank; save a few vague outlines of beggar-women with seven small children, and other such groups that have by some chance found their way into works of fiction. His benignity, therefore, alloyed by no bitterness of disposition in himself, was so far restricted by the imperfection of his knowledge of life, as to prevent his conveying the conception of philanthropy in its largest sense. His services to freedom are of a negative, rather than a positive character; rendered by showing how things work in a state of slavery, rather than how they should work in a condition of rational freedom; and it follows, that his incitements to benevolence are also tendered unconsciously. Through an exhibition of the softening and brightening influence of benignity shed over the early movements of society, he indicates what must be the meridian splendour of philanthropy, penetrating everywhere, irradiating where it penetrates, and fertilizing, as well as embellishing whatever it shines upon.

Much has Walter Scott also done, and done it also unconsciously, for woman. Neither Mary Wollstonecraft, nor Thompson of Cork, nor any other advocate of the rights of woman, has pleaded so eloquently to the thoughtful,—and the thoughtful alone will entertain the subject,—as Walter Scott, by his exhibition of what women are, and by two or three indications of what they might be. He has been found fault with for the poverty of character of the women of his tales; a species of blame against which we have always protested. If he had made as long a list of oddities among his women as his men, he would have exposed himself to the reproach of quitting nature, and deserting classes for extravagant individualities; since there is much less scope for eccentricity among women, in the present state of society, than among men. But, it is alleged, he has made so few of his female characters representatives of a class. True; for the plain reason, that there are scarcely any classes to represent. We thank him for the forcible exhibition of this truth: we thank him for the very term *womankind*; and can well bear its insulting use in the mouth of the scoffer, for the sake of the process it may set to work in the mind of the meditative and the just. There is no saying what the common use of the term *canaille* may in time be proved to have effected for the lower orders of men; or in what degree the process of female emancipation may be hastened by the slang use of the term *womankind*, by despots and by fools. It may lead some watchful intellects—some feeling hearts—to ponder the reasons of the fact, that the word *mankind* calls up associations of grandeur and variety,—that of *womankind*, ideas of littleness and sameness;—that the one brings after it conceptions of lofty destiny, heroic action, grave counsel, a busy office in society, a dignified

repose from its cares, a steadfast pursuit of wisdom, an intrepid achievement of good ;—while the other originates the very opposite conceptions,—vegetation instead of life, folly instead of counsel, frivolity instead of action, restlessness in the place of industry, apathy in that of repose, listless accomplishment of small aims, a passive reception of what others may please to impart; or, at the very best, a halting, intermitting pursuit of dimly-discerned objects. To some it may be suggested to inquire, Why this contrast should exist ?—why one-half of the rational creation should be so very much less rational!—and, as a consequence, so much less good, and so much less happy than the other ! If they are for a moment led by common custom to doubt whether, because they are less rational, they are less happy and less good, the slightest recurrence to Scott's novels is enough to satisfy them, that the common notion of the sufficiency of present female objects to female progression and happiness is unfounded. They will perhaps look abroad from Scott into all other works of fiction—into all faithful pictures of life—and see what women are; and they will finally perceive, that the fewer women there are found to plead the cause of their sex, the larger mixture of folly there is in their pleadings; the more extensive their own unconsciousness of their wrongs, the stronger is their case. The best argument for Negro Emancipation lies in the vices and subservience of slaves: the best argument for female emancipation lies in the folly and contentedness of women under the present system,—an argument to which Walter Scott has done the fullest justice; for a set of more passionless, frivolous, uninteresting beings was never assembled at morning auction, or evening tenebale, than he has presented us with in his novels. The few exceptions are made so by the strong workings of instinct, or of superstition, (the offspring of strong instinct and weak reason combined;) save in the two or three instances where the female mind had been exposed to manly discipline. Scott's female characters are easily arranged under these divisions:—Three-fourths are *womankind* merely: pretty, insignificant ladies, with their pert waiting maids. A few are viragoes, in whom instinct is strong, whose souls are to migrate hereafter into the she-eagle or bear,—Helen McGregor, Ulrica, Magdalen Graeme, and the Highland Mother. A few are superstitious,—Elspeth, Alice, Norna, Mother Nicneven. A few exhibit the same tendencies, modified by some one passion; as Lady Ashton, Lady Derby, and Lady Douglas. Mary and Elizabeth are *womankind* modified by royalty. There only remain Flora M'Ivor, Die Vernon, Rebecca, and Jeanie Deans. For these four, and their glorious significance, *womankind* are as much obliged to Walter Scott, as for the insignificance of all the rest; not because they are what women might be, and therefore ought to

be; but because they afford indications of this, and that these indications are owing to their having escaped from the management of man, and been trained by the discipline of circumstance. If common methods yield no such women as these; if such women occasionally come forth from the school of experience, what an argument is this against the common methods,—what a plea in favour of a change of system ! Woman cannot be too grateful to him who has furnished it. Henceforth, when men fire at the name of Flora M'Ivor, let women say, "There will be more Floras when women feel that they have political power and duties." When men worship the image of Die Vernon, let them be reminded, that there will be other Die Vernons when women are impelled to self-reliance. When Jeanie is spoken of with tender esteem, let it be suggested, that strength of motive makes heroism of action; and that as long as motive is confined and weakened, the very activity which should accomplish high aims must degenerate into puerile restlessness. When Rebecca is sighed for, as a lofty presence that has passed away, it should be asked, how she should possibly remain or reappear in a society which alike denies the discipline by which her high powers and sensibilities might be matured, and the objects on which they might be worthily employed ! As a woman, no less than as a Jewess, she is the representative of the wrongs of a degraded and despised class: there is no abiding-place for her among foes to her caste; she wanders unemployed (as regards her peculiar capabilities) through the world; and when she dies, there has been, not only a deep injury inflicted, but a waste made of the resources of human greatness and happiness. Yes, women may choose Rebecca as the representative of their capabilities: first, despised, then wondered at, and involuntarily admired; tempted, made use of, then persecuted, and finally banished—not by a formal decree, but by being refused honourable occupation, and a safe abiding-place. Let women not only take her for their model, but make her speak for them to society, till they have obtained the educational discipline which be- seems them; the rights, political and social, which are their due; and that equal regard with the other sex in the eye of man, which it requires the faith of Rebecca to assure them they have in the eye of Heaven. Meantime, while still suffering under injustice, let them lay to heart, for strength and consolation, the beautiful commentary which Walter Scott has given on the lot of the representative of their wrongs. If duly treasured, it may prove by its effects, that our author has contributed, in more ways than one, to female emancipation; by supplying a principle of renovation to the enslaved, as well as by exposing their condition; by pointing out the ends for which freedom and power are desirable, as well as the disastrous effects of withholding them. He says,—

"The character of the fair Jewess found so much favour in the eyes of some fair readers, that the writer was censured, because, when arranging the fates of the characters of the drama, he had not assigned the hand of Wilfred to Rebecca, rather than the less interesting Rowena. But, not to mention that the prejudices of the age rendered such an union almost impossible, the author may, in passing, observe, that he thinks a character of a highly virtuous and lofty stamp, is degraded rather than exalted by an attempt to reward virtue with temporal prosperity. Such is not the recompense which Providence has deemed worthy of suffering merit; and it is a dangerous and fatal doctrine to teach young persons, the most common readers of romance, that rectitude of conduct and of principle are either naturally allied with, or adequately rewarded by, the gratification of our passions, or attainment of our wishes. In a word, if a virtuous and self-denied character is dismissed with temporal wealth, greatness, rank, or the indulgence of such a rashly formed or ill-assorted passion as that of Rebecca for Ivanhoe, the reader will be apt to say, Verily, virtue had its reward. But a glance on the great picture of life will show, that the duties of self-denial, and the sacrifice of passion to principle, are seldom thus remunerated; and that the internal consciousness of their high-minded discharge of duty, produces on their own reflections a more adequate recompense, in the form of that peace which the world cannot give or take away."

These, then, are the moral services,—many and great,—which Scott has rendered,—positively and negatively,—consciously and unconsciously, to society. He has softened national prejudices; he has encouraged innocent tastes in every region of the world; he has imparted to certain influential classes the conviction that human nature works alike in all; he has exposed priestcraft and fanaticism; he has effectively satirized eccentricities, unamiableness and follies; he has irresistibly recommended benignity in the survey of life, and indicated the glory of a higher kind of benevolence; and finally, he has advocated the rights of woman with a force all the greater for his being unaware of the import and tendency of what he was saying.—The one other achievement which we attribute to him, is also not the less magnificent for being overlooked by himself.

By achieving so much within narrow bounds, he has taught how more may be achieved in a wider space. He has taught us the power of fiction as an agent of morals and philosophy; "and it shall go hard with us, but we will better the instruction." Every agent of these master spirits is wanted in an age like this; and he who has placed a new one at their service, is a benefactor of society. Scott might have written, as he declared he wrote, for the passing of his time, the improvement of his fortunes, and the amusement of his readers: he might have believed, as he declared he be-

lieved, that little moral utility arises out of works of fiction: we are not bound to estimate his works as lightly as he did, or to agree in his opinions of their influences. We rather learn from him how much may be impressed by exemplification which would be rejected in the form of reasoning, and how there may be more extensive *embodiments* of truth in fiction than the world was before thoroughly aware of. It matters not that the truth he exemplified was taken up at random, like that of all his predecessors in the walks of fiction. Others may systematize, having learned from him how extensively they may embody. There is a boundless field open before them; no less than the whole region of moral science, politics, political economy, social rights and duties. All these, and more, are as fit for the process of exemplification as the varieties of life and character illustrated by Scott. And not only has he left the great mass of material unwrought, but, with all his richness of variety, has made but scanty use of the best instruments of illustration. The grandest manifestations of passion remain to be displayed; the finest elements of the poetry of human emotion are yet uncombined; the most various dramatic exhibition of events and characters is yet unwrought; for there has yet been no recorder of the poor; at least, none but those who write as mere observers; who describe, but do not dramatize humble life. The widest interests being thus still untouched, the richest materials unemployed, what may not prove the ultimate obligations of society to him who did so much, and pointed the way towards doing infinitely more; and whose vast achievements are, above all, valuable as indications of what remains to be achieved? That this, his strongest claim to gratitude, has not yet been fully recognized, is evident from the fact, that though he has had many imitators, there have been yet none to take suggestion from him; to employ his method of procedure upon new doctrine and other materials. There have been many found to construct fiction within his range of morals, character, incident, and scenery; but none to carry the process out of his range. We have yet to wait for the philosophical romance, for the novels which shall relate to other classes than the aristocracy; we have yet to look for this legitimate offspring of the productions of Scott, though wearied with the intrusions of their spurious brethren.

The progression of the age requires something better than this imitation;—requires that the abovementioned suggestion should be used. If an author of equal genius with Scott were to arise to-morrow, he would not meet with an equal reception; not only because novelty is worn off, but because the serious temper of the times requires a new direction of the genius of the age. Under the pressure of difficulty, in the prospect of extensive change, armed with expectation, or filled with deter-

mination as the general mind now is, it has not leisure or disposition to receive even its amusements unmixed with what is solid and has a bearing upon its engrossing interests. There may still be the thoughtless and indolent, to whom mere fiction is necessary as a pastime; but these are not they who can guarantee an author's influence, or secure his popularity. The bulk of the reading public, whether or not on the scent of utility, cannot be interested without a larger share of philosophy, or a graver purpose in fiction, than formerly; and the writer who would effect most for himself and others in this department must take his heroes and heroines from a different class than any which has yet been adequately represented. This difference of character implies, under the hands of a good artist, a difference of scenery and incident; for the incidents of a fiction are worth nothing, unless they arise out of the characters; and the scenery, both natural and moral, has no charm unless it be harmonious with both. Instead of tales of knightly love and glory, of chivalrous loyalty, of the ambition of ancient courts, and the bygone superstitions of a half-savage state, we must have, in a new novelist, the graver themes—not the less picturesque, perhaps, for their reality—which the present condition of society suggests. We have had enough of ambitious intrigues; why not now take the magnificent subject, the birth of political principle, whose advent has been heralded so long? What can afford finer moral scenery than the transition state in which society now is? Where are nobler heroes to be found than those who sustain society in the struggle; and what catastrophe so grand as the downfall of bad institutions, and the issues of a process of renovation? Heroism may now be found, not cased in helm and cuirass, but strengthening itself in the cabinet of the statesman, guiding the movements of the unarmed multitude, and patiently bearing up against hardship, in the hope of its peaceful removal. Love may now be truly represented as sanctified by generosity and self-denial in many of the sad majority of cases where its course runs not smooth. All the virtues which have graced fictitious delineations, are still at the service of the novelist; but their exercise and discipline should be represented as different from what they were. The same passions still sway human hearts; but they must be shown to be intensified or repressed by the new impulses which a new state of things affords. Fiction must not be allowed to expire with Scott, or to retain only that languid existence which is manifest merely in imitations of his works: we must hope,—not, alas! for powers and copiousness like his,—but for an enlightened application of his means of achievement to new aims: the higher quality of which may in some measure compensate for the inferiority of power and richness which it is only reasonable to anticipate.

It appears, then, from the inquiry we have pursued, that the services for which society has to be eternally grateful to Walter Scott are of three distinct kinds. He has vindicated the character of genius by the healthiness of his own. He has achieved marvels in the province of art, and stupendous benefits in that of morals. He has indicated, by his own achievements, the way to larger and higher achievements.—What a lot for a man,—to be thus a threefold benefactor to his race! to unite in himself the functions of moralist, constructor, and discoverer! What a possession for society to have had! and to retain for purposes of amelioration, incitement and guidance! He can never be lost to us, whatever rival or kindred spirit may be destined to arise, or whether he is to be the last of his class. If the latter supposition should prove true,—which, however, appears to us impossible,—he will stand a fadeless apparition on the structure of his own achievements, distanced, but not impaired by time: if the former, his spirit will migrate into his successors, and communicate once more with us through them. In either case, we shall have him with us still.

But, it will be said, the services here attributed to Scott were, for the most part, rendered unconsciously. True; and why should not the common methods of Providence have place here as in all other instances? Scott did voluntarily all that he could; and that he was destined to do yet more involuntarily, is so much the greater honour, instead of derogating from his merit. That some of this extra service was of a nature which he might have declined if offered a choice, is only an additional proof that the designs of men are overruled, and their weakness not only compensated for by divine direction, but made its instruments. Great things are done by spontaneous human action: yet greater things are done by every man without his concurrence or suspicion; all which tends, not to degrade the character of human effort, but to exemplify the purposes of Providence. Scott is no new instance of this, nor deserves less honour in proportion to his spontaneous efforts than the sages of Greece, or the historians of Rome, and the benefactors of every age, who have been destined to effect more as illustrators than even as teachers and recorders. He was happy and humbly complacent in his creative office: it is so much pure blessing that we can regard him with additional and higher complacency as a vindicator of genius, and an unconscious prophet of its future achievements.

From the Quarterly Review.

COUNT PECCHIO'S OBSERVATIONS ON ENGLAND.*

THIS little volume is prettily written, and contains both descriptions and remarks of con-

* Osservazioni Semi-serie di un Esule sull' Inghilterra. 12mo. pp. 363. Lugano. 1831.

siderable merit. The author, Count Pecchio, one of the unfortunate persons who visited this country in consequence of the abortive attempts to revolutionize Italy in 1823, must have been personally known to many of our readers, and, judging from these pages, has no doubt left an agreeable impression of his character and manners. His notions on religious and political subjects are such as might be expected from a Carbonaro; but here our censure stops. The gentlemanlike tone of the whole performance, the easy good-humour, lightness of heart, and modesty which pervade it, present a pleasing contrast to the spleen, insolence, and self-conceit of Prince Puckler Muskau—and may, we hope, find some favour with the public, now that they have had leisure to appreciate those flimsy rhapsodies, for which his highness's mean libels on individuals were able to win at nine day's vogue.

The count makes no pretensions to regularity of plan; but gives us his observations on stage-coaches, British sailors, the tactics of the late opposition in the House of Commons, tea-gardens, lunatic asylums, the Unitarians, the quarter-sessions, &c. &c. in so many detached chapters, arranged, it would seem, fortuitously, and which were originally perhaps private letters. We need not, therefore, care at what page we open the book. The following lively description of his first night in a London lodging-house, will probably introduce the author as well as anything else we could select:—

‘The first night I felt as though I was still on board the steam-vessel. The walls were just as thin, and for the most part of wood; diminutive apartments, and a staircase like that by which you get on deck. The partitions are generally slim enough to allow sounds to pass distinctly; so that the lodgers would make confidants of one another if they were not in the habit of speaking in a suppressed tone of voice. The murmur of the conversation of my neighbours overhead, and likewise that which was taking place underneath, reached my ears; and I could catch, from time to time, “*very fine weather . . . indeed . . . very fine . . . comfort . . . comfortable . . . great comfort*,”—words which occur as frequently in English discourse as commas in a printed page. In short, the houses are ventriloquous. They are moreover all alike; each house of three stories high, containing three sitting-rooms, and three sleeping-rooms, each placed perpendicularly, one over the other; so that the population are, in a manner, warehoused in layers, one above the other, like bales of goods, or cheeses in the warehouses of Lodi or Codogno.’

The Count proceeds to dilate on this subject, as if what was true of his pasteboard domiciles, ranged in Caroline Rows and Paradise Crescents about the purlieus of the Regent Canal, must needs be true of the capital in general. Among other speculations, he asks, and answers, the following deep questions:—

‘Why are the English such bad dancers? Because they have no practice. The houses are so

small and slight, that if any body were to cut a caper on the third floor, he would run the risk of falling, like a shell, into the kitchen. Why do the English gesticulate so little, and keep their arms almost always glued to their sides?—For the same reason, I think: the apartments are so small, that it would be impossible to use any gesticulation without breaking something, or incommoding somebody.’

The Count, in the midst of his merriment, gives a melancholy view of the position of the refugees upon their first arrival in this country. First we have the purveyor for the newspapers hurrying to their garrets, to beg the favour of, ‘at least a sketch of their lives, *with a few anecdotes*.’ The newspaper paragraphs are followed by invitations to half-a-dozen fashionable parties, where the unfortunate gentlemen have the satisfaction of being exhibited as the lions of the evening. Grand applause from liberal lords—extravagant compliments from liberal ladies—a few dinners and breakfasts; and then, when the lion has played his part, come ‘not at home’—utter neglect—and the black mutton-chop again in the ventriloquous lodging.

‘The English people,’ he says, and it is almost the only severe sentence in his book, ‘the English people are greedy of novelty. In this single thing they are children,—that they make no great distinction between good and evil, provided it is new. They pay for their magic lantern, and they pay well; but they like always to have new figures. To satisfy this insatiable whale, labour journalists, collectors of anecdotes, writers of history, travellers, men of science, lawyers, literary men, poets,—ministers, with drafts of new laws,—kings, with designs for new buildings,—liberals, with plans of parliamentary reform, &c.’

The Spanish exiles are those on whose distresses Count Pecchio dwells the most: he describes one distinguished Don as walking four miles to give a single lesson in Spanish; another, surprised in the act of mending his own trousers; a third, frequently without a farthing to pay for the basin of milk which was almost his sole nourishment, and obliged to lie in bed in winter, because he could not afford a fire. It does not appear that our author himself was reduced to such extreme difficulties: at all events, if he was, he utters no complaint beyond a passing remark that the profession of a teacher of languages, to which he was obliged to have recourse for subsistence, is a disagreeable one. Whether we are to trace this forbearance to his having caught, from the people amongst whom fortune had cast him, a portion of that un murmuring spirit which, unlike most travellers, he attributes to our countrymen, or whether it is to be ascribed to a naturally cheerful and light-hearted temperament, we do not pretend to decide.

From the position which he at first occupied as a poor lodger in the outskirts of the metropolis, he could have had little opportunity of

seeing any but the most unfavourable aspect of our community, and must be admitted to have drawn sometimes very erroneous conclusions from what he did see. Pot-house politicians, who meet together on the Sunday to drink and smoke, and read the newspapers in unsocial silence in subterranean tap-rooms, are not very important specimens of our insular society; nor do we feel ourselves able to believe with the Count, that 'Bell's Life in London' and 'The Dispatch' have much to do with regulating the course of public events. We are likewise inclined to think the Count unfortunate in having fallen in with scarcely any but religious sectaries during his sojourn in London. It is not to be supposed that religion should appear to most advantage amongst them, especially to a gentleman and a scholar, as Count Pecchio evidently is; and we are sorry, that in a book published in the north of Italy, so much should have been said of our Dissenters, and no adequate idea, indeed we may say no idea at all, given of the religion of that portion of the community which embraces, generally speaking, the well-born and well-educated of our country. The sketch he draws of one rosy rector, in whose family he taught Italian, we do not conceive to have anything to do with the matter, because the individual was evidently much more of the country gentleman than of the clergyman, as clergymen go at present. It might have been well, too, that Count Pecchio should have spoken less rashly than he does of the English mode of keeping the Sunday as 'sheer misery,'—because, in the utter absence of ballets and burlettas, for which our exile sighed so profoundly, we feel assured that there are millions of persons, who, without a spark either of puritanism or of infidelity, find Sunday the happiest day of the week. He candidly tells us, however, that the state of subjugation in which he had felt himself placed in his native country, had prejudiced his mind against all religious observances, especially such as are upheld by authority; and, indeed, prejudices of the same sort and kindred are sufficiently apparent in most of those persons who take refuge in this country from the Continent in consequence of political revolutions.

It must, however, be acknowledged, that the circumstance of the Count's living so much among our Dissenters, unfortunate as it may have been for himself, affords his readers not a little amusement. We subjoin his account of a visit to a Baptist meeting-house:—

'The service began with singing some hymns relating to the ceremony. Then the minister made an extempore comment, or rather a seemingly extempore recitation of a comment which he had beforehand prepared, upon the passage of the New Testament touching the baptism of Christ in the Jordan. After the sermon and another hymn, the neophytes, who were to receive the ordinance, filed off into adjoining chambers to undress. It is requisite that Baptist churches should be constructed like bathing-houses. In fact, before

the pulpit there was a large reservoir of water, of about three and a half feet in depth, into which they descend by steps. Adjoining the church, on each side of the pulpit, there are two apartments to undress and dress in, one for the women and the other for the men. There were five young women to be baptized, between eighteen and twenty years of age. They issued forth clothed in white dresses fastened at the neck, and with white caps on their heads. One after the other went down the steps, and stationed themselves opposite the priest, who was already standing in this artificial Jordan, above his knees in water, and entirely covered with a long black vest. The priest pronounced over each of the young women, whilst they stood in the water, the words: "I baptize thee, &c.," and as soon as he uttered them, he plunged all the poor girls into the water. After this splash, they were immediately raised again, and led away to be wiped and dressed. Some of them, feeling their breath stopped by the water, uttered a shriek in the act of being dipped by this representative of St. John. Not so a young man who was baptized in the same manner. He was perhaps about twenty-five years of age, with a black beard; and without taking off anything but his coat, with his breeches, waistcoat, and shoes on, he entered as he was, and went through the ceremony, as if he was merely taking a bath. I afterwards found from Dr. Evans, that many Baptists, in order to be more consistent with themselves, and to follow the Gospel precisely, instead of celebrating baptism in the artificial Jordan of the conventicle, proceed to the side of a real river, and there dip themselves with all the exactness possible.'

Dr. Evans does not seem to have informed the Count, that there are few sights more strikingly picturesque, than a *baptizing* in an actual running water. Such at least is our own impression of one which we witnessed a few years ago. It was a fine summer's day; the stream spread irregularly over the face of a wide green lane, which in all those parts of it to which the water did not reach, was crowded with an immense assemblage of men, women, and children, standing under the shadow and shelter of verdant and lofty trees. The groups of people on the banks, the spreading and interrupted stream, the ministers standing in the water, the candidates in their flowing vestments, some in expectation by the water-side, others in the act of being baptized, whilst every now and then a hymn arose from the multitude, alternately swelling and sinking—produced altogether a beautiful and solemn scene. We are not quite certain whether, if we could always insure so impressive a spectacle we should not ourselves advocate baptism in the open stream. But unhappily, far other sights are often seen on these occasions; and such as rendered the caution given to Count Pecchio, before he set out,—to be careful not to laugh,—by no means superfluous. It is not many years since it happened, on one of these festivals, that the minister being a small person, and having to baptize a very large woman,

sunk under the weight, fell into the water, and left his fair burden floating upon the top of it, amidst the inexpressible laughter of the spectators.

But the Count did not confine his observations to the Baptists; Unitarians, Methodists, and Quakers equally share his attention, and with the cheerful good-humour which characterizes him, he finds something to commend in all. Whether his observations are correct, is another question. It is scarcely possible that an avowed sceptic should be a proper judge on the subject of religion; and it was perfectly natural, that a man of such a cast of mind, who had lately escaped from the superstitions and irrational mysteries of the Roman church, should be enamoured of the simplicity of Unitarianism—as it likewise was, that having been brought up in mental bondage, he should listen with pleasure to the arguments of a Methodist lady and gentleman, on the religious and political advantages of a multiplicity of sects. If the Unitarians are charitable and tolerant, it must at least be allowed, that they share those virtues with the educated portion of the established church, whilst few but themselves will be disposed to deny that they are more disputatious, conceited, and self-sufficient, than any other sect in this country. Their abstinence from proselytism is new to us; though we willingly recognize that feature in the Quakers. Under the circumstances of his history and position, however, we are almost disposed to forgive the Count all that he has said in favour of Unitarianism and dissent, for the sake of the paragraph with which he closes this chapter:—

‘I ought to inform those who come to visit this island, stored and delighted with the witty sayings of the Continent, that the English are intolerant of Atheists, Deists, and all irreligious people. Not that they still imprison or burn them; but they feel, or at least affect to feel, an abhorrence of infidelity, and they show the same aversion for the least jest at the expense of religion: what you might say in Italy before an archbishop, or in Spain before a father of the Inquisition, would not be tolerated in England, even after having emptied a couple of bottles of port. Such is the disesteem of the English for infidels, that it is nearly equivalent to the Roman interdict from fire and water: it is more than papal excommunication, because public opinion gives weight to it. I would venture to say, that Voltaire is more read in Spain than in the three kingdoms of Great Britain.’

As few will suspect a whole nation of uniting in hypocrisy on such a subject, we thank Count Pecchio for publishing this result of his observations. He does not give it by way of commendation; but we look upon it as one of the strongest testimonies in favour of Protestantism and religious toleration that could have been uttered,—coming as it does from one of a class of persons, many of whom, we have reason to know, have such a dislike to religion in the

mass, that they even look upon the spires and church-towers scattered over a country as disagreeable objects.

Not the least amusing of the Count's sketches of ‘life in London,’ is a dinner at Mr. Fowell Buxton's:—

‘Mr. Fry the banker, a rich London Quaker, the day that I first became acquainted with him, wished me to accompany him to dine with his relation, Mr. Buxton, and bid me remind him to introduce me to our entertainer. Exactly at six o'clock I gave a loud rap at Mr. Buxton's door; the servant thinking that I was one of the guests, opened the door and ushered me into the dining-room; and I, supposing that it had been so arranged by Mr. Fry, entered with all confidence and coolness: when, behold! I found myself in the midst of a great number of guests, amongst whom I did not see my friend. So awkward an occurrence would have disconcerted anybody, and especially one who like myself spoke rather bad English, and had to account, in the choicest words he could invent, for his unexpected appearance amongst persons whom he did not know, and who were obviously astonished with his entrance. But what would have been his astonishment and confusion to find himself, as I did, in the midst of the steam of the viands, and of so many blazing candles, in the presence of a number of ladies, dressed in a uniform habit, as in a convent, with neck-kerchiefs after the fashion of the stomachers of nuns, with placid countenances, smooth as mirrors, unmoved by passions, and of four men with painted faces, with rings hanging from their ears, another smaller ring from the nose, and in parti-coloured dresses, covered all over with chains and trinkets! But I had no time to become changed into a statue with amazement, for these polite ladies, with a smile still more sweet than that which is usually seen upon the countenances of English women, and with manners still more familiar, vied with each other in inviting me to take my seat at table. If I had been in Italy, I should have thought that this party was some pleasant masquerade, but in England I really could not conceive what it might be. Whilst I was employed in guessing into what hands I had fallen, in replying to the many kind offers of the ladies, and in glancing at those four faces like playing cards, behold at length Mr. Fry arrived, and explained the mistake which the other guests might have supposed me to have committed; and then I unravelled the mystery of these strange guests. The four who had so many rings in their ears and noses were chiefs of tribes of American Indians, who had arrived a short time before in London to complain to their brother, the king of England, of some unjust proceedings of the government of Canada. The ladies were Quakers, amongst whom I found the celebrated Mrs. Fry, who united to benevolence and a well-informed mind, a dignified, calm, and solemn aspect. When dinner was over, the usual procession of the bottles round the table began, with their Christian names in silver on their necks; whereupon the master of the house begged one of their painted majesties to have the goodness to explain, in his own language, for the greater

amusement of the auditors, the grievances which they had to allege against the English government. The eldest of them arose, with much readiness, and delivered a discourse, which was immediately translated by an interpreter who travelled with them. The most remarkable circumstance in the harangue of these savages was that they wondered very much that, after remaining a whole month in London, their brother, the king of England, had not yet granted them an audience. Mr. Buxton then took the subject up in English, and vindicated the honour of his nation by saying that the multiplicity of affairs had, perhaps, hindered the king from hearing their complaints, but that, when they were once heard, there would be no delay in doing them justice.

The Count adds a reflection, at which, considering the occasion that suggested it, we must be permitted to smile:—

‘I will observe here by the way, that amongst the other resemblances which the British empire has to that of ancient Rome, is the *patronage* which the members of the English parliament, with a laudable pride, afford to any individuals, provinces, or kings throughout the world, who may feel themselves aggrieved. Thus Mr. Buxton (?) pledged himself to procure the reparation of the wrongs of these four Indian Caciques, if their complaints should turn out to be well-founded!’

The chapter thus closes:—

‘These Caciques showed an extreme disposition to oblige. After we had taken tea, without much entreaty, they sang and danced after the custom of their countrymen: and although the Quakers approve neither music nor dancing, yet it appeared to me that those who were present very much enjoyed both the singing and the dancing of these royal personages—the first horrible, the second frightful. Such is the magic influence which the very name of *king* carries with it.

‘At eleven o’clock the party separated, and Mr. Fry having invited me to pass the night at his house, about ten miles from London, I got into his carriage with a great deal of pleasure, and after having lost our way two or three times, (because the coachman, not being a Quaker, had sinned against Quaker sobriety,) at two o’clock in the morning, we arrived at a country-seat, which, as I saw on the following morning, had all the convenience, order, and neatness which characterize the sect.’

Count Pecchio had, next day, the pleasure of hearing Mrs. Fry preach to the female convicts in Newgate, and observes thereupon that, ‘as you preach to well-disposed people in order to render them still better than they are, so it is but natural to preach to the bad, with the hope and chance of producing some amendment in them.’ The doubtful point, however, is, not whether these poor creatures should be preached to, but whether it is fit or decent that their preacher should be a Mrs. Fry. He had afterwards the opportunity of seeing the Quakers’ Lunatic Asylum at York, of the first establish-

ment of which, as well as its after progress and present mode of management, he gives a very interesting account. He is a little mistaken in supposing that the Quakers were the first to discover that mild treatment is more generally advantageous in cases of insanity, than the contrary plan. In fact this, like most discoveries of the kind, which arise out of the increasing intelligence and more civilized habits of the community, was made simultaneously in various parts of the country about the same period. It may, however, be true, that the Quakers’ was the first *public* asylum which acted upon the principle; and this is honour enough to that most benevolent people. We hope our author may be successful in persuading the Italians to adopt some of our improvements in the discipline and management of such establishments, and we cordially thank him for the repeated commendations he bestows on the *utility and good sense* of most of the habits and institutions of our countrymen.

But the Count thought he should not have seen England until he had made himself personally acquainted with the habits of our sailors ashore; and we have accordingly a chapter on that subject before he quits London:—

‘One day I took it into my head to go into one of the public-houses in a street in the neighbourhood of London Bridge, leading down to the Thames, in order to see what metamorphoses those silent, serious companions might have undergone, with whom I had sailed for about eight months. How changed did I find my friend Jack from what I had seen him at sea!—no longer serious, and quiet, and silent, but merry, noisy, and singing. The ground-floor of the house I entered was filled with a cloud of tobacco-smoke, which hindered me at first from distinguishing the several actors. I was scarcely seated when one of them, with unsteady steps, staggering like a ship in a storm, and with a mahogany coloured face, offered me some of his grog. I did not hesitate to accept it; but the tin-pot, out of which my generous friend had been drinking, was empty, and the poor fellow was not aware of it. In a corner of the room was a group of them singing one of their sea songs, the burden of which is “*Haul away, yoe ho, boys.*” When these had finished singing, which they did on their legs, and clapping their leathern hands, another set began to thunder out another of their favourite songs, “*Hearts of oak,*” &c. Meanwhile there came in a strolling fiddler, who began to play a reel, a sort of Scotch dance, very much in favour amongst the lower classes in England, and which requires only strength and a rapid movement of the feet, without any elegance or grace in the movements of the figure. At this sound, as though it were the signal for an engagement, they all jumped up on their legs, and set to work to shuffle about their feet, though I cannot say to dance. To get out of the reach of this storm of heels, I went up stairs, and entered another room, which was another picture in Teniers’ style, of the same sort, only that the uniformity and greater neatness of the dress informed me that they were sailors of the Royal Navy.

They were singing that most beautiful national anthem, "*Rule Britannia*."

He gives us no further account of his visit, but enters into a very animated comparison of the merits of the sailors in merchant vessels and in the royal navy—containing not a few observations which will delight Captain Basil Hall. The following passage is a curious instance of the dislike with which he regards the religious observances of the English, and of the admiration which notwithstanding he is constrained to feel for their effects:—

'Sunday is observed by the English, as far as possible, wherever and in whatever circumstances they find themselves. The silence on this day in particular on board their vessels is more gloomy than ever. Every one shaves himself, puts on a clean shirt, and endeavours to display as much cleanness as possible in his dress. Some read a few passages of the Bible. Their religion is a comfort as well as a terror to their minds. An Englishman has no other intercessor in his approaches to the Supreme Being than his own prayers. In a storm he performs his duty, displays all the firmness of his mind, and all the strength of his body, struggles against death down to the very last moment; and it is only when he has tried in vain all the means his mind can suggest, and all his bodily strength, that he resigns himself to his fate, raises his eyes to heaven, and awaits with reverence the will of Providence.'

The Count on getting weary, as he well might, of *that* London to which, his lion-days over, he found himself restricted, transfers himself to Nottingham, and subsequently to York; at both of which places he appears to have practised his profession of a teacher of languages; and in the exercise of that profession, being discovered to be a gentleman, to have had better opportunities of observing what is really valuable in English society, than he could have had whilst in town. He seems to have been absolutely enraptured with his new acquaintances, especially the young ladies; and we are somewhat curious to know whether either of the sketches he has drawn for us exhibits the likeness of the English lady whom we understand him to have married. He enlarges, with an enthusiasm that speaks sad things as to Italy, on the almost unrestrained intercourse which he found subsisting in this country between persons of the opposite sexes, and the perfect and pure modesty of young English gentlewomen; that genuine modesty which suspects no evil in another, simply because an improper idea never enters the imagination; and which disarms the designing libertine, by the impossibility he finds of discovering a single feeling to work upon. It is well to know what an intelligent foreigner approves as characteristic in our manners; not as a matter of vain glory, but in order that we may cherish more than ever, that which has called forth his commendations, and that the existing generation may repeat in the education of *their* children, those

means which have already produced such fruits. We scarcely know how to extract where almost every sentence contains observations and remarks, not always new, but conceived and expressed in a manner most creditable to the moral feelings of the author. We must content ourselves with simply recommending the whole of his three chapters, from p. 173 to 220, to especial attention.

His account of a country wake in Yorkshire is lively, and full of his characteristic good-humour, and with it our extracts shall come to a close:—

'As I was taking a walk into the country without any definite object, I observed that a great many persons were going along a particular road. I, thereupon, determined to follow these people, and was in the end well satisfied with having done so; for this line of persons guided me to a village called Eislington, three miles distant from York, where they were holding one of their festivities. The village is inhabited only by labourers and farmers. All the inhabitants were standing in knots here and there, in the middle of a broad road. In the doorways of the houses, there were none but the old women, in their best clothes, and with ten years less upon their countenances, on account of the cheerfulness which animated them, and the commendations they had received for the well-concocted plum-pudding of that day. At a rustic holiday in my country, you would have heard at a mile's distance, the outcries and the uproar, which are the expression of that Italian hilarity which kindles of itself, even without the aid of wine, solely by the collision of the parties. You would have encountered bands of youths singing in chorus, with ardent looks, and their hats adorned with peacock's feathers over one eye, and with a manner somewhat theatrical, by way of vindicating themselves from the disparagement which the inhabitants of the town lavish without any reason upon the inhabitants of the country: but in Eislington, down to that moment, all was order, quietude, and mutual respect. All on a sudden, however, I heard some shouts raised, I perceived the crowd divide into two lines, and I saw at a distance eight or nine countrymen, each wheeling a barrow before him, and exerting himself to reach the goal. This was the first course of their Olympic games. Next took place a sort of ducking-match. This sport assembled us round a great tub of water, placed in the middle of the road, to the bottom of which they had thrown some pieces of money. A number of boys, naked to the waist, were waiting for a signal to plunge themselves into it over head and ears, with their hands crossed upon their backs, to endeavour to pick up the pieces of money with their mouths. The grimaces of the urchins who got their heads out, half-choked with the water, without having obtained any share of the prize, infallibly excited the laughter of the by-standers.

'This duck's game being finished, chancing to raise my eyes, I saw hung up outside of a public-house, a new bridle and saddle with two hats; whereupon I conceived the hope that there would be some joust or tourney, or other similar epis-

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contest. My expectation was not disappointed. There was in fact a horse-race going to take place; and I soon saw four farmers' hackneys mounted by as many stout lads, approaching the place of starting. Though, to speak the truth, men, saddles, and horses, were a thousand miles from those that I had seen a few days before at the county-races, yet they were not so bad that you could denominate them an actual caricature. I therefore could not refrain from taking an interest, in common with all the rest, and preparing myself to admire the victor. In short, after ten minutes hard galloping, the coursers arrived, and the winning horse came in with the same acclamations as at the grand racing-course, and was led to the place where the judges sat.

I went into a public-house, where the crowd was thicker. Fifteen or twenty farmers were seated with their earthen pipes of the purest white, and pewter pots of gin and water before them. I sat myself down along with them; and whether it was the interest which they all evinced for the race which they went on recounting to each other, or that they thought me a veteran frequenter of the public-house, so it was, that not one of them cast a single look of curiosity or of surprise upon me. A butcher came in talking of the misfortune of a little mare of his, that had broken her leg in the race. He had put on a mournful way of telling his story to excite compassion; but perceiving that the by-standers were rather disposed to laugh than to cry, he then began to comfort himself with a brimming glass of gin; and after that, assuming an elevated and heroic demeanour, (with the air of the Roman Gladiator dying game,) he protested that it was not the money which lay so heavy upon his mind, but that the little mare herself had been a great favourite. This tragical accident, together with the betting, and the "spirits which make even the dumb to speak," had rendered the farmers so talkative, that I found myself in the midst of a sea of words. I say a sea of words, because I could understand nothing of their dialogues but here and there a word. Though I know English tolerably well, yet I had not acquired the accomplishment of understanding the Yorkshire dialect, which is one of the most corrupt and most extraordinary in England. This conversation produced a curious effect upon me, not being able to collect anything but unconnected words,—it was like reading a dictionary. Few of the speakers were able to preserve the centre of gravity. When they got on their legs, they swung now to the right and then to the left; but like the famous tower at Bologna, however much they leaned to one side, and although always threatening to fall, they never fell. And what increased still more my wonder, was, that their bodies staggered, whilst their wits, so to speak, never staggered.

Thus passed the evening till eleven o'clock, when the company breaking up, I made up my mind to return to York. How delightful it is in England to take a moonlight walk, without the least fear of meeting a robber to lighten you of your watch or purse! Another pleasure is, to be able to quit the high road, and tread the paths through soft meadows, which are perhaps the only as well as the most ancient right of property in

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the soil remaining to the lower classes. Finally, another pleasure not less valuable to the weary, is to arrive at home and find in a small lodging, consisting of a bedchamber and a sitting-room, all the comforts and repose, which, in their time, neither the Marquis of Carabas enjoyed in his hereditary seat, nor the good King of Yvetot in his palace.

And here we take our leave of Count Percio; assuring our readers, that if they can but leave out of sight his religion and his politics, they will find in his little volume both entertainment and instruction amply sufficient to repay them for any trouble they may chance to experience in perusing it in a foreign language. It is consolatory at the present time, when native writers are endeavouring to render us discontented with everything English, to find a foreigner, and a liberal too, pointing out so many sources of pleasure and satisfaction within the reach of every one, and so many real excellencies both in the manners and temper of the people, and in the still existing institutions of our country.

From the Metropolitan Magazine.

THE NEWSPAPERS.

Reporting, Editing, Speculating, and Proprietorships.

"Hear, land o' cakes, from John o' Groats,
If there's a hole in aw your coats,
I rede you tent it,
A child's among you, taking notes,
And, faith, he'll prent it."

THE learned Bayle, in his preface of 1684, lays it down, that he is not a critic, but a reporter. If we are to accept this estimate of his pretensions, we must certainly acknowledge that he was the most glorious luminary that the reporting fraternity has ever possessed, or can ever hope to boast of. In point of integrity, the reporters have very little to plume themselves upon, in the Leviathan or Caliban, as he has been sometimes called, of English literature; and if Erasmus were termed "the glory of the priesthood and the shame," Dr. Johnson may, with equal justice, be styled, the glory and shame of the reporting profession. The doctor's declaration, that, in reporting the debates in parliament, "he always took care that the Whig rascals should not have the best of the argument," is at once a proof of the then prostituted state of the press, and of the meanness and dishonesty which could be imparted to a great mind, by those degrading prejudices with which the nature of this eminent man was so unhappily saturated. His reports have little of the colloquial style, or impress of actual speaking. They bear all the features of deliberate study at the desk, and are strongly stamped with the unequivocal characteristics of the Johnsonian composition. Lord Lyttleton, Sir John St. Aubin, Mr. Pulteney, Lord Chatham, Walpole, and the great

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luminaries of that extraordinary era, always appear in latinized pomposity, and under the ample folds of the toga. Even the celebrated reproof of Lord Chatham to Horace Walpole, which has been so justly eulogized, and will last as long as our language, was reported by the doctor with his usual peculiarities of style and cadence. Johnson's women, in his works of imagination, speak very academically; and Goldsmith very justly told him that he could not write the dialogue between the fishes, for he would make the sprats and minnows all talk like great whales. In a similar manner he has made all his parliamentary orators talk like whales and sharks, giving the character of the former to his friends, and of the latter to his foes.

Parliamentary reporting is now as perfect as it can be, under the present condition of the press, and the faults found with it by noble lords and honourable commoners, are either groundless or attributable to themselves. The members cling to their Gothic prejudices to the very last, and still strive to invest the business of reporting with some of the disgrace, and very much of the inconveniences of stealth and illegality. It is but recently that reporters dared to show a note-book or implement of writing in the House of Lords. They were obliged to conceal what they were about, by hiding their writing apparatus below the bar, and behind the screen or curtain; and if the edge of the white paper should, by chance or accident, appear above the crimson barrier, there immediately stalked forth the yeoman usher of the black rod, or some deadly myrmidon, to order the delinquent immediately to cease from violating the standing order of the House—the hallowed privilege of parliament—secrecy. Lord Eldon was once the champion of this standing order, yet when the golden rule of the good old times was departed from, and the reporters were cabined, cribbed, and confined like pigs in a sty, if, in the jostling of elbows, a note-book should fall over the bar, or sacred precinct, we have seen his lordship come from his seat on the opposition bench, and pick up the stray volume and politely present it to the owner. Let the Lords immediately double or even quadruple the accommodation which they afford to the press, and let the new Speaker of the ensuing parliament—the constitutional House of Commons—give them a compartment in the side gallery, or the front of the gallery, in which they are now accommodated, or rather not accommodated, and all reasonable complaint against the corps will cease.

When the present member for Middlesex, Mr. Humie, brought the reporter of the "Times" to the bar of the House for misrepresenting his speech, the reporter firmly and manfully defended himself upon two grounds,—firstly, that the speech was not misrepresented, but reported accurately and fairly in letter and spirit; and, secondly, that inaccuracies by no

means implied delinquency or even negligence; for, added the accused, "the members who immediately round the table, or who are contiguous to each other, so repeatedly misunderstand what is said, that not a night passes without very many of them rising to explain; is it therefore surprising that a sentence of a speech should be misunderstood by a reporter who is placed at the very utmost point of distance from the speaker, and under every possible disadvantage of seeing or hearing?" The argument was irresistible; and Sir Francis Burdett, with his usual independence and manliness of character, rose, and insisted that the report was accurate, and that the honourable member had uttered precisely the words attributed to him. "*Solventur risu tabule; tu missus abibis.*" But there might have been very little of the *risu* to the honest and innocent reporter, for the *missus* cost him £25 in fees paid to the officers of the house during his very brief custody. These extortions are of a more disgraceful character than any now practised in this country: they are more particularly disgraceful as coming from persons attached to one of the legislative bodies of the empire, that should seem above such practices in all which related to it. Mr. Walter, in the present instance, with a liberality which has always characterised him, sent the reporter a check for £50.

When the Earl of Limerick, in the session before the last, brought the printer of the "Times" before the House of Lords, the expenses of the short and foolish job cost the "Times" about £50. The confinement in such cases is ridiculous in every thing except the enormous expense. The printer, in the present instance, was taken from the bar to a coffee-house, where he sat the knight of a round table, regaling his friends and the officers of the House with a sumptuous dinner and copious libations, after which he took his walk, "as was his custom, in the afternoon." When honest Jack Fuller, the member for Sussex, was confined by the vote of the House for insulting the Speaker, he seemed to conceive that he was going to be manacled and locked up in some cell disproportioned perhaps to the large and magnificent scale of his person. To his surprise, he was allowed to send for his old housekeeper, whose mind was equally full of the fears of a more criminal and less aristocratic species of "durance vile." The old woman, on seeing her master, burst into tears. "Don't be blubbering there, you foolish old woman, but go home and bring me a bottle of rum," roared honest Jack; and the servant was about to depart in joyful surprise that imprisonment could be made so gentlemanly and respectable; but the officers of the House assured their prisoner that he might have rum and all things that he wanted, by paying for them at a prisoner's price. "I was to have had a dinner party of twelve or fourteen people to-morrow," said honest Jack.

"You can have your dinner party here, sir, if you please," was the reply of the officer. "Zounds, can I!" cried the county member, his eyes dilating with surprise and delight; "then I don't care a d—n for the little man in the big wig, or for his warrants and imprisonment."

Complaints by members against reporters or the press, always increase the real or imaginary grievance. The Earl of Limerick, in bringing Mr. Lawson, the printer of the "Times," before the House of Lords, "got nothing by his motion," except a corroboration of the accuracy of the reporter in setting down the precise words which the noble Earl had used and forgotten. When Mr. George Dawson, the member for Harwich, complained of a report of his speech in the "Times," that paper justified its report, and application was made by the reporter to Mr. O'Connell, and to the other members who were close, even to contact, with Mr. Dawson, when he made his speech. They all declared, with the exception of Mr. Shiel, who was further off than the rest, that the report was *verbatim et literatim* what the honourable member had uttered. In point of fact, men in the excitement of a debate are led away to speak, what they are themselves surprised at in their cooler moments. This very frequently happens when speeches are made after a certain hour at night. When Colonel Sibthorp tried with might and main to bring the printer of the "Times" to the bar of the Commons for a false report of his most eloquent and erudite speech—the most perfect specimen or *chef d'œuvre* of a calm, cautious statesman, and consummate orator—Lord Althorp assured the House that the report was accurate, except in a little exaggeration of the laughter with which the gallant member's oratorical effusion, at that hour of the night, had been received. "The laughter," said Lord Althorp, "was certainly exaggerated, but not much exaggerated." A member immediately at Lord Althorp's shoulder then rose, and declared that the report was a "*verbatim et literatim* statement of the gallant colonel's words, and that he had never read a more accurate report in his life." The "Times," for some reason or other, sadly mismanaged his defence, and lost the high vantage ground which these speeches gave it. It left out the particle *not*, and converted Lord Althorp's negation in its favour, into a sentence affirmative and positive, to its prejudice. The *not* was honestly inserted in the "Morning Chronicle" and in the evening papers. The "Herald" cut the subject altogether. If my recollection do not fail, the "Times" likewise left out the member's declaration that the report was *verbatim et literatim*, and as accurate a report as he had ever read. It is not often that a newspaper is so magnanimous as to throw away a triumph. This attack on the press was, however, the most unfortunate of any in recent times—at

least to an assailant. The gallant colonel refused to listen to Lord Althorp's advice to withdraw his motion, because his lordship had rested his advice upon a basis which involved his (the colonel's) veracity, and consequently his personal honour. The motion was pressed to a division, as a test, and lost by a sad disproportion of votes. Thus ended this foolish affair. The "Times" omitted this strong fact.

The subject of reporting is, in every respect, of such great importance at the present crisis, the eve of a general election and of a new parliament, that we shall pursue it to a close, and then proceed to an analysis of other branches of the press, in which we shall be able to develop some extraordinary matter, that will probably surprise the public.

The errors of reporting seldom arise from any bad motives, at least in the reporters. We must except, however, many cases in which strong national prejudice and violent feelings influence Irish reporters for, or against Irish members, or upon Irish subjects. The reporters, moreover, like all *parvenus*, are aristocrats in disposition, and Tories in politics, although the triumph of reform, and of the Whigs, has occasioned very numerous instances of the most ludicrously dishonourable and vulgar rattling of sentiment among them. There is always a bias against radical members, as vulgar, illiterate men, who have no right to command our respect, because they are "no higher than ourselves."

We recollect some ludicrous errors of the reporting departments of newspapers.

On one occasion, the Attorney-General, Sir Charles Wetherell, made one of the most furious and eccentric, of all his very furious and very eccentric tirades. It was directed like an unmasked battery of rockets or shrapnells against Mr. Littleton, the member for Staffordshire. Every body knows that Sir Charles contemns the study of costume, and that Mr. Littleton is one of the best dressed and the best looking men in the House of Commons. Sir Charles, throughout his furious philippic, attacked Mr. L— as a country gentleman—a term of distinction in the time of Sir Robert Walpole—but instead of the term, country gentleman, he invariably called him "the rustic gentleman." Mr. Littleton evinced great annoyance at the incessant repetition, or reproach as it was meant, of the *rustic* gentleman. His annoyance was by no means decreased next morning, at finding that an ignorant reporter of a morning paper of great circulation, had throughout all the endless reiterations, set him down, not as the *rustic*, but as the *rusty* gentleman—"Rusty gentleman," quote the Examiner; "and this from the attorney-general!—Reader, have you ever seen the attorney-general!"

We recollect Sir Isaac Coffin reparing to a newspaper-office, in a great fury, with a newspaper crumpled up in the grasp of one hand, whilst a terrific oaken cudgel was brandished

in the other. "Where is the editor? I want to see the editor—I insist upon seeing the editor immediately!" said the gallant man of war and wave. It happened that a reporter was present who very well knew the gallant admiral, and understood how to appease his angry moods. After several parries of his rage, and some soothing compliments dexterously applied, the reporter, with an air of *bon-homie*, asked, "But, my dear Sir Isaac, what is really the matter?" "Matter, sir, matter?" answered the incensed admiral, "Sir, directly I entered the United Service Club this morning, one friend cried out, 'Sir Isaac, what have you done with your voice?' Then another cried, 'How is your voice, Sir Isaac?' A third exclaimed, 'Have you got a cold, Sir Isaac?' I flew to the Naval Club, where again one friend saluted me with, 'How are your lungs, Sir Isaac?' Another called across the table, 'Why, Sir Isaac, you used to have a good pair of lungs of your own, how is it, Sir Isaac?' I can stand a joke, sir," (continued the admiral) "as well as any man in England, but hang me if I stand this any longer. Sir, I tell you that I was never more wind and weather tight in my hull than at this moment, and d—n me if I couldn't hail the main-top in any hurricane that ever blew—and look here, sir, look at this," saying which, he spread open that morning's copy of the paper, in which we read, in the Parliamentary Debates, that "Sir Isaac Coffin addressed a few observations to the House, which were totally inaudible in the gallery." It was not difficult to pacify the gallant admiral, by assuring him that the mistake could never occur again to a member whose voice equalled that of Braham's in melody, and a speaking trumpet in power. A few more very ludicrous scenes took place with the gallant admiral and the press, and whoever remembers the immense figure and resolute bearing of this son of Mars, must feel that it was almost as pleasant to face a lion as to encounter him in his wrath.

It has been already remarked, that the very disgraceful practice in another species of reporting, of paying by the line, leads to every vice of composition, in order to swell out such reports to a profitable extent. Much worse effects ensue, for the mode of payment has engendered a whole system or organization of falsehood and fraud. The penny-a-line man, who is always a needy, and but too often a desperate character, and in constant association with delinquents and police-officers, gives points to his reports for which there is no foundation. He colours every thing to the utmost, and stretches to an incredible degree of exaggeration and extravagance, in order to give an interest to his reports, and to make them saleable. This branch of reporting, if it may be so called, is immersed in bribery of the foulest kind. If a case happens at a police-office, in which the parties are of a class of life to make them sensitive to an exposure of their names

in a newspaper, the penny-a-line man, or police reporter, colours his account of the proceedings before the magistrate to the very highest, in order to get a more certain or a larger bribe for suppressing or modifying the report. These gentlemen put forth very specious arguments in defence of this bribery. They say, "We are not members of any newspaper establishment—we are free traders—we openly sell our reports or manuscripts in an open market; and it is a matter of indifference whether our reports are bought by a newspaper editor, in order to their being published, or by a party in the case, in order to their being suppressed. All we care about is the price, and as individuals who wish to avoid exposure will give us a much higher price for our manuscripts than newspaper editors, we prefer selling our labours and property to the individuals." It is unnecessary for us to refute such base and flimsy sophistry. Our present duty is only to expose the practice. There are some courts, one in particular which I can mention, in which are daily seen about half a score of penny-a-line men, whilst the newspapers do not contain reports of the proceedings of the court, sufficiently long or numerous to render it worth the while of any one man to attend to its business. The reporters, in this case, live entirely by hush-money. We knew two cases; in one of which a person of this stamp offered an editor of a paper to suppress a report which related to his own family, provided he was paid the *quiddam honorarium*. The inexperienced rogue knew not that the editor, by his connexion with the press, could effect the object without paying for it, and he got a sound kicking for his proposal. In the other case, an attorney accosted an editor, a man of inflexible integrity, with "Mr. —, I perceive that you suppressed the case of my client at the police-office, and as all the reporters have had two guineas each for suppressing their copies, if you will call at —, and mention your name and object, you will receive the same sum." "Sir," replied the editor, "I never heard of your case, for the report never came to me; but now that I have heard of it, be assured that I will insert it in my very next publication, and will expose your name and address, with the baseness of your conduct." The threat was fairly put into execution.

It has been an old practice for men of this class to employ intermediate agents to call on public characters, and particularly on females, in order to show them reports which are about to appear in the papers, but which will be kept out for a proper sum. A certain duchess, now living, has been made the victim of her spirit in resisting such attempts.

The late coroner for Middlesex, when called to attend inquests, used to give the reporter of the court a seat on his coach-box. This man was a capital boxer. Thus patronized by the coroner, he conceived that he had almost a pa-

test right to a monopoly in reporting inquests. He was indignant when he saw two others taking a case, and urged his prior occupation of such business. His adversaries were deaf to his plea. "But what can I do," said he, "I have already taken a half sovereign to suppress the case." Their reply to this was obvious; they wanted an equal bribe, or to share that bribe equally. The nice point was at last agreed to be settled at the Ben Jonson's Head, where the coroner's protégé settled it off-hand, by half cracking the heads of his adversaries. He paid dearly for his violence, in compromising actions for assault.

These are men always poor and depraved, from the necessity they are under of keeping in with that order of the police, commonly called Bow-street officers. They drink with them to excess. The head clerk of one of the police-officers at the west end of the town, once told us, that when the magistrates' back was turned, the penny-a-line men were allowed access to the books and minutes of the office. It is to be hoped that the magistrates have discovered and checked such a practice.

The press must justly bear the disgrace which such a class of characters can bring on it; for not only do respectable editors employ these men in functions suited to them, and which the better class of reporters would not perform; but for the sake of economy, they even endeavour to thrust them into the gallery of the House of Commons, or to the bar of the House of Lords, for a species of reporting for which they are absolutely as incompetent as chimney-sweepers. It would not be difficult to name a proprietor who employs one of the most notoriously infamous of this class of reporters, notwithstanding the frequent and very disgraceful, and often, very expensive exposures of his conduct. But the press is in the hands of traders, who consider nothing but a return of profits, and who are often too illiterate to write a sentence grammatically. The statement is far from exaggerated, and of this ample proof might be afforded.

There is a notion prevalent upon one of the very first of our morning journals, that it requires neither a man of talent, education, or of gentlemanly habits, to form a good parliamentary reporter; and that consequently the only difference between reporters consists in the rate of pay. On this principle, they have already reduced their profits by more than one-half, and consequently have but the refuse of the market. The argument is, that people in general do not know good reporting from bad. If it be urged that the members of the two Houses comprise between eleven and twelve hundred of the richest and most influential people in the kingdom, and that such a market is not to be despised, the reply is, that not one hundred out of the eleven are speakers, and that not one-half of that number are speakers of such consequence as to induce the public to collate or compare reports, and that all but the

members who may be personally engaged or interested in a debate, are either indifferent to the manner in which the House may be reported, or incompetent to judge between good and bad reporting. If a confidential complaint is made to the editor or literary men on the paper, of any execrable version of a debate, the reply is, "What can we do? the proprietor is so illiterate, and so incompetent to judge, that he often brings us for our admiration the most execrable of our reports, whilst to the very little good reporting that we get, he is totally insensible."

To a person who has been engaged from his youth in a manual trade, and who considers a newspaper solely as an engine for turning a penny, it would be in vain to remonstrate against the turpitude of depreciating the fame of public characters, by weak or illiterate reports of their speeches. The lawyer may be injured in his practice, or the statesman deteriorated in his character, rather than that such a trading proprietor should spend one shilling unnecessarily, to prevent the injustice. Members complain bitterly of this state of the press, but they owe it to the enormous newspaper duties, and to restrictions which have kept literary competitors from the market.

The argument which we have been stating will, of course, apply to every species of reporting, as well as to that of debates; and from this we may learn what confidence the public can put in such a journal. The fallacy and absurdity of the argument are sufficiently illustrated by the invariable increase in the circulation of the "Morning Chronicle," during the session of parliament, and which is owing to the reputation of that paper for accurate reports. If this is cited to the editor of the paper to which we have been alluding, the reply is, "Well, nobody looks to us for reports, or cares any thing about it."

It is too often to this superintending ignorance—this interference of the illiterate with literary business, that length is made the sole test of parliamentary reporting, to the destruction of style, accuracy, and every essential merit. A paper is laid before each proprietor every morning, with the labours of every contributor marked by his name. As the proprietors, with very few exceptions, are utterly illiterate men, their method is, to take a two-foot rule and measure the reports, and the longest is always decided to be the best. This is their sole criterion.

There are, of course, honourable exceptions to these characteristics of the London press, and they will be pointed out in due course.

The learned and philosophic editor of the "Morning Chronicle," was, for a very long time, a reporter upon the establishment of that paper. Speeches which related to facts and statistical details, or general principles, he reported well; but in what related to wit, humour, elegance of composition, imagery, or what is styled rhetoric or ora-

tory, his success was not so great. This was unfortunate, because his career was in the days of Pitt, Sheridan, Wyndham, and Canning, when speeches in parliament were not of the sober, business-like character which they have since become. The equally learned and philosophic editor of the "Globe" was also a reporter at the same period.

The principal editor of "The Times," was long a reporter, and certainly that gentleman's faculties were better adapted to any other literary work.

But the parliamentary corps of reporters derived respectability and service from the talents and conduct of Mr. Murray, the present assisting editor of the "Times." He was one of the ablest reporters in the gallery. Every branch of the "Herald" is conducted by some *ci-devant* reporter, and the same may be said of the "Times," except with respect to some of its leading articles. The foreign articles of the "Times" are from the able pen of Mr. Murray. The editor writes merely paragraphs, or occasional short "leaders," on subjects that may casually arise in the course of the night. His pen is not that of a ready writer—but his caution is extreme, and his judgment sound, and he is fortunate in having attributed to him the writings of Murray, Stirling, and the other able men whom the large capital of that paper enables it to employ. All persons connected with the "Chronicle" are, or have been reporters, except one, who is an illiterate but expert printer, and who, in point of fact, conducts a very great part of the management of that once celebrated paper. The foreign leaders in the "Morning Herald" are written either by a gentleman recently a reporter, and now at the bar, or by a barrister of talent, and the reporter of the "Herald" in the Court of King's Bench. The remaining *littéraire*, upon this paper, is a gentleman lately a reporter, and the author of two fine tragedies. The "Morning Post" is more out of the pale of our acquaintance, but it is infinitely to the honour of the proprietor and managers of that paper, that whilst they are men of literature, they are conscientiously of the politics which they advocate and support.

With regard to the two remaining morning papers—the "Ledger" is an excellent paper, in great circulation in the city end of the metropolis, but of its proprietors and editors we know nothing; and the "Morning Advertiser" is the "Publican's Paper," the profits of which go to support their infirm members. In both these papers, information is more sought for, than the violence of party politics.

It might be imagined, as "the taxes on knowledge" make the business of a morning, and almost of an evening paper, a monopoly, by shutting out from the market the competition of small capitals, that, like other monopolies, very large fortunes would be made by persons in possession of so exclusive a trade. The very reverse of this is the fact, for the

newspaper press is a chaos, an anomaly that almost baffles calculation upon general principles. The poverty of men of letters is proverbial, and it might be supposed that the newspaper press would be redundant of literary characters, who would flock to it for the relief which a monopoly ought to be able to afford. Here is another inconsistency. The property of the press is almost altogether in the hands of retail traders—men totally illiterate.

When a reporter becomes an editor, he gives the cut to all his old friends. There is not an instance to the contrary on the press of London—the midshipman or the youngest ensign dines with the captain, or messes with the colonel, but the whole dignity of the press would be destroyed, and all discipline and subordination annihilated, were an editor to suffer a reporter to be seen at his table. The late hours, and the nature of a reporting life, lead to midnight orgies. The editor's table is solitary—he enjoys his midnight revels alone, and "with none of the press."

Immediately prior to the commencement of every session, Mr. Walter, of the "Times," gives a grand dinner to all the gentlemen of the establishment, including reporters of every description, the editors, head printers, clerks, auditor, and a few miscellaneous characters. This privilege of dining once a year, and only once, is deemed a high honour by the reporters. We know of no instance of any reporter being independent enough to refuse to dine at a table, at which he is admitted but once per annum, and that by way of condescension and special favour. The proprietor of one morning paper, when he became possessed of it by purchase, had the good sense to perceive that his habits and defects of education rendered it unfit that he should appear at a convivial meeting of scholars and gentlemen. Such an exposure might render his future assumption of authority weak, or expose it to ridicule, and he resolved to get rid of the annual dinner altogether. To effect this was a matter of no great facility: the reporters were not likely to be satisfied at the loss of the one good annual dinner, which they could claim as a right by the *lex non scripta*, the common law of the press, established upon immemorial usage. The serious dilemma was made more serious by the cruel fact, that the preceding proprietor, Mr. Perry, had been an open-hearted, hospitable gentleman, at whose profuse and elegant table the reporters were often admitted with a great deal of the *bonhomie* characteristic of that justly popular owner of the "Morning Chronicle." In fact, the reporters upon the establishment of that paper were like spoiled children, or like sturdy freebooters, who were disposed to claim as a right what they had long been accustomed to receive as an indulgence or a favour. Ludicrous as it may appear, the dilemma occasioned great uneasiness and mortification to the new pro-

prietor, but he eventually cut the gordian, or, as he calls it, the "gordon" knot, by giving each gentleman five pounds in lieu of the dinner, and putting the gift upon the footing that it was meant to cover their expenses of coach hire in going to, and coming from, the Houses of Parliament. But so omnipotent is money, that a person of this stamp and character struts or rumbles his hour on the stage, hiring, dismissing, and commanding all the *littéraires* with by far less of ceremony or feeling than the average of masters hire or dismiss cabriolet-drivers or luggage porters. Other papers give their annual dinners to all the establishment, including from the proprietor down to the very devils. The gentlemen—i. e. the reporters, and those not below them—pay for their dinner tickets, and the surplus of what they pay above the contract price with the tavern keeper per head, is carried to the benefit of the compositors, type-founders, and devils, who dine gratis. The balance of the bill is made good by the proprietor. There is the independence of an open market in this old-fashioned arrangement, and the only ludicrous feature on these occasions is, that although the aristocracy of the press is thrown aside during the dinner, and a perfect Saturnalia prevails—a reign of misrule—yet the system of castes is resumed the next day.

Literary men of all grades on a newspaper are equally exposed to the caprice of the low traders who are masters of the property of the press, and it is therefore singular that it should exist, and that this aristocracy should be carried to an excess upon liberal papers, and be mitigated on the Tory journals. It exists in full oriental rigour in the "Times," and is strong on the "Morning Chronicle" and "Morning Herald," whilst little of it is to be found on the "Morning Post," nor used it to prevail under the Tory, Dr. Stoddart. The rule, however, is not undeviating, for — Murray, on his "Representative," was "Absolute John;" and Perry, of Whig celebrity, had none of the aristocracy about him. On the contrary, often have we dined with the latter, with our brother reporters, when the flow of wine made the Conomara gentry of the press put to the test the truth of King Charles's drinking song, that "a drunken man is as good as a king." Perry always took it in good part; he was thoroughly a good-hearted man. In our younger days, how often have we, with Dr. Black, (as Cobbett styles him,) and David Power, and Peter Finnerty, stars of the reporting sphere in the days gone by, experienced proofs of Perry's inexhaustible good temper and good nature!

These apparently common-place anecdotes and reminiscences are not unimportant, except to common-place minds, for it is really curious to know the habits, circumstances, and grades of men who feed or guide the mighty engine of the press, in all its plenitude of power, upon the happiness and conduct of

so many millions of persons throughout the United Kingdom. For this reason we shall dwell a little more upon this subject, before we come to the *morale* and *intellect* of the press, in its ostensible and ostentatious character.

From libations enjoyed in the Rainbow, the Mitre, the Red Lion, or the Crown, or one of the other resorts of the reporters, he, the reporter, issues to his important functions, and upon his state of nerves or temper depend the fate of a sublime tragedy, the reputation of a new actress or vocal aspirant, or the length, accuracy, beauty, or deformity of the speech of a great statesman or parliamentary orator—a speech which he has probably conned for days and nights, on which the eyes of his party are intensely fixed, and which is intended to influence the speculations of the merchant, or the political relations of the world. The reporter, strengthened by a repast of Welch rabbits or broiled kidneys, and inspired by his favourite potation, criticism sparkling in his eye, and his soul full of the refinements of taste and the delicacies of art, goes forth to pronounce whether an opera dancer possess the graces of the highest school—whether an actress in genteel comedy have the true *ton* of the highest fashion, such as is witnessed in the drawing-room of the aristocracy—whether a great Italian singer have all the exquisite refinements and nicer delicacies, which nothing can impart but real genius sublimated by the most finished study of the most exquisite models under the highest masters. All such points are determined and pronounced upon, *ex cathedra*, by the Aristarchus, albeit he is as ignorant as a horse of the graces; and as to music, knows not a half note from a natural, or an *adagio* movement from a jig.

We once knew a laughable illustration of this species of newspaper business. The proprietor of one of the morning papers became economical, and wished to pick up one or more cheap reporters. He pitched upon a young lad from Ireland, who had just arrived in London to study the law, or rather to gain a livelihood at as little expense of study of any sort as possible. What Doctor Johnson said of French adventurers in London may truly be applied to all Irish adventurers indiscriminately, and without any risk whatever of doing them injustice:

"All sciences a starving Frenchman knows,
And bid him go to hell—to hell he goes."

An Irishman knows every thing. The poor fellow was a very ingenious specimen of such importations, who, being asked whether he could play the fiddle, instead of answering yes, replied with *naïveté*, "I don't know, for I never tried." In the case we allude to, the young gentleman flatly answered, "And yes to be sure now," to whatever he was asked to do. Five guineas a week was to be given to him, and five guineas a week to a lad just ar-

rived, at odds with fortune, from a village of one of the western provinces of Ireland, or England either, was an income beyond avarice itself to contemplate. But his place was not to be a sinecure; he was to report in the gallery, and in one of the law courts, to both of which jobs he professed himself perfectly competent. He was asked if he felt himself able to review the theatres, and this function he likewise undertook. "And I suppose you will have no objection," said the employer, "to write us criticisms upon paintings, statuary, and works of art and *vertù*." "None in the least; nothing more aisy or pliant," replied the youth from the Emerald Isle. At last came the climax of cruel exactions for the five guineas. "Our paper, sir, makes a great point of the opera and music; they are more fashionable than plays, and we aim particularly at fashion. Have you any objection to undertake our critiques upon the opera and morning concerts in the season?" "Not in the least, to be sure now, and couldn't I give them genteelly?" This was conclusive, and the bargain was struck.

It was said of Mirabeau that, in his distress, he professed his ability to perform any task whatever that was proposed to him, with the promise of a good reward; and Dumont, his friend, declares, that had any body asked him to write a Chinese dictionary, he would have undertaken the task. It was the same with this young Irish reporter, this fortunate youth; and had this learned Theban proprietor suggested to him the composition of a Polyglot Bible, he would have pledged himself to the job without the slightest hesitation. When the gentleman who introduced this universal genius to the proprietor was asked in secret whether his young friend from the unspellable and unpronounceable village of Connaught understood music, the reply was, "No, indeed; but I dare say he may have a natural taste." "Does he know any thing whatever of painting?"—"The devil a bit, and how should he?" "How then could he undertake to criticise paintings and works of art?"—"Och, sir, and an't those things so easily picked up in a big city like London?" Until the cub's taste and knowledge of art were acquired in the big city, the works of artists, involving their character and support, were to be at the mercy of his caprice and ignorance. When the proprietorship of newspapers falls into the hands of illiterate men, is it to be wondered that the public are annoyed with the ignorance too often displayed in journals on these subjects?

Let us fully illustrate this point by a little of the private history of some of the papers, beginning with the "Morning Chronicle," and concluding with a group of the penny press and the "Court Journal."

We may be allowed to preface such biography with a few observations upon the want of principle which pervades the newspaper press. The ignorance and low habits of men who

have become possessed of newspaper property are not fair objects of reproach—they are the accidents of life; but a want of independence and integrity is a stigma which cannot be palliated on the plea of want of education, or of any sphere in which a man may have been doomed to pass his youth or middle life.

When we speak of illiterate men, or men of no education, we do not use the word education in the very common acceptance of the term, viz. a classical education. We literally mean men that can read, but not write, at least grammar, or even English. The ignorance of a rich, but really very honest trading proprietor of a morning paper was so gross, that he invariably used *what* for *who*, *that*, or *which*. *Them* was always written for *these* and *those*, and "*them* measures," "*them* taxes," "*them* debates;" in short, *them* every thing would have appeared in articles he would write, in defiance of his incapacity, but for the correction of the printers. This man never used the preposition *of*, but "two or three on them," "six on them members *what* voted for," &c. Such was his phraseology, always corrected even by a reporter or printer, and, strange to say, he never observed the alteration.

Thank heaven, the world of letters and of intellect is a republic, and if a man raises himself to a literary pre-eminence from a low origin, it redounds to his honour, and very greatly enhances his merit. The market is a thoroughly open market, and when a man like the father of the present proprietor of a highly talented morning paper, raises himself from keeping a book stall, then a bookseller's shop, and, lastly, to be proprietor of the richest journal in Europe, every body must praise his talents and good fortune. Besides, as his fortune rose, his son, the present proprietor, put himself to study, went to college, and in all his conduct on the press has maintained the highest character for integrity, liberality, and gentlemanly, and even kind feelings.

Two very false ideas are prevalent on the press, among trading proprietors. First, that a man of no character or principle may own or edit a paper, inasmuch as the character of the man is distinct from that of the publication. The second vulgar error, equally prevalent among such proprietors is, that it is consistent with honour and integrity for a man to take any side, or adopt any party—to write up or down, any person, cause, or measure, if it will make money for the paper.

The first error is too revolting to need much comment. In relation to stock jobbing, gambling, hush money, and a thousand other vices, no man has half the opportunities of guilt that an unprincipled conductor of a newspaper may avail himself of, or may create. In proportion to the means and appliances of doing wrong, prudence should teach us to distrust a man without principle.

Upon the second point, I am sorry to say, a

most astonishing want of principle pervades the press. The "Times" watches the wind, and sails with the stream. That paper is invaluable; for so very acute is its perception, so profound is its penetration, and so accurate its judgment, that, even when we can place no reliance whatever upon the justice or policy of the side it may espouse, we may be perfectly confident that that side is the strongest and the most likely to win. "The Times is the times," is the maxim with every administration. The consummate policy of that paper, whilst the Wellington and Grey parties were in contest for office—its keeping aloof whilst the negotiations were pending, and the prodigious power, at least of words, with which it came out in favour of Whiggism and reform on the very morning after the night on which the ascendancy of the Whigs was made certain, are unrivalled instances of finesse, and worthy a Mazarin or a Richelieu.

One person, a trader, is the sole proprietor of four newspapers—the "Morning Chronicle," the "Observer," the "Englishman," and "Bell's Life in London." Whilst the "Morning Chronicle" was a red-hot Radical paper, the "Observer" was Ultra-Tory; and "Bell's Life in London" Tory, with a little tinge of liberalism. The "Englishman" is little but an artifice, —a copy of the "Observer," with a transmutation of the locality of its matter. Soon after, the "Observer" turned furiously Radical, for it was going down hill; but "Bell's Life" kept its politics. Now, the "Observer" is Ultra-Tory again, and "Bell's Life" is Radical. This is not a dereliction, but an utter want of principle. A more offensive and disgusting want of principle as to right and wrong in proprietorship cannot be well imagined. Sentiment, opinion, morality, feeling for the country, or for the good or evil which men or measures may inflict upon trade, or interest, or upon individuals, have no place whatever in such newspaper steam-manufactories; the only object is to make goods to suit all customers. A gentleman, now I believe a reporter, told me that, when he was engaging himself as a *littérateur* and political writer on the "Observer" and "Englishman," the editor or printer, for they are the same person, and not a literary man, wished him to take the line of the very extreme of the most Ultra Toryism. He, on the contrary, was of all existing Radicals, the most violent and uncompromising, and, like Sterne's parson, "he trusted he had a conscience." The idea of a conscience in a newspaper office struck this compound of printer's devil, printer, and editor, as a preposterous fudge. "Zounds!" said he, "I never knew any man particular on such points. The last gentleman I had was a clergyman, and he invariably, before he wrote on any subject, used to ask me which side he should take." "That clergyman was a scoundrel," was the reply—"I have no right to impose subjects upon you, and will avoid or take up subjects as you may

think fit; but whatever I write upon, I shall write my honest sentiments and opinions, which are Ultra Radical." Finding this zealot a very able man, and that he was inflexible at any price, this *homme d'affaires* gave up the point, and the two papers changed at a tangent from the most abject servility of Toryism to the most exalted abstractions of Radical utopianism. What a picture does this give of the press, that great engine of intellect and virtue which is to improve the age!

There is even a worse illustration of this point in the "Court Journal." Of course, nothing more than the second-hand impertinences of awkward imitations of fashionable life, gleaned from waiting-maids and milliners, are to be expected of a publication with such a title. It has no pretensions to literature or politics; but yet it ought to have some public principle. It has wavered, however, oft and suddenly, under the same editor and proprietor, from Radicalism to Toryism, to Whigism, and all other *isms*, which were likely to bring grist to the mill, or shillings and pence to the pocket, according to the calculations of the proprietor and conductor.

But there are honourable exceptions on the press to this prostitution of public principles. Mr. Thwaites, the late proprietor of the "Morning Herald," never could be persuaded to gain money by publishing anything which he did not conscientiously believe to be just and right. The inflexible integrity of the "Examiner," under the Hunts, is above all praise; and the present editor is equally inflexible, and possesses more talent. The "Examiner" is the best written paper in England. The "Morning Post" has never deviated from its principles, even when the stream set the strongest against them.

We have pleasure in mentioning these honourable exceptions to literary tergiversation, which is defended on the plea that the writers consider themselves in the light of barristers holding a brief, and that they are bound to take up any side, and to change it as often as their illiterate and trading employers dictate. Let the excuse have its weight.

The history of the "Morning Chronicle" is the most curious illustration of all things connected with the press.

At its lowest ebb, it was bought many years ago for a trifle, by our late excellent friend, Mr. Perry. At that time, Perry was a literary adventurer from Scotland to the metropolis; and amongst the innumerable records of the goodness of his nature, is the fact of his granting an annuity to the widow of the tradesman who advanced him the money which bought the paper, and proved the foundation of his large fortune.

Perry was in every respect a man of a liberal mind and a kind heart. His conduct to every body on his establishment was considerate, indulgent, and very generous. He knew that the reporter's life was arduous, productive

of ill health and premature old age, and full of temptations to dissipation and excesses. He was therefore always full of liberality and indulgence towards them; although some of the corps, in those days, often did much to try his temper and exhaust his benevolence. We never knew a man, and our recollection extends to a very long period, who excited such general esteem and attachment. He took no dirty advantages of broken sessions and equivocal engagements; nor was he ever guilty of dismissing members of his establishment fraudulently at the end of a session, after perhaps they were worn out and exhausted by its unusual length and extraordinary severity. It is useful to dwell upon such facts; for the honour and generosity of this man towards every body in his employment, so attached them to his interests, that their zeal in his service was a principal source of his affluent fortune. Whether his successor has excited similar feelings towards himself by similar means, and whether the esteem and attachment of his establishment have been the foundation of an affluent fortune, it is not for me to determine. Few things can be more useful to humanity than to illustrate and establish beyond controversy to selfish and vulgar minds, that although a long purse in a narrow market, among distressed operatives, may enable a man to sacrifice the comforts, convenience, and interests of all around him, with an *ostensible impunity*, his conduct engenders a latent tone of disposition, which silently and imperceptibly, but incessantly and irresistibly, destroys his wealth, and the opportunities which justice and kindness would have created of increasing his store. On the other hand, it is refreshing to the finer feelings of honourable minds, to illustrate by such a splendid instance as Mr. Perry, that integrity and good feeling to those under your command, are productive of the sensibilities which create by exertion that fortune, which, to a rational extent, is made the source of kindness and of justice to those around you.

We could relate, were our space sufficient, innumerable anecdotes of the glorious days of Fox, of Sheridan, and Tierney, when the "Morning Chronicle" was at its zenith, under its gallant commander Perry. His *physique* was excellent, and it led to as excellent a *morale*, for after any enjoyment "o' nights," he was the next day free from the morose attributions overflowing which distress some men. We will, however, merely content ourselves with one anecdote, to show the extremely fluctuating nature of newspaper property, even when a newspaper is conducted by the most able and experienced of all conductors.

Perry had written an excellent leader, not only with all his acuteness, but it was timed with admirable tact. Its predictions were almost sure to be verified, upon every sound and rational calculation; and although those predictions were against the current of the na-

tion's hopes and ardent wishes, still the result would show the superior sagacity and penetration of the writer, in a manner to promote the character and authority of the "Morning Chronicle."

Perry's leading article proved the incalculable chances against our success in the way into which we had plunged. He showed the almost impossibility of our gaining a victory, and the infallible consequences of our losing the battle. Nothing could evince a sounder judgment, or a more thorough acquaintance with all the details and general principles of the case. The article was in type, and the type in the galleys—and the writing would have appeared the next morning. At this crisis the news arrived—the battle had been fought, and Waterloo was a victory. The type was dispersed, and a congratulation upon the god-send appeared in its stead. Had the news arrived only a few hours later, it would have made the "Morning Chronicle" the butt of all the press and of all the nation's fallacies—always the most cherished, inalienable, and obdurate property which a nation can possess. Upon this accident, of the hour of the arrival of this news, depended the value of the paper, to the extent of many thousand pounds, or probably much more, its utter loss. This hazardous battle gave the country such a triumph in Toryism, that nothing could live against the enthusiasm, until that enthusiasm produced such ruin as to cause a re-action, which crumbled Toryism, and produced Reform. Such is the nature of newspaper property. We shall resume this subject.

From Tait's Magazine.

LOVE AT COLIN MAILLARD.

A Christmas Adventure.

FROM REMINISCENCES OF I. V——, ESQ.

THE moment that she looked up from her drawing, I remembered her at once by her eyes. It was full three years since I had seen them, during a tour in vacation, on entering the *diligence* from St. Omer to Paris. She was then a mere girl in her teens, but far more interesting than misses generally are at that dubious period; a curly-headed, rosy creature, arch and good-natured, with a pair of blue eyes which I must describe, for they were absolutely unique. Their colour was extremely full and deep; the outline that of a prolonged oval; and usually seeming half shut, and shaded with dark eyelashes, they gave a sly or pensive expression to the curl of a red upper lip; but if aroused by surprise or mirth, they opened out beneath her arching brows with such a brightness of blue as was quite dazzling. They were eyes to sit and gaze upon, as you gaze upon the sky, for hours. She was travelling, under her father's escort to Paris, to enter a *pension* there; and as there were no passengers in the *diligence*

besides ourselves, before nightfall I was already on good terms with both. The sire was a gentlemanly old *militaire*, on half-pay, as I conjectured, from his style of travelling. As it grew dusk, the shyness of the little maid gave way, to the vivacity of her spirits; and as papa already gave tokens of drowsiness, she gradually addressed herself to me, in that vein of innocent communicativeness which flows so beautifully from young lips, and which is one of the first of their utterances that the world perverts. I listened as though I had been a friend of ten years' standing, while she prattled on of her school friends, of her flowers and pigeons at home in Leicestershire, of her joys and sorrows upon leaving it, of her curiosity as to her new companions, &c., so that in a very short time I knew most of her little history. When it grew chill at night, I folded my gay travelling cloak around her, and observed, almost with fondness, her little head begin to nod, and her narrative to falter; until at length, quite wearied, she fell into a slumber, so deep, that it was not disturbed when, at the first jolt which occurred, I laid her head on my shoulder, and, passing my arm around her, kept it in that position. I could never sleep in a stage. In those days, moreover, my imagination was in great force; so as we lumbered along, and I sat listening to the queer cries of the *conducteur* and postilion, and the gentle breathing of my young fellow-traveller, to which the paternal snore furnished a very tolerable counterpoint, I amused myself with various reveries concerning the destiny of the pretty creature then slumbering on my bosom. Sometimes, a fanciful idea arose, that our intercourse, so recently begun, and so soon to terminate, might be resumed on a future day; and I busied myself with imagining the lively girl expanded into the loveliness of womanhood, and again crossing my path by some accident, such as had already brought us together. There is, I am persuaded, a truth of prediction in these impressions, especially in those which visit us in the night season.—“*Dreams*,” says a great poet, “*come from God*.” When day broke, the girl looked so beautiful and quiet, nestling in my cloak, that I could not abstain from impressing a morning salutation upon her brow; so lightly, however, as not to disturb her slumber; nor did she awake until the rattling of the vehicle along the pavement approaching the *Barrière de St. Denis*, announced our proximity to Paris. When the *diligence* stopped in the *Rue de l’Enfer*, I felt quite sad at parting from my charge; and as I lifted her down the clumsy steps, I asked her to tell me her name, and not to forget me. She told me that she was called Isabel Denham, and said that she had a good memory: but I little expected, on giving her the farewell *au plaisir*, that I should ever see her again.

Trifling as was this adventure, I was, at my then age of nineteen, so full of the dreamy visions of youth, and so great a stranger to the better part of her sex, that during my short so-

jour in Paris, and long after returning to Oxford, the picture of those rich black curls waving on my shoulders, and the pair of blue eyes that opened on mine when she awoke in the *diligence*, perpetually recurred to my imagination. How angry was I at my stupidity in neglecting to “ask of the whereabouts” of her Leicestershire home! Indeed I tormented all the men from that county with whom I had any acquaintance, with inquiries concerning the name of Denham, until silenced by the ridicule they excited. The dissipations and studies of college life did not, however, impair my memory; although, when I revisited the Continent, after taking my degree, it was only at leisure moments that I would ask myself,—“I wonder what has become of that pretty Isabel; by this time she must be full woman, and, I doubt not, a fair one? I should like to know if he recollects her companion of the *diligence*.”

A delightful summer ramble had terminated amongst the slopes and vineyards of the *Pays de Vaud*. On the afternoon of a day too sultry for walking, I was descending, on *mule-back*, a steep hill in the neighbourhood of Vevay, by an unfrequented road which overlooks the lake. The clouds began to creep heavily upwards from behind the western Alps; and I urged my lazy beast, in the hope of regaining my quarters before the storm should break. But mules are impracticable animals; and mine, upon a smart application of the whip, came to a full stop at the angle of the road; and began to indulge himself in one of those intolerable howls which none but mulish organs can perpetrate, to the great alarm of a young lady who was seated, quietly sketching, at the corner I had just turned. When she looked up, startled by the hideous bray, and amusement succeeded to her surprise, she opened to their full extent a pair of laughing blue eyes, which I felt certain I had looked into before. Yet of their splendidly beautiful owner I had no recollection. At once a thought, an inspiration it must have been, recalled my former companion of the *diligence*. I was sure it must be she. As I detest ceremony in investigations of this kind, I at once dismounted, took off my hat, and accosted the fair artist:—

“*Madame*,” (a delightful language is the French; you can address a lady so respectfully without knowing her name!)—“*Madame, veuillez bien me pardonner pour l’avoir dérangé? Mais, je supplierais qu’elle me permit de l’engager à descendre au plus vite. Tout annonce un orage.*”

She coloured, and bowed slightly. “*Remercie, monsieur*.”—then, looking around, called, “George!” The accent was of my native land; I was confirmed in my conjecture, and addressed her in English:—

“If that be your servant, madam, I fear he is scarcely within call. It must have been the white-headed old person whom I passed, as he was plucking grapes in the *clos* of La Blaye, a full quarter of a mile from hence.” She gathered

up her pencils, and appeared perplexed. At this moment, a few heavy drops of rain, and a far-off muttering of thunder, came on very opportunely.

I assumed a most humble and respectful mien:—"Will you honour my quadruped by suffering him to bear you home before the storm descends?"—She blushed again, and seemed to hesitate: but a loud clap of thunder aided my eloquence materially; and the preparation of a few moments beheld her seated upon my mule, wrapped in the very cloak which had kept her warm three years before, and me trotting at the animal's bridle, or occasionally seizing the apology of a steep descent or a rough patch of road, for supporting her in the saddle. However, before we reached her home, at a short distance from the suburb of Vevay, the rain came down with true Alpine fury; and I delivered my fair charge, dripping wet, into the care of an anxious-looking old gentleman, who was watching for her in the verandah, and in whom I at once recognised the papa of the *diligence*. From her I received a host of pretty thanks; and from him, what I valued far more, the permission to call on the morrow, and inquire whether she had taken injury from the exposure.

"George," said I to the old blue-bottle, whom I met hurrying toward, "how long has Captain Denham been at Vevay?"

The man seemed surprised, but answered respectfully, "Sir George Denham, you mean, sir; he is Sir George, now that the baronet in Yorkshire is dead."

"Ah, indeed! I was not aware of the fact: and my lady?"

"My lady! God bless you, sir, she died before my master came into these foreign parts!"

"Indeed, I had not heard of that accident:—and is no one with your master but Miss Isabella?"

"No, sir; the young people were all left in Leicestershire when Sir George came abroad for his health."

"Do they see much company?"

"O no, sir, master lives quite retired like: besides there are few English about Vevay."

"Very good: now go home and dry yourself:" (slipping an *écu* into his hand.)

Here was full and pleasant information. My conjecture was assured: no troublesome mama or brothers: father invalid, and a baronet; nothing could be more delightful! I returned to my quarters in the highest spirits, and in a rich stream of Utopian visions: and engaged my apartments in the town for "two months certain."

My call on the following day was kindly received; my dear countrymen, Heaven bless them! are not quite so surly when you meet them abroad: especially if they happen to be in want of assistance or amusement. Sir George appeared to me to stand in the latter predicament; and certainly rather encouraged than acquiesced in the approaches I made to become

an *habitué* under his roof. I gathered, both from his establishment, and my dialogue with George, (the blue bottle,) that with title, fortune had also flowed in upon him; and therefore cautiously abstained from recalling to his memory our former meeting. But with the fair Isabel, I was not so scrupulous; and as soon as we became tolerably good friends, and I was installed in the place of *cisérone*, and permitted to escort her to views which papa could not reach, I took an opportunity of approaching the subject, although cautiously at first. The moment, however, that I touched upon it, the expression in Miss Denham's eye, and perhaps a little heightening of colour, convinced me that she had not forgotten the circumstances of our previous meeting: and I ventured to speak of it, and of the many recollections it had left, without reserve. Why I had hitherto hesitated to make the inquiry, I should fail in attempting to explain: those alone who have been fascinated, as I then was, will understand the reason. Henceforward we became as old friends, and, I need not add, constant companions. Never did I pass a more blessed summer:—it was, indeed, a happiness almost keen, to ramble day after day, without a thought of the future, in that paradise of a country, by the side of sweet Isabel Denham: to read to her passages from Rousseau and Byron, in the very spots where they were composed, and which they describe; or to sit at her feet throughout long summer evenings, gazing into those strange blue eyes, as she sang to her guitar, for papa, whole garlands of gay little French and Swiss romances. Yet I never spoke to her of love, although my heart was almost oppressed with its sweetness. But our intercourse grew so entire and affectionate, as we read, or sailed, or sat together, or loitered amidst the heavy fragrance of the garden, to watch the glory of an Alpine sunset, that nothing but a rising sense of self-reproach, when I considered my doubtful prospects in life,—perhaps, likewise, a fear to disturb, even with a word, a relation so delicious as had silently established itself between me and this fair girl, could have stifled the confession and the entreaty which at times actually quivered on my lips. O, she was such a soft, bright creature, with all the grace of a French girl, and the pensive sweetness of an English maiden; glad, but deep-hearted, and now and then disposed to be tyrannical: with small white hands, and tripping feet; and then those indescribable eyes! I wonder how I was enabled to keep silence: for there was a something in Isabel's manner that whispered, at times, as if she would have forgiven my presumption, had I broken it.

But autumn was nearly past: its close recalled Sir George, with restored health to England; and me to the fulfilment of a promise made to an invalid friend at Naples. At parting, the old baronet gave me a kind invitation to his seat, when I should return to England: and when, in his presence, I essayed to bid

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farewell to his daughter, my self-possession so nearly left me, that I could barely say, "Good-by!" That last day was a miserable one; and when evening came, and I had completed my arrangements for departure on the morrow, I could not restrain my desire to say one kind word to Isabel before leaving the place. It was in vain that reason hinted the folly of indulging a pursuit, that in my then circumstances, appeared hopeless: equally vain was the appeal of conscience, urging that it was using a young creature unfairly to suggest a claim that I could not prefer:—before the sun had quite set, I was standing once more at the gate, from whence we had so often looked down upon Leman. Would she come? I was sure of it.

I stepped aside for a moment; she slowly approached the wicket, and stood leaning for a few instants on the espalier, gazing on the water; and then she buried her face in both hands. I stole to her side, and whispered "Isabel!" At first, I feared that she would faint, so pale did she become; but the colour directly returned to her complexion, until cheek, brow, and even neck, were glowing with a crimson flush. She held out her hand, smiling, but with eyes full of tears.

"I could not bear to leave you, my sweet friend, without taking a kinder farewell than the few cold words spoken this morning." She looked downwards, and I could see her lip quiver, but no answer came.

"It will be a long, long time ere I see you again; will you let me thank you for these happy months, or will you add one other treasure to all your gifts of gentleness and condescension? Will you repeat that sweet promise you once gave me, as a child? Say, that you will not forget me, beautiful Isabel Denham!"

"Did I break that promise?" she replied, in a low voice.

"Ah! but you are now to enter the world, where you will be sought, and caressed, and loved; but no one will love you there so fondly as an old friend, dear Isabel!" (What would not I have then given for the power to ask her to be mine!) She made no answer, but wept. At that moment, the voice of Sir George was heard, calling her name: she slightly pressed my hand, in which I still held hers, and whispered, hurriedly, "Good-by! I will not forget you!"—Had Mephistophiles himself then stood at my elbow, I could not have abstained from kissing the lips that uttered these kind, musical words. She struggled, escaped from my embrace, and ran towards the house.

For two long years I remained on the Continent, busied with projects which I need not relate, or engaged in adventures that would little interest you. Need I say what was now the pole-star of my endeavours? Those dear words, "I will not forget you," were for ever in my ear; and supported me in moments of anxiety and disappointment, of which, God

knows, I had my full share. But I kept my resolution to avoid Isabel Denham's presence, until I could appear before her in the character of a decided suitor,—yet how dearly did it cost me! How could I expect that her memory, to which I had preferred no direct claim, would survive the effects of absence, silence, and the assiduities of others?

In the winter of 18—, I returned to England. My difficulties, at last, were smoothed away; and away did I post to Yorkshire, the moment I was free from the importunities of agents and papers. I have already hinted, that of Sir George or his daughter I had not heard since their departure from Vevay. Chance happily directed me to an old friend in the neighbourhood of Beverley; from whom I obtained, at the same time, an invitation to pass my Christmas under his roof, and the welcome information that Sir George Denham was his neighbour and acquaintance. I arrived at Thornton's on Christmas Eve. "You are come at the right moment," said my friend: "The party from Denham Hall join our merry-making to-morrow; and you will have a good opportunity for renewing your Swiss acquaintance." Between fear and expectation I had no sleep that night.

In this fair district, the dear old English custom of hearty Christmas rejoicings, and the genuine ancient hospitality, are retained in much of their original glory. Under any other circumstances, the cheerful hum of preparation throughout the night, the carols chanted by the village choristers under the hall windows; and on the morrow, the chambers green with laurel, and variegated with holly; the holiday faces of the tenantry, and a certain blending of solemnity and joy in the performance of church service in the stately old minster, would have affected me powerfully after returning from so long a sojourn abroad: but, in church, I was devoured by impatience, vainly attempting to detect one familiar face amidst the congregation; and returned to dress, nervous and disappointed. A few words to Thornton, indeed, would have put an end to my suspense; but I had resolved to conceal every indication of peculiar interest, until I had learned how Isabel would receive me. I was actually trembling when I entered the drawing-room, half an hour before the early dinner;—the guests were nearly all arrived, but still the face I sought for was not there. A carriage dashed up to the door—Sir George and Miss Denham! I started forwards. *Cent mille tonnerres!* The old gentleman was, indeed, the same; but instead of the beautiful girl I expected, there appeared a thin aged lady, with all the vinegar look of a maiden sister.

Sir George greeted me heartily. I forbore to inquire, at the moment, after his daughter; it had, indeed, been needless, for he was hardly seated, before, "Where is Miss Isabel?" rained upon him from all sides.

"Poor Bell!" I was afraid to bring her out on a bitter day like this, even to a Christmas

revel: she has been so delicate of late." Here he looked at the villanous old sister in the lace cap and spectacles, who nodded assent. I could have strangled them both.

The dinner, *malgré* all its abundance and solemnities, "right merry and conceited;" its flowing healths, ample cheer, and gay faces, was a bitter ceremony to me, moody and taciturn as the disappointment had made me. One determination engrossed all my thoughts; and, in the bustle caused by the ladies' departure, I proceeded to execute it, by slipping quietly into the hall, seizing the first hat I could find, and running down the avenue as fast as the frozen snow allowed me. "Show me Sir George Denham's," said I to a child at the lodge:—"It 's the big white house yonder, across 'he field." In three minutes I was halting under the windows of Denham Hall.

The necessity of a pause to take breath, a consciousness of my proceeding being rather a queer one, added to an habitual love of reconnoitring before any "onslaught," arrested my hand, as it was already upon the bell. I therefore began to encompass the house, after the manner of the besiegers of Jericho, (only that I used no trumpet,) until I reached a bay window, level with the flower-bed without, which was brightly illuminated from within. The curtain was partially drawn aside, and the ringing sounds of youthful laughter attracted me nearer. I stepped on to the flower-bed, and looked in upon a scene which Wilkie or Jan Steen's rare fancy could not have embellished. It was a long room, fitted up with rich oaken panels, alternating with portraits in the antique style, and now thickly hung with evergreens. The chief light proceeded from a vast Yule log, which lay glowing and flickering in a wide chimney. The place was full of boys and girls from twelve to seven years old; two stout little fellows had just succeeded, by the help of two chairs, in attaching a bunch of Christmas to the chandelier, in the centre—taking advantage, as it seemed, of the moment, while a girl of about ten years of age was busy binding up the eyes of a young lady, (the only grown-up person of the party,) who was seated upon a stool, with her back turned towards the window, amidst shouts of merry laughter. I drew closer, and, as soon as she rose to begin the game, I knew, by the little white hands extended to catch the fugitives, the elegant form, the rich black locks, and the dimpled chin, even though her eyes were covered, the person of sweet Isabel Denham.

From an involuntary impulse I tried the clasp of the window; it opened, and there I stood within the curtain, gazing with tremulous delight and eagerness upon my beautiful mistress. It required a pause of several minutes before I could summon courage to intrude upon this scene of innocent merriment. The little folks, the while, were skipping about in the fire-light like so many brownies, shouting with rapture; and Isabel bounded amongst them as

gracefully as though she had been Titania herself. She had little success in the game; the mischievous crew, who seemed to take especial delight in pulling about her curls, escaped from her gentle hands, whenever she essayed to lay hold upon any of her assailants. At last she came running towards my hiding-place, with both hands outstretched, crying, "I am sure there is some rogue hiding here, who shall not escape quite so easily as he did the last time!" I cannot describe how this random speech affected me; but I internally blessed the omen, and coming forward, as she approached, quietly possessed myself of her two hands, and pressed them to my lips. Startled, if not alarmed, by a touch so unexpected, she gave a sudden cry, exclaiming "Papa! it is not you!" and, freeing one of her hands, hurriedly removed the bandage from her forehead. It was a nervous moment for me; the unwarrantable liberty I had taken just flashed upon my mind at the instant when I had fully committed myself. On recognising my face, Isabel almost shrieked, changed colour, tried to speak, and burst into tears. I was terribly alarmed; the little people stood aghast, as though Satan himself had stepped from behind the curtain. I supported Isabel to the sofa, and knelt at her side.

"Forgive me, dear Isabel! I little thought I should alarm you so much. I was not master of myself on seeing you so near me! will you suffer me to entreat your pardon?" Her eye slowly unclosed, and rested on mine, troubled, but full of sweetness.

"Oh, Mr. Vernon! It was not kind to frighten me thus. I do not know whether I shall ever forgive you for causing me such a shock." "I shall never forgive myself if I have distressed you; but hear my excuse: I hoped to have met you at Thornton's; you came not; I hastened hither to find you; I beheld you through the window, and could not restrain my eagerness to approach you! and now, have you not forgotten; will you forgive me?"

"I do not know," she said, blushing deeply, "whether I ought to listen to you at all or no. You deserve that I should send you away at once."

"You would not be so unkind, did you know how I have longed to cast myself on your mercy."

"Well, I forgive you!" I was in the seventh heaven! The blindman's buff party appeared solely disconcerted. "Had we not better set the little people to play again?" said I; and without more ceremony, seizing upon the biggest boy of the party, I bound up his eyes; and after a few minutes' romping with them, the merry uproar became as loud as ever. Returning to Isabel's feet, I then told my tale, explaining as well as I could, my past silence, sued for her pardon and her fair hand. She was too naturally sincere, perhaps too much hurried, to tyrannize over me at such a moment; and when, after an ardent expostulation

and entreaty, I raised her from the sofa, and slyly leading her under the little rogues' Bush of Salutation, covered her eyes, brow, and lips with kisses,—she had already breathed the sweet word that made her mine for ever.

In the course of that evening's converse I learned how faithfully the dear girl had kept her promise, although my silence had so little deserved it; and how just had been my instantaneous feeling of antipathy towards the maiden aunt, from whom poor Isabel had suffered a long persecution on behalf of a *protégé* of hers, recommended as a suitor to my peerless mistress.

It was very late ere I regained Thornton Priory. The revel, fortunately, was not yet over, and I found Sir George in a charitable mood; so that before his carriage drove away, I had obtained from him a permission which completed the happiness of the most exciting, yet most delightful Christmas day I had ever spent, or may hope ever to spend again. V.

From the same.

SIR WALTER SCOTT AND CONSTABLE AND COMPANY.

A MORE singular relation, than that between the creditors of a publishing house and the author of an *unwritten* work contracted for, has perhaps never been brought to light by commercial vicissitude. Had the subject of the following case been any other than Sir Walter Scott, the singularity of the negotiation might have rendered the document worth reading. As it is, we have no doubt of its deep interest to our readers.

CASE.

At the date of the bankruptcy, a work of fiction had been prepared by Sir Walter Scott. The paper for printing the work had been sent by Messrs. Constable & Co. to the printers, to whom the MS. had been delivered in the usual way. The work had been advertised by Messrs. Constable & Co., under the name of "Woodstock," for several months, and it was nearly ready to be published.—The trustee for the creditors of Messrs. Constable & Co. claimed right to the works contracted for, and maintained, that as the price had been paid, and he was ready to fulfil the contract by publishing the works, he was entitled to stand in the same situation in regard to the contract as Messrs. Constable & Co. themselves had stood at the date of the bankruptcy.

Sir Walter Scott maintained that the contract had been voided by the bankruptcy of the purchasers and publishers of the works, and their consequent inability to perform their part of the contract—that the payment of the price was not the only obligation incumbent upon them; that they were bound to publish the works, which they could not do; and that when he contracted with them, he had a reference to the advantages which he would derive from

their being the publishers, but which could not be obtained from the trustee for their creditors; that he had a material interest in the books being properly published, both with reference to his fame as an author, and his reversionary interest in the works. He admitted that in the cases where the price had been paid, he was bound to repay the money advanced, or to account for it; but he denied that there was any obligation upon him to deliver the works in question to be published by the trustee for the creditors of Messrs. Constable & Co.

CONTRACT.

"Dear Sirs,—I am desired by the Author of Waverley to propose to you a new bargain for another romance on the same terms as the last. The money will be wanted previously to the 28th of this month.

"Should you accept the proposal, I shall make you a formal offer in the usual mode; and as the author is desirous to have the matter closed as speedily as possible, I hope to have the pleasure of hearing from you in the course of a day or two.—I am, dear sirs, yours truly,
(Signed) "JAMES BALLANTYNE."

Messrs. A. Constable & Co. having intimated their intention of accepting the offer, they next day received the following note and offer.

| | | |
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| "18th or 19th March | 18th | £500 |
| 25th and 26th | 20th | 750 |
| | 24th | 850 |
| | 28th | 400 |
| | | £2,500 |

"P. O. 7th March, 1823.

"Dear Sirs,—The prefixed are the dates at which I should be glad to receive the advance on the new, and I will thank you to be kind enough to let me know if the arrangement will suit you.—Yours, truly,

(Signed) "JAMES BALLANTYNE."

The agreement for this work was completed by the following missives.

"P. O. Edinburgh, 7th March, 1823.

"Messrs. Archibald Constable & Co.—Gentlemen,—I am empowered by the Author of Waverley, Peveril of the Peak, &c., as his agent, to offer you his next work of fiction following that contracted for with me on 14th October last; if a romance, in 3 vols.; if a novel, in 4. I shall, however, as heretofore, recapitulate the agreements that are now open betwixt us and the said author.

I.

"The work, which is not yet named, now far advanced at press, immediately following Peveril of the Peak, and contracted for on the 3d September 1821, (Quentin Durward.)

II.

"The next work of fiction (written by the author) following that agreed for on 3d September, 1821, and contracted for 26th of February, 1822, (St. Ronan's Well.)

III.

"The next work of fiction (written by the author) following that agreed for on 26th February, 1822; and contracted for on 7th May, 1822, (Redgauntlet.)

IV.

"The next work of fiction (written by the author) following that agreed for on 7th May, 1822, and contracted for, as before mentioned, on the 14th October last, (Tales of the Crusaders.)

"The conditions of the work now to be contracted for, are as follows:—

"1st—That the impression shall be ten thousand copies.

"2d—That the author is to receive three thousand, seven hundred, and fifty pounds, for his share of the profits of the said ten thousand copies.

"3d—That I am to have one-third of the transaction, you managing the whole, as formerly.

"4th—That for your two-thirds, you are to grant bills at four, five, and six months, for £2,500.

"5th—That James Ballantyne & Co. are to print the work; and that on publication, you are to draw on them for one-third share of the paper and print of the work, at a date not exceeding twelve months.

"6th—That you are at liberty to print, if you shall see cause, two thousand copies, in addition to the ten thousand copies above stipulated for; but, in putting the additional number to press, the author is to receive £750, payable in the proportions by you and myself, as already narrated, and with a like division of the books. I am, gentlemen, your very faithful servant,

(Signed)

"JAMES BALLANTYNE."

"Edinburgh, 8th March, 1823.

"Dear Sir,—Above you have a copy of your proposal of a new work, by the Author of Waverley, which we hereby accept of; and we remain, dear sir, yours, truly,

(Signed)

A. CONSTABLE & Co.

"Addressed to Mr. James Ballantyne."

There can be no objection to our also publishing the Contract concluded by Mr. Ballantyne on behalf of the concealed author, with the house of Constable & Co. All the affairs having been long ago made public, nothing private, though something new and interesting, may be brought to light by the following document:—

No. II.—CONTRACT.

"20th October, 1823.

"Messrs. Archibald Constable & Co.—Gentlemen, I am empowered by the Author of Waverley, Quentin Durward, &c., as his agent, to offer you his next work of fiction, following that contracted for with me on 7th March last; if a Romance, in 3 vols.; if a Novel, in 4.

"I shall, however, as heretofore, recapitulate

the agreements that are now open betwixt us and the said author.

I.

"The work, now far advanced at press, and named St. Ronan's Well, and contracted for on 26th February, 1822.

II.

"The next work of fiction written by the author, following St. Ronan's Well, contracted for on 7th May, 1822, (Redgauntlet.)

III.

"The next work of fiction written by the author, following that contracted for 7th May, 1822, and contracted for on 14th October, 1822, (Tales of the Crusaders.)

IV.

"The next work of fiction written by the author, following that contracted for on 14th October, 1822, and agreed for as before stated on 7th March last.

"The conditions of the work now to be contracted for as follow:—

"1st—That the impression shall be 10,000 copies.

"2d—That the author is to receive £3,750, for his share of the profits of the said 10,000 copies.

"3d—That I am to have one-third of the transaction, you managing the whole, as formerly.

"4th—That for your two-thirds you are to grant bills at four, five, and six months, for £2,500.

"5th—That James Ballantyne & Co. are to print the work, and that, on publication, you are to draw on them for one-third share of paper and print of the work, at twelve months date.

"6th—That you are at liberty to print, if you shall see cause, 2000 copies in addition to the 10,000 copies above stipulated for; but in putting the additional number to press, the author is to receive £750, payable in the proportions by you and myself, as already narrated, and with a like division of the books.—I am gentlemen, your faithful and obedient servant,

(Signed)

"JAMES BALLANTYNE."

"Edinburgh, 29th October, 1823.

"Dear Sir,—On the other side we hand you a copy of your proposal, dated 20th instant, for a new work by the Author of Waverley: we hereby accept of said proposal, and are, dear sir, yours, truly,

(Signed)

"A. CONSTABLE & Co."

From the same:

THE AWAKENING OF THE WIND.

HURRAH! the wind, the mighty wind,

Like lion from his lair up sprung,

Hath left his Arctic home behind,

And off his slumbers flung;

While, over lake and peaceful sea,

With track of crested foam, sweeps he

Hurrah ! the wind, the mighty wind,
Hath o'er the deep his chariot driven,
Whose waters, that in peace reclin'd,
Uplash the roof of heaven ;
Then on the quaking cliff-bound shore
They foaming dash with deafening roar.

The ship loom'd on the waveless sea,
Her form was imaged in its breast,
And beauteous of proportion she,
As ever billow prest ;
And graceful there as stately palm,
She tower'd amid the sultry calm.

Her flag hung moveless by the mast,
Her sails droop'd breezeless and unbent,
And oft the seaman's glance was cast
Along the firmament,
To note if there he might descry
The wakening gale approaching nigh.

On came the wind, the reckless wind,
Fast sweeping on his furious way,
His tempest rushing pinions brined
In wrathful ocean's spray.
On came the wind, and, as he past,
The shriek of death was in the blast !

The tall ship by the shrouds he took,
To shivering shreds her canvass rent,
Then like a reed her mast he shook,
And by the board it went,
While yawn'd the deep with hideous din,
As if prepared to gulf her in.

With fruitless effort on she reels,
The giant wind is in her wake,
The mountain billow's coil she feels
Around her like a snake :
Lock'd in that unrelenting grasp,
She struggling sinks with stifled gasp.

Hurrah ! hurrah ! the victor wind
Hath swept the ocean rover down,
And left a shipless sea behind,
With many a corse bestrewn ;
And swift, unfetter'd, strong, and free,
Like eagle on his path, speeds he !

From the Examiner.

SUPERIOR ENDOWMENTS IN LABOURING LIFE.

To the Editor.

SIR—Observing the character of the great mass of public men who are allied to power, or to wealth, the source of power, I have long been of opinion, which I have more than once expressed, that the enlightenment of the laborious and physically productive classes of the community must ultimately spring from their own exertions, under the direction of the soundly humane, more especially of the strong and self-educated minds of their own body, who, having successfully gone through the painful struggle after knowledge, are capable of understanding and removing the difficulties from the path of those who come after them. Most gladdening is it to find that, from time to

time, the children of nature's nobility are springing forth with ripened powers, equal to the arduous duty which is imposed upon them by the neglect or imbecility of those in whose hands power has been placed, and converted to unworthy purposes. There is another "sign of the times" abroad. A hard-handed mechanic, "a man of occupation," one of those whom the "Society for the diffusion of Useful Knowledge" fondly believe to be their inferiors in intellect, and therefore use towards them a patronizing tone—a hard-handed mechanic has come forth to triumph in the mighty power of mind over the purposeless verbiage put forth by Henry Lord Brougham and Vaux, High Chancellor of England, for the furtherance of what he is pleased to call the "Education of the People." In the *Mechanics' Magazine*, of November 17th, there is a letter from Samuel Downing, cabinet-maker, on the subject of the Education of the Working Classes, which, for sound reasoning, moral knowledge, power and understanding of language, deep sympathy with abused and insulted humanity, persuasive eloquence, intense and refined feelings of beauty, and pure love of glorious and intellectual freedom, any man, however high his station or his acquirements, might be proud to have written. The "Society,"—I speak not of them individually, but after the works they have put forth—may with great advantage put themselves to school to one of the body they have pretended to teach. If they be sincere in their desire to instruct, if they really wish to do good, and if, upon examination, Samuel Downing prove to be all that his letter gives indication of, they can do nothing so effectual towards regaining the lost confidence of the people, as by taking Samuel Downing from the manual labour in which his talents are to a great extent wasted, and appointing him their minister of public instruction. They themselves have given evidence that they are unfitted for the task. Let them resign it to one of the many who have passed through the ordeal by which fitness is conferred.

Henry Brougham is of the school of the sciolists, that superficial body who, affecting to know everything, content themselves with a general nomenclature, and really know nothing. Hear what a "working man," who has probably gleaned his knowledge more from things than books, who has understood before he has written, says on the subject:—

"Knowledge, to be useful, must be particular: there must be a *but*, and he who would pursue a difficult, or even a commonly interesting study, must not be distracted in his pursuit. * * * * I can scarce picture to myself a happier being than he who, with single aim and steady purpose, pursues some chosen study till its difficulties become his toys, and his inventive genius forms them into a new structure, inscribing upon it the indelible characters of his future name. Is the superficial gossiping of what is falsely called gene-

ral knowledge to be compared with this? And if this same general knowledge be of so little worth, why exhort mechanics to attain it, who have only and barely time for what is useful?

"It becomes necessary, then, if a mechanic would derive benefit from his studies, that they should be directed to a subject somewhat abstract or particular. But will he be able to bestow upon it the undivided, undistracted attention required to ensure success? When he arrives at the most interesting and important point, when he may be said to be fluttering with eagerness, and his heart beats as though he beheld a first-love, his time of leisure is expired, and he must either neglect his employment, which is life to his body, or dash aside the gay vision, which is life to his soul. But we will even suppose him to have sufficient ability and courage to set aside or resume his studies at will, without pain and without loss: there will yet be a mighty barrier to pass, unconnected with either his moral ability or courage. When he has arrived at the extent of his little library, want spreads a dreary void before him, and he feels its dismal chill just at the point of time when he has obtained a knowledge of his own ignorance. The book upon which his desires and his studies hinge is valuable, and out of reach of his purse—it is scarce, and locked up beyond the reach of his interest. How wistfully he looks upon his labours, useful no more, and therefore no longer interesting, because they cannot be brought to a conclusion! And does his ethereal soul condescend to look wistfully too upon the station of those above him, and upon the glittering ore that might fill up that same dreary void. Oh! how he feels the depth, the keenness of his curse! Who shall pourtray a want like this? Come, ye poets, with your vivid personifications, depict me the poor student's want! Want of interest, want of purse, want of friends, want of hope—to want which is to starve."

The abuse of charities and national schools is most powerfully and feelingly dwelt on, together with the evil effect of ignorant schoolmasters:

"The child, in his innocent thirst for knowledge, has asked some question out of the line of duty, because reaching beyond the bounds of ignorance. For this he is singled out for punishment—for example; and he meets it as a free-born child of nature should do, partly with astonishment, and partly with scorn. Compare the red glare of the master with the diamond eye of the scholar, as the former raises his brawny arm, in the impotent attempt to quench a living soul. Can you doubt the proof of nobility before you, or question for a moment which is the free, and which the slave? The spirit of God is said to have brooded upon the face of the waters, when a living creation sprang from the darkness and the deep. Methinks I see the spirit of oppression brooding over that living creation, to darken what it

cannot extinguish, to debase what it cannot destroy."

"Your boy carries the alteration in his very looks. That bright inquisitive eye, which was so often turned up to yours, is now become vacant, and almost soulless; that ear, once open to your gentlest admonition, is now stupified by harsh, unmeaning threats; that head, once erect in its innocent unconscious liberty, is now inclined to the abasing curve of real or pretended submission. His feelings are changed, his desires and pleasures are inverted. They were formerly to his lessons, they are now from them. Fear has assumed the place of hope, and sadness that of joy. When you see the force of habit growing on your boy, and the cowering eye of your soul's darling turned to you, too, as if at once to show you what it was become, and to reproach you with having made it so—oh! it would pierce your heart too much! I do not know the enemy I would curse with such a look from his child."

If there be a parent who cannot feel the force of this, it is useless to appeal to him; but of him who can appreciate its truth I ask aid, to the utmost of his power, to chase from the seat of legislation, alike the ignorant and the vain, the knave and the pretender, whether they be Hunts or Burdets, Hobbhouses or Scygdens, and to replace them with men capable of thinking correctly, and feeling deeply, like Samuel Downing. No one who reads his letter—and none can read it without advantage—can doubt that his intellect is immeasurably superior to the greater portion of the public men upon whom the welfare of millions is depending.

Will Henry Brougham place Samuel Downing in a situation where his utility may meet full scope; or will he wait till the public suffrage has aided his judgment, as it did in the case of Miss Martineau? The Chancellor is in a *premunire*. Real talent cannot be kept in the shade by *charlatanerie*, and a man who can write the language of truth in the forcible style which has been quoted, is likely to be too "stiff-backed" to make a supple tool. Power reigns in opinion. Eloquence and truth united are greater swayers of opinion than either wealth, wigs, or woollucks. Samuel Downing, Cabinet-maker! They are words of ominous sound. Let Henry Brougham give him the means of teaching, by setting him to write books of instruction, for which he seems well fitted, and the people will know how to be grateful, when they shall have reason to cease to respect.

I remain, Sir, very truly, yours,
Nov. 19, 1832. JUNIUS REDIVIVUS.

From the same.

FRENCH AND ENGLISH JOURNALS.

We quote the following from the *National*:—

"The English newspapers have a very convenient method of treating the affairs of France. Their editors seem never to take the trouble of studying, or even of reading, the organs of public opinion in this country. The only Parisian Journals which reach London are those which have been long established. The wise-actors of London affect to despise our Newspapers, and seem to imagine that the French are too light-headed, too destitute of reason, to be judges of their own affairs. Even as narrators of facts, we are completely disdained by our insular brethren. Their custom is to have a correspondent here, to whose statements and to whose single opinion they give implicit confidence. So long as these correspondents have merely put forth contradictions and absurdities, we have paid no attention to them; but as they have evinced a peculiar animosity against the *National*, we must at least request that the editor who treats us with so much incivility will take the trouble to inform himself who and what we are.

"For a long time past, the Paris correspondent of the London *Globe* has made us the subject of violent attacks: a week never goes by without his throwing out against us an epigram *obligato*: and frequently the London editor, without even deigning to cast his eyes upon his antagonist, re-echoes the witticism as from himself. We were at first surprised, we admit, at this want of fair-dealing and politeness in a Journal which is not destitute either of liberality or of enlightened views. But the *Globe* is essentially *doctrinaire*: it has all the qualities of that *coterie*, even down to their pedantry; and as we are naturally honoured with the hatred of that amphibious breed of political writers, it was quite simple that their English brethren, the half-tories, half-whigs, should follow the example. We, therefore, do not complain of their animosity, but of their dishonesty; of which the following is an instance:—

"Last week there appeared in our columns an article on the state of Ireland, and the progress which the question of the Repeal of the Union is making in that country. In confirmation of our assertion, we said, that the accession of Mr. Sheil to the Repeal Party was one of the surest signs of that progress, and of the ultimate success of the proposition. We reasoned thus, not because Mr. Sheil possesses sufficient personal influence to determine the adoption of the measure, but because he is essentially a man of moderation and prudence, an enemy of extreme courses, and embracing them only when it is impossible or impolitic to delay longer, that is, when extreme courses begin to prevail. We announced Mr. Sheil's conversion not as a cause, but as a presage of the great measure of a legislative separation

of England and Ireland. This conclusion may not be relished by the *Globe*, the organ of Mr. Stanley; but the editor would not have condemned our argument if he had taken the trouble to know what it was.

"The *Galignani's Messenger* had cut down the article of the *National* into these few words, that *the repeal must be carried, because Mr. Sheil has become a convert to it*. Hereupon the *Globe*, who, it seems, reads *Galignani* but not the *National*, quotes the version which the former gave of the opinion of the latter, and adds to the quotation a disdainful remark.

"This is but one example among a thousand of the dishonesty and levity with which all French affairs are treated in the *juste-milieu* papers of London, while their brethren here are preaching about the possibility of an alliance with England. Within this day or two another paper, the *Courier*, observed, that it was much to be regretted that French troops should have gone into Don Pedro's service, because their presence in the Constitutional army served only to exasperate the Miguelites. Such is the funeral oration which that paper pronounces on the brave French battalion which has been almost exterminated in defending Oporto!

"From our complaints against the *soi-disant* liberal English Journals, we must however except the *Times*, whose columns are open to correspondents of all opinions on French affairs. One of the correspondents, evidently and avowedly a Frenchman, is lavish of eulogium on the *doctrinaires*; but the language of good society is not unknown to him. The *Times* too, and the *Times* alone, seems to be conversant with the French papers; and though its spirit of exclusive and selfish nationality makes it substantially our antagonist, it often redeems this fault by touches of generosity for which we are bound to give it credit."

We subscribe to the justice of the above strictures on the English Journalists, who, however, must not be confounded with the English people. One reason why our newspaper editors do not judge of France by the French newspapers is, that they cannot help feeling how erroneously England would be judged if it were judged by them. The truth is (and our friends of the *National* must not allow themselves to forget it), that while the French Journals represent the most generous and high-minded portion of the French public, our newspapers represent, almost exclusively, the baser and more sordid part of ours. The French papers are written by the most enthusiastic, or the most ambitious,—either way the most aspiring,—among the youth of the educated and refined classes. Ours are conducted by hirelings, and as a trade. The French Journalists, in powers of thought and scientific acquirements, are the *élite* of their country; the English, as a class, are little if at all above the average of theirs. Nor does there exist in

France any class corresponding to one sort of the persons connected with the English newspapers,—adventurers, uneducated and low-bred, whose connexion with the press gives them a power which they never could have gained by any other means, which they are wholly unfit to be trusted with, and with which they play such “fantastic tricks before high heaven” as are naturally to be looked for in men intoxicated with unmerited and unexpected importance.

There are exceptions to the general low state of the English press. The editor of the *Globe*, for instance, who has used our brother of the *National* so ill, is a gentleman and a scholar; and not without a conscience either, though he squares it a little too much by *respectability*. But he labours under a grievous misfortune—a misfortune to his country, whom it deprives of the enthusiastic services of such a man; but a misfortune beyond all measure or limit to the man himself, the very heart of whose moral being it eats out,—the affliction of despising every one who is in earnest. His literary career has been that of a man who not only has no faith, no convictions of his own, but in whose estimation, to have any strong convictions, and to care any thing about them, is a proof of weakness, rawness, and ignorance of the world. He should prefix a motto to his paper, and that motto should be “*Rub on.*” We will paraphrase it thus:—“Mankind are foolish enough to care about certain things, and to believe that their lot might be better than it is. No wise man will share any such delusion; but, also, no wise man will fly in the face of mankind, and tell them that they are following an *ignis fatuus*, because they would be angry, and their anger would disturb his tranquillity, and a wise man values his tranquillity above all things. Therefore, a wise man does not like change; but when it would be more troublesome to resist than to yield, a wise man will let the fools have their way.”

Of course, such a man must despise the writers of the *National*, together with all persons else who are for any kind of “movement,” and, in general, all who have any aspirations beyond quietness and *respectability*. The *National* will remember *Signor Pococurante* in “*Candide*,” and how all great men, even of past ages, appeared little in his eyes. Voltaire has nowhere shown a deeper insight into human nature.

The Editor of the *National*, (let us drop the idle circumlocution, and call him by his name,) M. Carrel, then, should know that he does too much honour to such a paper as the *Courier*, when he condescends to censure it. Nothing goes farther to convince us how ignorant the French Journalists are of the state of public opinion in England, than their continuing to quote from the *Courier* in 1832, because it was the *Treasury Journal* in 1817. We beg to assure them that nobody in this country ever seeks or cares to know what the *Courier* thinks

or says on any one thing, or on any person. Englishmen, to their shame be it said, can bear a large measure of political profligacy, when combined with talent; but a paper which changes its editor and its principles every three months, without any change in the proprietorship, and never once in ten years says one word deserving to be remembered, is too much for our stomachs.

It is difficult to explain, in the limits of an article, all the causes which render the English newspapers an imperfect exponent of the feelings of the English people towards the French. We may just allude to a few of them. The enormous stamp duty on newspapers, which is six or seven times higher than in France, is one cause why our daily press is limited in its circulation almost exclusively to the monied classes, and if it represents any opinion at all, represents that of those classes. Now M. Carrel will allow that the corresponding classes in France, the subscribers to the *Debats* and the *Constitutionnel*, are a miserably bad sample of the French nation; and we implore him to believe that ours represent the English nation quite as ill. Another circumstance, the force of which we cannot expect him to feel in the same degree, is the engrossing character of the avocation of a London daily journalist. As a piece of complex and elaborate machinery, a French daily newspaper to an English is a wheelbarrow to the steam-carriages on the Manchester railway. The man whose hand gives the impulse, and whose head the guidance to that great engine, cannot stir from his post: he can neither read, think, nor converse with the world: he can but write. He neither strengthens his powers nor adds to his knowledge: such as he at first was, he remains,—spinning a lengthening thread of thin talk out of his original raw material of thought, or improvising a judgment on passing events with such share of untutored sagacity as God gave him, and no more. Now, most of our newspaper writers began to write in the piping times of Toryism and national antipathy; and the wonder is, not that so little but that so much of the new ideas and new feelings of the English public should have reached them. M. Carrel compliments the *Times* on its occasional relaxations of its anti-French spirit: we can assure him that the “touches of generosity” which he speaks of, find a responding chord in every English bosom which Toryism has not petrified; while the spirit to which those touches are exceptions is very generally regarded as an instance of the antiquated John-Bullism, which, in many other things besides this, distinguishes that Journal. We can assure him, moreover, that the close union between France and England, which he seems to think chimerical, is earnestly desired by all parties in this country except the Tories; for our *juste-milieu* feels its cause bound up with the French *juste-milieu*, and our *mouvement* with the French *mouvement*.

The popular party in England think as ill of the present French government as M. Carrel himself, and are as anxious as he can be that republican institutions, whether with an elective or hereditary chief, should be firmly established in France. It is true we are imperfectly acquainted with France, and are therefore, perhaps, the more fearful; and we often tremble lest some imprudence or precipitation on the part of our friends and brothers the French patriots, should compromise their *avenir* and our own. But though we may occasionally advise and deprecate, and even remonstrate, their cause is still our cause: it is the cause of improvement against stagnation, of public spirit and virtue against corruption and intrigue; it is the cause to which, and to all who in singleness of purpose have espoused it, our souls are wedded without possibility of divorce; and by that and them, in good or evil fortune, in good report or bad, and whether our advice is followed or not, we have made our election to stand.

From the Times, the Examiner, and Frazer's Magazine.

LORD BYRON AND MR. ROGERS.

From the Times.

EVERY body who has read Lord Byron's life and poems with attention, however slight, will feel little surprise that a person so destitute of sound principles, and combining with the utmost levity of thinking the most obstinate and unreasoning self-will, should utter the most contradictory opinions, both of men and things, according to the caprice of the moment, or, perhaps, no better cause than the influence of the wind. It is notorious to all who knew him, that he lampooned his dearest friends, and amused one set of companions by caricatures of another, whom he in turn favoured with ludicrous representations of the first. Every body knew that this was the condition of all acquaintance with him, and nobody was stupid enough to suppose that the weakest of mankind could be capable of sincerity, much less of so firm and sacred a relation as friendship. His mind, highly gifted as it was with various talents, had no intellectual dignity, and was incapable of appreciating the higher duties and virtues of life. He was like a child with a doll—now dressing it with all the finery at hand, and caressing it with all the endearments within the reach of its fancy, then dashing it to pieces because a pin or a plait was out of place. It is obvious that the praise or censure of such a man, however ably written, cannot be of the least worth or injury to any human creature, as it may always be presumed that in his lordship's portfolio, if not in his printed works, some set-off will be found for every panegyric and every calumny. We have been led to make these remarks from seeing lately a most malignant and atrocious satire against Mr.

Rogers,* which must have been written at the time the noble bard was publicly bedaubing his friend with flattery. We certainly are of opinion with those who think the "slaver" of the flattery more injurious than the "bite" of the libel. But the slander can do no injury to Mr. Rogers. The united voices of, perhaps, the most numerous circle of friends possessed by any man in England, will indignantly repel the calumny, which will merely be remembered as another item in the almost incalculable list of the mean and dirty qualities of its author. We would, however, recommend as a curiosity to the readers of the satire the following encomiastic sonnet written by Lord Byron on the same gentleman on whom he has in the lampoon emptied all the venom which even his black bile could generate.

WRITTEN ON A BLANK LEAF OF "THE PLEASURES OF MEMORY."

Absent or present, still to thee,
My friend, what magic spells belong!
As all can tell, who share, like me,
In turn, thy converse and thy song.
But when the dreaded hour shall come,
By friendship ever deemed too nigh,
And 'Memory' o'er her Druid's tomb
Shall weep that aught of thee can die,
How fondly will she then repay,
Thy homage offer'd at her shrine,
And blend, while ages roll away,
Her name immortally with thine.

April 19, 1812.

One thing is certain, that the true account of Lord Byron is yet to be written; for though his real character peeps out through all the mist with which the incense of flattery or friendship has enveloped it, a faithful picture is still wanting in justice to the man himself, whose character requires explanation, and to the world, who have been absurdly accused of using him worse than he deserved.

From the Examiner.

The lines from *Frazer's Magazine* are too offensively scurrilous for citation; we would not for the exhibition of Byron's treachery set so disgusting a specimen of coarse vilification before our readers.

Truly does *Frazer's Magazine*, in making this creditable discovery, say:—"Another life, or at least a very considerable supplement to that of Moore, remains to be written. It will be admitted that he publishes puffs upon himself—such as 'Moore's a very noble fellow in all respects,' and so forth—so plentifully, that no supplement will be needed in that direction."

Let us turn from Lord Byron's vilification of Mr. Rogers, to Mr. Rogers's touching lines

* Published in the last number of *Frazer's Magazine*. How did it get there?

on the death of Lord Byron, written certainly when he would not have credited the treachery of his noble friend. In the passage on Bologna, in his *Italy*, he says of Byron:—

Yet thy heart, methinks,
Was generous, noble—noble in its scorn
Of all things low or little, nothing there
Sordid or servile. If imagined wrongs
Pursued thee, urging thee sometimes to do
Things long regretted, oft, as many know,
None more than I, thy gratitude would build
On slight foundations.

And he concludes—

Ah, who among us all
Could say he had not erred as much and more.

How consummately the noble lord must have played the hypocrite; little of hypocrisy as there seemed in his character, yet must he have worn his disguise under his abandonment.

Voltaire having launched out in praise of some one, a good-natured friend remarked, "It is very good of you to praise * * * for he speaks very ill of you."—Upon which the wit exclaimed, "Ah, it is very likely that we are both wrong in our opinions of each other." This may have been the case between Mr. Rogers and Lord Byron. They have been both wrong.

From Frazer's Magazine.

THE CELEBRATED BUT HITHERTO UNPUBLISHED
POEM OF LORD BYRON ON MR. ROGERS.

Murray, "the ~~one~~ of publishers, the Ann of stationers,"—"the Strachan, Tonson, Linot of our times," in many respects one of the best fellows in the world, is in some others highly reprehensible. He suffers his Tory nature to be considerably overlaid by the Whigs of his acquaintance, and is by them debauched into manifold sins of omission and commission, which must weigh heavy at last upon his bibliopolic soul.

The *Life of Byron*, for instance, was most improperly committed to Moore, because it was morally certain that he would cut out, with unsparing hand, every thing in his lordship's correspondence which could in any way annoy the Whig gentle or noble folk, upon whose smiles or whose dinners it delights the little poet to live. Accordingly, we find that he has "sown the page with stars thick as a field," almost every star indicating that some great Whig name lies eclipsed by it. Poor Leigh Hunt is sacrificed without mercy, because he is poor;—but all the jokes on Lord and Lady Holland and their set, Cam Hobhouse and the other beasts after his kind, Douglas Kinnaird, Sam Rogers, &c. &c.—the whole blue devilry of Whiggism—are supposed with the most laudable one-sided partiality that can be conceived. Many of the

Byronic sarcasms were not in Moore's possession—of course, it was not likely that those directed against himself should fall in his way—but very many were; and their omission is a signal specimen of literary dishonesty.—Another life, or at least a very considerable supplement to that of Moore's, remains to be written. It will be admitted that he publishes puffs upon himself—such as (vol. iv. p. 83, Murray's edition of *Byron*) "Moore's a very noble fellow in all respects," and so forth—so plentifully, that no supplement will be needed in that direction.

We believe that the fact will prove to be, that Lord Byron abused every body he knew, and the closer the intimacy the grosser the abuse. As Sam Rogers was among his most intimate friends, (vol. iii. p. 374, "You (Rogers) and I (Byron) were never correspondents, but always something better—which is, very good friends,") it could not be expected that he should escape, and it was well known in all literary circles that one of the most stinging and personal little satires ever written by his lordship was directed against the poetical banker. This poem was in Moore's hands; but he, having the fear of exclusion from Rogers's table before his eyes, would not publish it;—it was also in Murray's hands; but he, having the fear of the bawling of those Whig folks who infest his *sanctum* before his optics, could not muster nerve enough to give it to the world. As it is one of the best things in its way that fell from his lordship's pen, we thought it a pity that the public should be deprived of it; and after having sought for it some time in vain, we are now enabled, by the kindness of a fair friend, whose name must be a secret, but which if published would be an ornament to our pages, to lay it before our readers.

We are sure that Mr. Rogers himself will feel much obliged to us for so doing. The poem, it is certain, must sooner or later come to light; and if he have not seen it, his mind will be relieved on discovering that it is no worse. We have appended some notes, supplied by the great literary characters who annotate the new edition of Lord Byron, which we think will elucidate a few of the passages. Our readers are respectfully referred to the portrait of Mr. Rogers which appears in the eighth Number of our Magazine, Vol. II. p. 237,* which will graphically illustrate the descriptive verses of the opening "question." They may be assured that the likeness is perfect; and its accompanying biographical sketch may serve to throw a light, though a dead light, on the mortuary allusion to the

—"corpse stuck up for show,
Galvanized at times to go."

Mr. Rogers himself came to make sundry in-

* In the Museum for January, 1831.

queries about that portrait, and the various anecdotes which we re-hearsed concerning him; and we think that on the whole he was gratified. We repeat our conviction that his gratification will be equally excited by the poem which we now publish. If it be not, we shall suppress it in our next edition.

LORD BYRON'S VERSES ON SAM ROGERS.

IN QUESTION AND ANSWER.

Question.

Nose and chin would shame a knocker;
Wrinkles that would puzzle Cocker;
Mouth which marks the envious scerner,
With a scorpion in each corner,
Turning its quick tale to sting you
In the place that most may wring you;
Eyes of lead-like hue, and gummy;
Carcass pick'd out from some mummy;
Bowels (but they were forgotten,
Save the liver, and that's rotten;)
Skin all sallow, flesh all sodden,—
Form the devil would frighten God in.
Is't a corpse stuck up for show,
Galvanised at times to go?
With the Scripture in connexion,
New proof of the resurrection?
Vampyre, ghost, or goul, what is it?
I would walk ten miles to miss it.

Answer.

Many passengers arrest one,
To demand the same free question.
Shorter's my reply, and franker,—
That's the Bard, the Beau, the Banker.
Yet if you could bring about,
Just to turn him inside out,

V. 1, &c. "C * * [Caroline Lamb] told me that it was believed I alluded to poor Lord Carlisle's nervous disorder in one of the lines [of his *English Bards and Scotch Reviewers*, viz.

'The paralytic pulings of Carlisle;'

which, by the way, is an after-thought; for in the original the couplet stood—

'No muse will cheer, with renovating smile,
The minor Byron or mature Carlisle.'

I thank Heaven I did not know it [humph]—and would not, could not, if I had. I must naturally be the last person to be pointed on defects or maladies."—Vol. iii. p. 267. We see how closely he adhered to his benevolent declaration. Whimically enough, we find an anecdote in Moore's *Life* which connects Rogers's name with a notice of Lord Byron's lameness. "In coming out one night from a ball, with Mr. Rogers, as they were on their way to their carriage, one of the linkboys ran on before Lord Byron, crying, 'This way, my lord.'—'He seems to know you,' said Mr. Rogers. 'Know me,' answered Lord Byron, with some degree of bitterness in his tone—'every one knows me—I am deformed.'" Very possibly, Rogers, with his usual good nature, turned his

Satan's self would seem less sooty,
And his present aspect—Beauty.
Mark that (as he masks the bilious
Air, so softly supercilious)
Chasten'd bow, and mock humility,
Almost sicken'd to servility;
Hear his tone (which is to talking
That which creeping is to walking,
Now on all fours, now on tiptoe;)
Hear the tales he lends his lip to;
Little hints of heavy scandals;
Every friend in turn he handles;
All which women, or which men do,
Glides forth in an inuendo,
Clothed in odds and ends of humour—
Herald of each paltry rumour,
From divorces, down to dresses,
Woman's frailties, men's excesses,
All which life presents of evil
Make for him a constant revel.
You're his foe—for that he fears you,
And in absence blasts and sears you;

"Eyes of lead-like hue, and gummy,"

on the shrunk limb, and the glance might not have been unobserved.—HONOURS.

V. 31. "Rogers is silent, and it is said severe. When he does talk, he talks well; and, on all subjects of taste, his delicacy of expression is pure as is his poetry. If you enter his house, his drawing-room, his library,—you of yourself say, This is not the dwelling of a common mind. There is not a gem, a coin, a book thrown aside on his chimney-piece, his sofa, his table, that does not bespeak an almost fastidious elegance in the possessor. But this very delicacy must be the misery of his existence. Oh! the jarrings his disposition must have encountered through life!" Vol. ii. p. 267.—Jarrings, we suppose, when one of the jars was broken. After all, this prose description of Rogers is not much at variance with that given in the poem above. The chat of a man who piles his house with fastidiously arrayed knick-knacks, prattles delicately on matters of taste, and makes himself miserable if the crockery ware on his chimney-piece is not put up in apple-pie order, must be

—— "to talking
That which creeping is to walking,"

JEFFERY.

V. 34. Letter 285. To Mr. Rogers. "You are one of the few persons with whom I have lived in what is called intimacy, and have heard me at times conversing on the untoward topic of my recent family disquietudes. Will you have the goodness to say to me at once, whether you ever heard me speak of her with disrespect," &c. Vol. iii. p. 217.—*Her* is lady Byron. This is dated May 25, 1816. On March 3, 1818, Lord Byron writes to this same Mr. Rogers (vol. iv. p. 91,) "As for my mathematical * * * *, I am as well without her." The stars are from Mr. Moore, the high-minded publisher of this honourable correspondence. No wonder that Lord Byron should describe such a friend, with whom he

You're his friend—for that he hates you,
First carresses, and then bates you—
Darting on the opportunity
When to do it with impunity :
You are neither—then he'll flatter,
Till he finds some trait for satire;
Hunts your weak point out, then shows it
Where it injures to disclose it,
In the mode that's most invidious,
Adding every trait that's hideous—
From the bile, whose blackening river
Rushes through his Stygian liver.

Then he thinks himself a lover—
Why ? I really can't discover,
In his mind, age, face, or figure;
Viper broth might give him vigour,—
Let him keep the cauldron steady,
He the venom has already.
For his faults—he has but one,—
'Tis but envy when all's done.
He but pays the pain he suffers,
Clipping, like a pair of snuffers,
Lights which ought to burn the brighter
For this temporary blight.
He's the cancer of his species,
And will eat himself to pieces,—
Plague personified, and famine,—
Devil, whose sole delight is damning.

For his merits, would you know 'em ?
Once he wrote a pretty Poem.

1818.

had "conversed on the untoward topics of his family disquietude," as one whose conversation rejoiced in "little hints of heavy scandals."—
LUSHINGTON.

V. 59. Rogers thinks himself handsome. "Miss Villiers," [now Mrs. Granby Lister] said he one day to Newton the painter, "is a handsome girl. She has a *tête morte*—I have a *tête morte*—it is decidedly handsome." To speak the plain truth, he has an intellectual face, and that is never ugly. When he was young, he must have been the devil; but now that he is old, he is a striking looking person.—JOHN MURRAY.

Rogers has been, in our times, refused by, 1. Lady Davy (when Mrs. Apreece.) We don't know that he has applied again since the exit of Humphrey Halieus. 2. Lydia White (Biddy Diddle;) Wm. Spencer cut him out in that quarter—and then Wm. Stewart Rose. 3. Miss Crumpe;—done by Campbell here. 4. Lady Lyndhurst, *alors* Mrs. Thomas. Easily won by the Copley. 5. Miss Villiers, above mentioned, now Mrs. Granby Lister—the Dutch girl of the Yankee Raphael. 6. The Countess of Cork. 7. The Countess of Charleville. 8. The Dowager Marchioness of Salisbury (last year.) 9. Mrs. Courts—beat by the Duke of St. Albans. 10. Her Royal Highness the Princess Olive of Cumberland. This last was cool in Sam. We confine ourselves to modern refusals. We have heard that he proposed for the Duchess of Cleveland, and was cut out by Beau Fielding—but we think that must have been before his time a little.—SIR E. BYDGES.

V. 75. Scott "is undoubtedly the monarch of

From the Examiner.

THE PRESIDENT'S MESSAGE.

HAPPY will it be for Britain when the annual address of her first Magistrate on calling together her Parliament, shall be like that of the American President—an argumentative review of all the great political questions of the time, a full and clear, though condensed statement of the views of the head of the Government on every subject likely to come be-

Parnassus, and the most *English* of bards. I should place Rogers next in the living list (I value him more as the last of the best school;) Moore and Campbell both *third*," &c. &c.—Vol ii. p. 275. This arrangement his lordship exemplifies by a diagram. Elsewhere, in the quizzing verses on Lord Thurlow, p. 200—

"They'll tell you Phœbus gave his crown,
Some years before your birth to Rogers!"

P. 281: "Read the *Edinburgh Review* of Rogers. He is ranked highly, but where he should be." Vol. ii. p. 92. To Mr. Rogers: "You could not have made me a more acceptable present than your *Jacqueline*. She is all grace, softness, and poetry," &c. &c. We may pass the remainder. There are five hundred commendations of the same kind scattered up and down.

His lordship, however, it would appear, was not quite at ease about this said poem, all of grace, softness, and poetry. "I believe," he says to Moore, vol. iii. p. 115, "I told you of Larry and Jacquy. A friend of mine was reading—at least a friend of his was reading—said Larry and Jacquy in a Brighton coach. A passenger took up the book, and queried as to the author. The proprietor said, 'There were two; to which the answer of the unknown was, 'Ay, ay—a joint concern, I suppose—summat like Sternhold and Hopkins.'" Many more sarcasms of the same kind were poured forth against

Pretty Miss Jacqueline,
With her nose aquiline.

And here we have his lordship's real opinions at last. So far from Rogers being the second stone of the poetical pyramid from the top, his highest praise, in Lord Byron's maturer years, is, that

"Once he wrote a pretty poem."

His lordship's latter opinions were generally sounder than his first. As he expresses it—

"The puny schoolboy, and his early lay,

Men pardon, if his follies pass away."

And we therefore pardon all the early rubbish which he wrote about Rogers, in the days when Sam discounted for him. This last quoted couplet, we may remark, is unintelligible as it stands in the present edition. The "puny schoolboy" was Byron himself, referred to in a preceding line as "the minor Byron;" but these words being now struck out, the sense is ruined. The whole satire wants a new edition. Just think of such an alteration as "Let Moore still sigh," (p. 278) where the original was "Let Moore be lewd,"—and no note. O fie ! John Murray—O fie ! John Wright.—BROUGHAM.

fare the Legislature during the session, and particularly of the grounds of all the amendments which he deems requisite in every branch of the national institutions.

On the present occasion one of these amendments is no less than the entire abandonment of what is called the Tariff system, in other words the "protection" of domestic industry. General Jackson condemns the "American system" *in toto*, and proposes that the idea of forcing manufactures by means of duties should be given up, except with regard to articles for which it would be dangerous to depend on foreigners: (what these are he does not specify.)

It was not too soon for Congress to begin repealing their absurd commercial laws. The Union was on the verge of civil war. The Southern States, having no manufactures, but exporting an immense quantity of raw produce, suffered in a twofold manner by the Tariff—first, by being compelled to buy dear and bad manufactures in New England, when they could have cheap and good ones in Europe; and, secondly, by the consequent limitation of the European market for their own commodities. The Legislature of one of the greatest of these States, South Carolina, has recently passed an Act, declaring that Congress has exceeded its powers, in enacting the Tariff, being authorized by the Constitution to impose taxes for revenue only, but not for protection; and that, consequently, the Tariff laws are inoperative, and ought not to be obeyed.

The President, in his message, comments in very measured terms on this bold proceeding; but there is no doubt that the Federal Government will be too strong for this single State, as none of the other anti-Tariff States are showing any disposition to follow the example. Let us hope, at least, that this act of resistance will draw universal attention to the iniquity of taxing the whole American people to enable a few manufacturers to carry on a busy trade; and that in this, as in so many other cases, intemperate violence may procure the redress which was denied to gentle remonstrance.

Another of the President's suggestions appears to us of far more questionable policy, or rather decidedly and grossly impolitic. He declares himself in favour of giving up the revenue hitherto accruing to the United States from the sale of unoccupied lands; and proposes that the price be henceforth limited to an equivalent for the expence of surveying the land and granting a title. It is curious enough that the American Government should think of abandoning their own more rational mode of disposing of land and adopting ours, at the very time when our Colonial Office is abandoning its own and adopting theirs; the very time, too, when Mr. Wakefield's admirable pamphlets have so clearly demonstrated that the great source of rapid growth and prosperity in a new colony is *concentration*, whether produced by natural causes, or by means artificially employed to promote it.

Museum.—Vol. XXII.

The rent of land being a mere Godsend, coming into the possession of individuals by mere occupancy, and increasing as population and wealth increases, without any exertion on the part of the owner, ought, in all new countries, to be reserved in the hands of the State, as a fund which would in time be sufficient to supersede the necessity of taxation. But if for an immediate consideration the State chooses to dispose of this invaluable resource, it should at least put as high a price upon grants of land as it can get. If the U. States adopt the President's recommendation, they will give up a revenue, which costs nothing, to anybody, and which must be replaced by taxes on industry or on the profits of capital; while they will add still further to their greatest social evil—that rapid dispersion of the inhabitants, which keeps the people of the more recently settled territories in a state of semi-barbarism, and is prejudicial even to what alone it can ever have been supposed to promote—the increase of the national wealth.

Half the revenue of the last year has been applied to the liquidation of debt; and the National Debt of the United States is now almost entirely paid off. The small remainder consists chiefly of stock not redeemable for two or three years to come, which however it is prepared to buy up at the market price. The United States will then present the *unique* phenomenon of a great nation entirely free from debt. Several indeed of the State Governments have debts, but these were mostly contracted for productive purposes, such as the construction of canals and roads. Such debts are not like those of a spendthrift, but like those of a wealthy manufacturer or merchant, with whom to be in debt is merely to have the use, for profitable purposes, of other men's capital as well as his own. The more he is in debt the greater are his gains. Such debts make the debtor rich instead of making him poor.

From the same.

THE PRESIDENT'S PROCLAMATION.

THE President of the United States has issued a Proclamation on the declaration of South Carolina, that certain duties on importation are unauthorized by the Constitution, and violate its principles, and that any measures to enforce such duties, or to coerce the State refusing obedience, will discharge the people of that State from their political connexion, and leave them free to organize a separate government. The President's Proclamation on this threatening ordinance is a long argumentative document, of a very different character from that of the merely oburgatory and menacing speeches we are accustomed to hear on less justifiable occasions. The President does not only insist on the law and the cannon, he reasons and endeavours to show the propriety of the law and the policy of obedience. He does not bluster

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of making the law respected by compulsion, but begins by attempting to procure its acceptance by reason. He ultimately alludes to the extreme measures which may become necessary for the preservation of the Union—the recourse to force—but not till he has exhausted argument and persuasion. The President has not, indeed, to support the dignity of a crown which cannot condescend to expostulation and argument, and speaks its savage rebukes through the mouth of the cannon, but he has to support the rationality of a government which has nothing to consider but what is due to the general interests.

The *Standard*, which we have always esteemed an excellent ally to the cause of truth, by familiarizing the Tory faction and Aristocratic coteries with the forms of argumentation, and brilliantly teaching the use of arms, of the encounter with which we can make greater advantage than the party in error can of their exercise—the *Standard*, a paper read and admired for its power by the sensible men of all political denominations, and neglected only by the dunces of its own party, says:—

“Undoubtedly a republic, in which the laws are impartially and vigorously enforced, is a better *Conservative* government than a mock monarchy, where the just authority of the state is deserted by a timid or treacherous Cabinet, and the laws trampled upon with impunity by every ruffian who chooses to spurn them.”

The *Standard* has to observe, that the people of the Union have laws imposed according to the principles of the Constitution. The men, on the other hand, who trample on the laws in Ireland, trample upon laws which have been forced upon them by a Legislature that declared itself corrupted, and therefore unauthorized to make laws, and whose leaders in the work of Reform confessed the exasperating injustice of the system they are, under another name, endeavouring to continue. The Tariff was not enacted by a rotten Congress.

From the Athenæum.

NEW DUBLIN PERIODICALS.

‘*The Dublin University Calendar for 1833.*’—We hail with pleasure the first fruits of the reformation that has taken place in the Irish University, and sincerely trust that no calamitous circumstances will impede the progress of its improvement. The Calendar, now published for the first time, is a work possessing greater interest than its name would seem to import; its distinguished editor (the Rev. J. H. Todd) has prefixed to it an historical introduction, on the early state and progress of education in Ireland, and rarely have we seen an essay in which antiquarian research has been so happily united with sound judgment and enlightened discrimination. The classification of the University lists is more perfect

than in the Oxford and Cambridge Calendars, and the most scrupulous care has been exercised to attain accuracy. Appended to the work are the examination papers for the gold medals, for the premiums in Mathematics and Divinity, and for the last vacant fellowships. If we may consider these as any test of the quantity of knowledge required for the attainment of literary honours in the Irish University, we are sure that Dublin may, in this respect, challenge competition with any other University in Europe. We were particularly pleased with Smith’s examination for the classical medals; his questions are not merely appeals to the memory—they require not simply information, but reflection on information; they demand the exercise of judgment, discrimination, and taste.

‘*The Dublin University Review*, No. 1.’—This work has been started by a society of young men, anxious to establish some periodical in Dublin which might foster and encourage native literature. In this age of magazine decadency, we cannot venture to promise success, but we may say that we have rarely seen the first number of a periodical that put forth better claims. Among its principal articles is Professor Hamilton’s Introductory Lecture on Astronomy, in which elegant literature is happily united with profound science; a very learned and ingenious paper on the Greek Tragedians, and a most amusing sketch by the author of ‘*Traits and Stories of the Irish Peasantry.*’ The first appearance of the hero of this last paper secured for him our good opinion; and we shall play gentleman usher on this occasion, and present Neal Malone to our readers:—

“Though a tailor, and only four feet four in height, Neal Malone was descended from a fighting family, who had signalized themselves in as many battles as ever any single hero of antiquity fought. His father, his grandfather, and his great grandfather, were all fighting men, and his ancestors in general, up, probably, to Con of the Hundred Battles himself. No wonder, therefore, that Neal’s blood should cry out against the cowardice of his calling; no wonder that he should be an epitome of all that was valorous and heroic in a peaceable man, for we neglected to inform the reader that Neal, though ‘bearing no base mind,’ never fought any man in his own person. That, however, deducted nothing from his courage. If he did not fight, it was simply because he found cowardice universal. No man would engage him; his spirit blazed in vain: his thirst for battle was doomed to remain unquenched, except by whiskey, and this only increased it. In short, he could find no foe. He has often been known to challenge the first cudgel players and pugilists of the parish; to provoke men of fourteen stone weight; and to bid mortal defiance to faction heroes of all grades—but in vain. * * * Neal saw all this with a lofty indignation; he deplored the degeneracy of

the times, and thought it hard that the descendant of such a fighting family should be doomed to pass through life peaceably, whilst so many excellent rows and riots took place around him. It was a calamity to see every man's head broken but his own; a dismal thing to observe his neighbours go about with their bones in bandages, yet his untouched; and his friends beat black and blue, whilst his own cuticle remained undiscoloured.

"Blur-an'-agers!" exclaimed Neal one day, when half-tipsy in the fair, 'am I never to get a bit of fightin'? Is there no cowardly spalpeen to stand afore Neal Malone? Be this and be that, I'm blue-moulded for want of a batin! I'm disgracin' my relations by the life I'm leadin'. Will none o' yees fight me aither for love, money, or whiskey? frind or inimy, and bad luck to yees? I don't care a trancon which, only out o' pure frindship let us have a morsel o' the rale kick-up, 'tany rate. Frind or inimy, I say agin, if you regard me; sure *that* makes no differ, only let us have the fight."

If the readers of the Athenæum desire further acquaintance with this humorous fellow, or to know how the valorous conceit was taken out of him, they must turn to the original work, where they will find other entertaining matters.

Dublin University Magazine, No. 1.—We had just expressed our best wishes for the success of the *University Review*, but with that editorial shake of the head which became our experience of the state of periodical literature, and the long list of Dublin failures, when, lo! we found "two Richmonds in the field." This, we presume, is acting on the old joke, mistaking it for a simple truth, that where *one* lawyer must starve, there is a livelihood for *two*. The magazine is strongly political, but neither personal nor acrimonious, and it contains many papers purely literary. There is a capital one by Mr. Lover, called 'Barney O'Reardon the Navigator.' We must give our readers an outline of this veritable history.

Barney, it appears, was a fisherman of Kinsale, whose opinions on certain points, and within certain geographical limits, that is, in the immediate neighbourhood, was always held to be law. Barney, as became his authority, was a bold talker, but having unhappily fallen in "wid a man that had sailed to Fingal," the conceit was so taken out of him by this great navigator that he grew melancholy until he had persuaded one of the "snuggest" men in the neighbourhood "to make an export" and hazard a cargo of *scalpeens* (pickled mackerel) to the identical Fingal itself. Barney's resolution to venture on this distant navigation was suddenly made known—his cargo was hurried on board—all things were ready for departure—when, at the last moment, his heart seemed to misgive him. There were objections, it appeared, to sailing on Wednesday—Thursday was ominous—Friday notoriously unlucky;—on Saturday, however, he was on board, his

face beaming with good humour, his hand on the helm, and his little boat cleaving the blue sea. The truth now turned out to have been, that Barney had been a little perplexed how to reach this same Fingal, when a vessel bound there, as he heard, came into the harbour of Kinsale, and his indecision had arisen from not knowing exactly when she would proceed on her voyage; for Barney knowing nothing of star or compass had resolved to steer to the destined port in the wake of the great vessel. Now, however, they were fairly at sea—had been sailing many days with a flowing sheet and a fresh breeze—and Barney and his crew were congratulating themselves on the warm weather, and that it was "goin' to be the finest sayson—God bless it—that ever kem out o' the skies for many a long year," and wondering at "the mighty wid channel" in those parts, when it was found that the provisions began to fail, and he and his companions were obliged to have recourse to the cargo, and take a feed or two on the scalpeens. Barney at last began to get uneasy at the length of the voyage—and his little crew, though they had never presumed to question his proceedings, had some misgivings upon the subject. Barney, too much of a philosopher to boast of the originality of his undertaking, had rather led them to believe that he was sailing to Fingal after the established usage—it was only "two people thravelling the same road"—but, urged at last by hunger, he resolved to put alongside the great ship, which a light wind enabled him to do, and with which he had hitherto avoided all communication, lest his intentions should be discovered. We shall now give the conclusion in Mr. Lover's own words:—

"Why, thin, blur an' agers, Captain dear, do you expect to be there soon?"

"Where?" said the Captain.

"Oh, you know yourself," said Barney.

"It's well for me I do," said the Captain.

"Thru for you, indeed, your honour," said Barney, in his most insinuating tone, 'but whin will you be at the ind o' your voyage, Captain jewel?"

"I dare say in about three months," said the Captain.

"Oh, Holy Mother!" ejaculated Barney, 'three months—arrah its jokin' you are, Captain dear, and only want to freken me.'

"How should I frighten you?" asked the Captain.

"Why, thin, your honour, to tell God's thruth, I heerd you wor goin' *there*, an' as I wanted to go there too, I thought I couldn't do better nor to folly a knowledgeable gentleman like yourself, and save myself the throuble iv findin' it out."

"And where do you think I *am* going?" said the Captain.

"Why, thin," said Barney, 'Isn't it to Fingal?'

"No," said the Captain, 'tis to Bengal.'

"Oh! Gog's blakey!" said Barney, 'What'll I do now at all at all?'

'*The Dublin Penny Journal*.'—Surely the metropolis of the sister island is more than usually active at this moment, and has opened the new year with extraordinary exertion and spirit. This humble work is a very creditable one, and contains a great deal of interesting information.

From the Spectator.

THE MINISTRY AND THE NEW PARLIAMENT.

EVERY one must be struck with the great *apparent* strength of ministers in the new House of Commons. And yet, if we come to analyze the composition of it a little more closely, we shall see cause to correct our first impressions. We shall then discover, that it is the *popular* party which is so powerful, not the ministerial. There is a large body of members avowedly determined to oppose the ministry on all unpopular measures. There is a still larger portion, who, although the professed supporters of the Whig government, are yet so bound by pledge and engagements to their constituents to vote for liberal measures,—and so well aware too that their next return depends wholly upon their present behaviour,—that Lords GREY and ALTHORP will find themselves in a pitiable minority, should they attempt to pursue a temporizing policy, or arrest the march of reform either in church or state.

There never was a ministry who possessed so small a body of "thick and thin" partizans. That worthless class of persons were almost completely rooted up with the rotten boroughs. Members of Parliament are now answerable for their conduct to their constituents, not to the ministry, nor to their aristocratic patrons. Some years ago, a whipper-in of Lord CASTLEREAGH's cabinet, complained to Mr. LYSTER, the member for Shrewsbury, who was an independent Tory country gentleman, that he did not vote regularly with government; and intimated that his insubordination should be mentioned to the Earl of POWIS, the presumed patron of the honourable member. We believe that Lord CASTLEREAGH received a message from Mr. LYSTER that made him cautious of meddling any more in that matter; but the fact speaks volumes as to the mode in which the House was managed, and how they who were above being bribed, were attempted to be bullied. But we repeat, those days are passed, never to return. The present ministry stands upon far different, upon far higher ground. In all vigorous and well-directed efforts to secure the independence of members and their constituents—to reform the church and the law department—to remodel our colonial policy—to sweep away monopolies—to promote the political and moral education of the people—and to lessen the public burdens by the practice of rigid economy,—in all such attempts as these, Lord GREY will

be supported by incomparably the most virtuous, disinterested, and powerful majority, that ever voted in the great council of the nation. Never in the history of this country was a ministry so powerful for good; never, on the other hand, was one so impotent for evil. If any one doubts the truth of this latter assertion, once more we say, examine the composition of the House of Commons; refer back to the electioneering professions of its members, which are studiously treasured up by the people; watch the progress of liberal opinions among that people; consider the keen attention to the conduct of public men, and the improved capacity to judge correctly of it, which distinguishes them from the men of the last generation. The result of such inquiries, if we mistake not, will be the firm conviction, that a temporizing administration, with an aristocratical bias, will not live through one session of Parliament.

To whom much is given, from him much will be required. Let Lord GREY recollect this. The people of England have trusted him as never was minister trusted before. If he turn craven or false—if he withdraw his hand from the plough, or shrink from driving it deep into the furrows of corruption—the language will fail in terms sufficiently strong to express the scorn and ignominy which will blast his now honoured name. For our own parts, though we repose no blind confidence in any minister, we entertain high hopes of Earl GREY—in spite of the speakership; and we know, moreover, there is now an organization in the public opinion of England, sufficiently powerful to scatter to the winds *any* government that dared to withstand its behests.

From Blackwood's Magazine.

THE POET'S DYING HYMN.

Be mute who will, who can,
Yet I will praise thee with impassioned voice
Me didst thou constitute a priest of thine
In such a temple as we now behold,
Rear'd for thy presence; therefore am I bound
To worship here and every where.—Wordsworth.

THE blue, deep, glorious heavens!—I lift mine eye,
And bless thee, O my God! that I have met
And own'd thine image in the majesty
Of their calm temple still!—that never yet
There hath thy face been shrouded from my sight

By noontide-blaze, or sweeping storm of night:
I bless Thee, O my God!

That now still clearer, from their pure expanse,
I see the mercy of thine aspect shine,
Touching death's features with a lovely glance
Of light, serenely solemn and divine,
And lending to each holy star a ray
As of kind eyes, that woo my soul away:
I bless Thee, O my God!

That I have heard thy voice, nor been afraid,
In the earth's garden—'midst the mountains
old,

And the low thrillings of the forest-shade,
And the wild sounds of waters uncontroll'd,
And upon many a desert plain and shore,
—No solitude—for there I felt *Thee* more:
I bless Thee, O my God!

And if thy Spirit on thy child hath shed
The gift, the vision of the unseal'd eye,
To pierce the mist o'er life's deep meanings
spread,
To reach the hidden fountain-urns that lie
Far in man's heart—if I have kept it free
And pure—a consecration unto Thee:
I bless Thee, O my God!

If my soul's utterance hath by Thee been fraught
With an awakening power—if Thou hast made
Like the wing'd seed, the breathings of my
thought,
And by the swift winds bid them be convoy'd
To lands of other lays, and there become
Native as early melodies of home:
I bless Thee, O my God!

Not for the brightness of a mortal wreath,
Not for a place 'midst kingly minstrels dead,
But that, perchance, a faint gale of thy breath,
A still small whisper in my song hath led
One struggling spirit upwards to thy throne,
Or but one hope, one prayer!—for this alone
I bless Thee, O my God!

That I have loved—that I have known the love
Which troubles in the soul the tearful springs,
Yet, with a colouring halo from above,
Tinges and glorifies all earthly things,
Whate'er its anguish or its woe may be,
Still weaving links for intercourse with Thee:
I bless Thee, O my God!

That by the passion of its deep distress,
And by the o'erflowing of its mighty prayer,
And by the yearning of its tenderness,
Too full for words upon their stream to bear,
I have been drawn still closer to thy shrine,
Well-spring of love, the unfathom'd, the divine:
I bless Thee, O my God!

That hope hath ne'er my heart or song forsaken,
High hope, which even from mystery, doubt,
or dread,
Calmly, rejoicingly, the things hath taken,
Whereby its torch-light for the race was fed;
That passing storms have only fanned the fire,
Which pierced them still with its triumphal spire!
I bless Thee, O my God!

Now art Thou calling me in every gale,
Each sound and token of the dying day!
Thou leav'st me not, though earthly life grows
pale,
I am not darkly sinking to decay:
But, hour by hour, my soul's dissolving shroud
Melts off to radiance, as a silvery cloud.
I bless Thee, O my God!

And if this earth, with all its coral streams,
And crowning woods, and soft or solemn skies
And mountain-sanctuaries for poet's dreams,
Be lovely still in my departing eyes;

'Tis not that fondly I would linger here,
But that thy foot-prints on its dust appear:
I bless Thee, O my God!

And that the tender shadowing I behold,
The tracery veining every leaf and flower,
Of glories cast in more consummate mould,
No longer vassals to the changeful hour:
That life's last roses to my thoughts can bring
Rich visions of imperishable spring:
I bless Thee, O my God!

Yes, the young vernal voices in the skies
Woo me not back, but wandering past mine ear,
Seem heralds of the eternal melodies,
The spirit-music, unperturb'd and clear:
The full of soul, yet passionate no more—
—Let me too, joining those pure strains, adore!
I bless Thee, O my God!

Now aid, sustain me still!—To Thee I come,
Make Thou my dwelling where thy children
are!
And for the hope of that immortal home,
And for thy Son, the bright and morning Star,
The Sufferer and the Victor-king of Death!
I bless Thee with my glad song's dying breath!
I bless Thee, O my God!

From the same:

THE YELLOW LEAF.

BY DELTA.

THE year is on the wane—the blue
Of heaven assumes a paler hue,
And when the sun comes forth at morn,
Through melancholy mists forlorn,
Awhile he struggles, ere his beam
Falls on the forest and the stream,
And then, 'tis with a feebler power
He gilds the day, and marks the hour!
Scathed are the mountains and the plains
By sweeping winds and plashing rains,
And both that wintry look assume,
Which speaks to us of wither'd bloom,
And vanish'd beauty; roaring floods
Are grown from tiny streams; the woods
From the fresh emerald green are grown
To yellow sere, and sullen brown;
And all things which the eyes survey,
Speak to us only of decay!

But yet no hour more sweet than this,
More perfect in its tranquil bliss,
Could man of heaven desire; the light
Of eve is melting into night,
And from her eastern shrine, where lie,
Pillow'd upon the soft blue sky,
A wreath of snowy clouds—the rim
Of the white moon about to swim
Her course of glory; all around
The scene becomes enchanted ground;
The stream that late in darkness stray'd,
The forest late so black with shade,
Are lighted up; and lo! the hills
A flood of argent glory fills—
While even—far off—the murmuring sea
Is seen in its immensity,

A line of demarcation given
As 'twere between the earth and heaven !

In gazing o'er a scene so fair,
Well may the wondering mind compare
Majestic nature with the strife
And littleness of human life !
Within the rank and narrow span,
Where man contends with brother man,
And where, a few brief seasons past,
Death is the common doom at last,
What find we ? In our hour of need,
The generous thought, the liberal deed—
Or in prosperity, the kind
O'erflowing of congenial mind ?
Ah no ! instead of these, to Woe
Is ever given another blow ;
A drop to Misery's cup of gall ;
To Error's feet a farther fall ;
And, where 'tis least expected, still
Grows up Resentment, or Ill-will—
Envy has poison, and has power
To wither Friendship's brightest flower ;
And Love, too oft a gilded dream,
Melts like the rain-drop in the stream.

But Nature grows not old ; 'tis we
Who change, and not the flower or tree—
For years, as they revolve, renew
The faded with reviving dew
And genial heat, until as bright
Earth rises on the startled sight,
As when enchanted Adam's eyes
The emerald groves of Paradise—
And shower'd the new-made sun his beams
On spangled plains, and crystal streams !

Oh could we let the heart retain
Its glow, and dash away the stain,
Which sins of others, or our own,
Have made its tablet white upon,
Then might we feel that Earth is not
Entirely an accursed spot ;
That gleams of Beauty, sparks of bliss
Flash oft athwart Life's drear abyss ;
That, from the poison cup of Woe,
A balm of healing oft may flow ;
That round the heart are twisted ties
To keep us good, or make us wise ;
That Duty is the Polar Star,
That leads to peace, though from afar ;
And to the pure in heart are given
Visions, whose resting-place is Heaven !

From the same.

LIGHT AND DARKNESS.

The Sunbeams, fellow-revellers,
Go out to play together :
They be the favoured travellers
That, high or low,
Where'er they go,
Aye make their own good weather !
What though they now be tarrying
Away among the shadow
That, in cold gloom, is burying
Our greenwood here and meadow ;
And round our hills and valleys, is
A prison chill and black ;

Yet have they built them palaces
Of gold upon its back,
With roofs of rainbow trellises,
Out of the drifting rack !—
O high and happy Family,
And favour'd as you are,
That, from the Father-glory, be
Permitted to the mystery
Of the extremest star—
World-sentinelling warriors,
That pitch your purple camps
About the Night's black barriers,
And from her prey
Fright her away,

Ye watchmen of the Universe ! with ever-burning
lamps—

O far-carousing brotherhood,
That round the steaming earth,
To drink the dew are gathered—
In glee benign,
To drink the wine,
That, in her liberal mirth,
The ripe star yieldeth sweet and strong—
Oh who can lonely be—
Oh who can feel alone among
Such noble company !

From her bleak hemisphere, each planet's Night
Sighs, "I am lonely—I am all alone ;
In utter solitude my vacant cone
Flies through the infinite assault of Light ;
That swift and subtle, circumscribes my flight
To the vague shelter of my rolling throne—
But that I clasp, from dewy zone to zone,
In constant maintenance of solemn right.
Thus round the heavens, unwearied in the war,
Circuit on circuit endless have I run ;
Portending patient, from the shielding star,
My dim defiance on the baffled Sun—
Many, alas, and far-remote we are ;
But ere Creation's inroad we were One.

"And still without Creation, One remains ;
One mighty Mother. We, her brood forlorn,
Fulfil our exile ever since the morn
Of her defacement with Light's primal stains ;
Since Sun and Satellite, in whirling chains,
First swung their torture through her bosom
torn ;
And comets on their roving frenzy borne,
Shot past in new extravagance of pains.
Yet still, beyond the blazing wanderer's quest,
Beyond the constellated sphere's array ;
Dreamless of Us her children, here, oppress'd
With circumscription of incessant Day ;
The venerable Darkness lives away,
Wrapt in her own dread majesty of Rest—
Rest, rest—alas, there is no rest for me ;
Though to a weary world I be its giver :
By summer and by spring, from land to sea,
The flaming persecutor clips me ever—
When will the silver bow exhaust the quiver ?
When will old darkness come and set me free ?
Mother, O mother, when wilt thou deliver
Thy lone child from this fiery agony ?—
Quiet, O quiet, when shall I be lying
Nowhere within thy peaceful void again,
Evermore drifting down in solemn slumber,
Where never star dived through the empty main,

And Silence hears his own voice only crying—
Shout, Freedom, for the fall of Sound, and Shape
and Number!"

Which of the host of Heaven—
Which of the noble Archers of the Light—
Far-smiters of the Night,
To whom the abyss is given,
From side to side, a mark for their encircling aim;
Shall, from his radiant tower,
Send down a voice of power—
A voice of rolling spheres, with thunderous ac-
claim—
And to the melancholy Nothing cry,
"Darkness, despair—for I shall never die!"

None.—

Neither Star nor Sun;
Nor Comet from the outer waste returning.—
Comet, and Sun, and Star,
Death's heritage ye are!
Here, here, the immortal Light of Life is burning!
Here in the conscious soul,
That, from its divine dwelling,
Looks out upon the whole;
Around, below, above;
And, with the pride of nobler virtue swelling,
While blessing sun and planet as they roll,
Makes very Darkness Light, from pole to pole,
By glorious strength of universal love.

From the London Literary Gazette.

LIVES AND EXPLOITS OF BAN-
DITTI.*

MR. MAC FARLANE most truly observes, that
"there are few subjects that interest us more
generally than the adventures of robbers and
banditti. In our infancy they awaken and rivet
our attention as much as the best fairy tales;
and when our happy credulity in all things
is wofully abated, and our faith in the super-
natural fled, we still retain our taste for the
adventurous deeds and wild lives of brigands.
Neither the fulness of years nor the maturity
of experience and worldly wisdom can render
us insensible to tales of terror such as fasci-
nated our childhood, nor preserve us from a
'creeping of the flesh' as we read or listen to
the narrative containing the daring exploits of
some robber-chief, his wonderful address, his
narrow escapes, and his prolonged crimes, seat-
ed by our own peaceful hearth."

This taste will be amply gratified by a pe-
rusal of these volumes, which are full of peril-
ous adventure, hair-breadth escapes, and
shocking murders; and we have only to en-
treat that our readers will not peruse the re-
mainder of this column till after dark, that
they may have the full benefit of the horrors
we are about to lay before them.

The Bandit's Test.—"A young man, who
had been several years an outlaw, on the vio-
lent death of the chief of the troop he belong-

ed to, aspired to be Capo-bandito in his stead.
He had gone through his noviciate with hon-
our, he had shown both cunning and courage
in his calling as brigand, but the supremacy of
the band was disputed with him by others, and
the state of the times bade the robbers be spe-
cially careful as to whom they elected for
their leader. He must be the strongest-nerved
fellow of the set! The ambitious candidate of-
fered to give any, even the most dreadful
proof of his strength of nerve; and a monster
among his companions proposed he should go
to his native village and murder a young girl
to whom he had been formerly attached. 'I
will do it,' said the ruffian, who at once de-
parted on his infernal mission. When he
reached the village, he dared not present him-
self, having begun his crimes there by mur-
dering a comrade: he skulked behind an old
stone fountain, outside of the village, until
near sunset, when the women came forth with
their copper vases on their heads to get their
supplies of water at the fountain. His mis-
tress came carelessly gossiping with the
rest. He could have shot her with his rifle,
but he was afraid of pursuit, and wanted, be-
sides, time to secure and carry off a 'bloody
trophy.' He therefore remained quiet, only
hoping that she might loiter behind the rest.
She, however, was one of the first to balance
her vessel of water on her head, and to take
the path to the village, whither all the gos-
sips soon followed her. What was now to be
done? He was determined to go through the
ordale, and consummate the hellish crime. A
child went by the fountain whistling. He laid
down his rifle, so as not to alarm the little vil-
lager, and presenting himself to him, gave him
the reliquary he had worn round his neck for
years, and which was well known to his mis-
tress, and told him to run with it to her, and
tell her an old friend desired to speak with her
at the fountain. The child took the reliquary,
and a piece of silver which the robber gave
him on his vowing by the Madonna to say
nothing about the matter in the village before
one hour of the night, and ran on to the vil-
lage. The robber then retired behind the old
fountain, taking his rifle in his hand, and
keeping a sharp look out, lest his mistress
should betray him, or come alone. But the
affectionate girl, who might have loved
him still, in spite of his guilt, who might have
hoped to render him succour on some urgent
need, or, perhaps, to hear that he was peni-
tent and anxious to return to society, went
alone and met him at the fountain, where, as
the bells of the village church were tolling the
Ave Maria, her lover met her, and stabbed her
to the heart! The monster then cut off her
head, and ran away with it to join the bri-
gands, who were obliged to own, that after
such a deed and such a proof as he produced,
he was worthy to be their chief."

Hungarian Horse-dealer.—"On the third
night after his departure from Vienna, he

*The Lives and Exploits of Banditti and Robbers in all
Parts of the World.* By C. Mac Farlane, Esq. Author of
"Constantinople in 1829," and the "Romance of Italian
History." 2 vols. London, 1833. Bull; Andrews.

stopped at a quiet inn, situated in the suburbs of a small town. He had never been there before, but the house was comfortable, and the appearance of the people about it respectable. Having first attended to his tired horse, he sat down to supper with his host and family. During the meal, he was asked whence he came, and when he had said from Vienna, all present were anxious to know the news. The dealer told them all he knew. The host then inquired what business had carried him to Vienna. He told them he had been there to sell some of the best horses that were ever taken to that market. When he heard this, the host cast a glance at one of the men of the family who seemed to be his son, which the dealer scarcely observed then, but which he had reason to recall afterwards. When supper was finished, the fatigued traveller requested to be shown to his bed. The host himself took up a light, and conducted him across a little yard at the back of the house to a detached building, which contained two rooms, tolerably decent for an Hungarian hostel. In the inner of these rooms was a bed, and here the host left him to himself. As the dealer threw off his jacket and loosened the girdle round his waist where his money was deposited, he thought he might as well see whether it was all safe. Accordingly, he drew out an old leathern purse that contained his gold, and then a tattered parchment pocket-book that enveloped the Austrian bank notes, and finding that both were quite right, he laid them under the bolster, extinguished the light, and threw himself on the bed, thanking God and the saints that had carried him thus far homeward in safety. He had no misgiving as to the character of the people he had fallen amongst to hinder his repose, and the poor dealer was very soon enjoying a profound and happy sleep. He might have been in this state of beatitude an hour or two, when he was disturbed by a noise like that of an opening window, and by a sudden rush of cool night air; on raising himself on the bed, he saw peering through an open window which was almost immediately above the bed, the head and shoulders of a man, who was evidently attempting to make his ingress into the room that way. As the terrified dealer looked, the intruding figure was withdrawn, and he heard a rumbling noise, and then the voices of several men, as he thought, close under the window. The most dreadful apprehensions, the more horrible as they were so sudden, now agitated the traveller, who, scarcely knowing what he did, but utterly despairing of preserving his life, threw himself under the bed. He had scarcely done so, when the hard breathing of a man was heard at the open window, and the next moment a robust fellow dropped into the room, and after staggering across it, groped his way by the walls to the bed. Fear had almost deprived the horse-dealer of his senses, but yet he perceived that the intruder, whoever he might be,

was drunk. There was, however, slight comfort in this, for he might only have swallowed wine to make him the more desperate, and the traveller was convinced he had heard the voices of other men without, who might climb into the room to assist their brother villain in case any resistance should be made. His astonishment, however, was great and reviving when he heard the fellow throw off his jacket on the floor, and then toss himself upon the bed under which he lay. Terror, however, had taken too firm a hold of the traveller to be shaken off at once,—his ideas were too confused to permit his imagining any other motive for such a midnight intrusion on an unarmed man with property about him, save that of robbery and assassination, and he lay quiet where he was until he heard the fellow above him snoring with all the sonorousness of a drunkard. Then, indeed, he would have left his hiding-place, and gone to rouse the people in the inn to get another resting-place, instead of the bed of which he had been dispossessed in so singular a manner; but, just as he came to this resolution, he heard the door of the outer room open—then stealthy steps cross it—then the door of the very room he was in was softly opened, and two men, one of whom was the host, and the other his son, appeared on its threshold. ‘Leave the light where it is,’ whispered the host, ‘or it may disturb him and give us trouble.’ ‘There is no fear of that,’ said the younger man, also in a whisper, ‘we are two to one; he has nothing but a little knife about him—he is dead asleep too! hear how he snores!’ ‘Do my bidding,’ said the old man sternly; ‘would you have him wake and rouse the neighbourhood with his screams?’ As it was, the horror-stricken dealer under the bed could scarcely suppress a shriek, but he saw that the son left the light in the outer room, and then, pulling the door partially after them to screen the rays of the lamp from the bed, he saw the two murderers glide to the bed-side, and then heard a rustling motion as of arms descending on the bed-clothes, and a hissing, and then a grating sound, that turned his soul sick, for he knew it came from knives or daggers penetrating to the heart or vitals of a human being like himself, and only a few inches above his own body. This was followed by one sudden and violent start on the bed, accompanied by a moan. Then the bed, which was a low one, was bent by an increase of weight caused by one or both the murderers throwing themselves upon it, until it pressed on the body of the traveller. There was an awful silence for a moment or two, and then the host said, ‘he is finished—I have cut him across the throat—take the money, I saw him put it under his bolster.’ ‘I have it, here it is,’ said the son: ‘a purse and a pocket-book.’ The traveller was then relieved from the weight that had oppressed him almost to suffocation; and the assassins, who seemed to tremble as they went, ran out of the

room, took up the light, and disappeared altogether from the apartment. No sooner were they fairly gone than the poor dealer crawled from under the bed, took one desperate leap, and escaped through the little window by which he had seen enter the unfortunate wretch, who had evidently been murdered in his stead. He ran with all his speed into the town, where he told his horrid story and miraculous escape to the night-watch. The night-watch conducted him to the burgomaster, who was soon aroused from his sleep, and acquainted him with all that had happened. In less than half an hour from the time of his escape from it, the horse-dealer was again at the murderous inn with the magistrate, and a strong force of the horror-stricken inhabitants and the night-watch, who had all run thither in the greatest silence. In the house all seemed as still as death; but as the party went round to the stables they heard a noise: cautioning the rest to surround the inn and the outhouses, the magistrate, with the traveller and some half-dozen armed men, ran to the stable-door: this they opened, and found within the host and his son digging a grave. The first figure that met the eyes of the murderers was that of the traveller. The effect of this on their guilty souls was too much to be borne; they shrieked, and threw themselves on the ground; and though they were immediately seized by hard gripping hands of real flesh and blood, and heard the voices of the magistrate and their friends and neighbours, denouncing them as murderers, it was some minutes ere they could believe that the figure of the traveller that stood among them was other than a spirit. It was the hardier villain, the father, who, on hearing the stranger's voice continuing in conversation with the magistrate, first gained sufficient command over himself to raise his face from the earth; he saw the stranger still pale and haggard, but evidently unhurt. The murderer's head spun round confusedly; but, at length rising, he said to those who held him, 'Let me see that stranger nearer; let me touch him—only let me touch him!' The poor horse-dealer drew back in horror and disgust. 'You may satisfy him in this,' said the magistrate; 'he is unarmed and unnerved, and we are here to prevent his doing you harm.' On this the traveller let the host approach him, and pass his hand over his person, which, when he had done, the villain exclaimed, 'I am no murderer! Who says I am a murderer?' 'That shall we see anon,' said the traveller, who led the way to the detached apartment, followed by the magistrate, by the two prisoners, and all the party which had collected in the stable on hearing what passed there. Both father and son walked with considerable confidence into the room; but when they saw by the lamps the night-watch and others held over it, that there was a body covered with blood, lying upon the bed, they cried out, 'How is this!

who is this?' and rushed together to the bedside. The lights were lowered; their rays fell full upon the ghastly face and bleeding throat of a young man. At the sight, the younger of the murderers turned his head, and swooned in silence; but the father, uttering a shriek so loud, so awful, that one of the eternally damned alone might equal its effect, threw himself on the bed, and on the gashed and bloody body, and murmuring in his throat, 'My son! I have killed mine own son!' also found a temporary relief from the horrors of his situation in insensibility. The next minute the wretched hostess, who was innocent of all that had passed, and who was, without knowing it, the wife of a murderer, the mother of a murderer, and the mother of a murdered son—of a son killed by a brother and a father, ran to the apartment, and would have increased tenfold its already insupportable horrors by entering there, had she not been prevented by the honest townspeople. She had been roused from sleep by the noise made in the stable, and then by her husband's shriek, and was now herself shrieking and frantic carried back into the inn by main force. The two murderers were forthwith bound and carried to the town jail, where, on the examination, which was made the next morning, it appeared from evidence that the person murdered was the youngest son of the landlord of the inn, and a person never suspected of any crime more serious than habitual drunkenness; that instead of being in bed, as his father and brother had believed him, he had stolen out of the house, and joined a party of carousers in the town: of these boon companions, all appeared in evidence; and two of them deposed that the deceased, being exceedingly intoxicated, and dreading his father's wrath, should he return the house in such a state, and at that late hour, had said to them that he would get through the window into the little detached apartment, and sleep there, as he had often done before, and that they two had accompanied him, and assisted him to climb to the window. The deceased had reached the window once, and as they thought would have got safe through it, but, drunk and unsteady as he was, he slipped back; they had then some difficulty in inducing him to climb again, for, in the caprice of intoxication, he said he would rather go sleep with one of his comrades. However, he had at last effected his entrance; and they, his two comrades, had gone to their respective homes. The wretched criminals were executed a few weeks after the commission of the crime. They had confessed every thing, and restored to the horse-dealer the gold and the paper-money they had concealed, and which had led them to do a deed so much more atrocious than even they had contemplated."

The *Spanish Brigand* is a story communicated by Mr. Brockedon, and will be a relief to the last.

"A short time after the French war, and the restoration of Ferdinand VII., whose conduct made many of the loose guerilla parties continue out in the country as brigands, an English merchant arrived one evening at a small mean town at the foot of the Sierra Morena. In the posada of the place where he took up his lodgings for the night, he met a Spaniard of a commanding figure, and of a sharp, intelligent, but amiable countenance. Much struck with his appearance, the Englishman entered into conversation with him, and was still more delighted by his frank, spirited style of address and talking. Before supper was ready, the two had established that sort of traveller-intimacy which is not perhaps the less delightful because it must finish in a few hours, and the parties, in all probability never meet again; and when the meal was served, they sat down to it together, each, apparently, anxious to know more of the other. They conversed together during the progress of the supper, and long after it was over, until the sinking and flickering lamps on the table warned the Englishman it must be time to retire to rest. As he rose to do so, the Spaniard, with all his former frankness and gentlemanly manner, asked him which way his road lay on the morrow. The English merchant replied across the Sierra Morena, and indicated the road he meant to take. The Spaniard, shaking his head, said he was sorry for this, as he had reason to suspect that that very road at that very moment was beset by robbers, from whose numbers and activity there was no escape. The Englishman confessed that this was unpleasant news, particularly as the affairs that called him towards Madrid were urgent. 'But cannot you stay where you are a day or two?' replied the Spaniard; 'by that time they may have shifted their ground, and you may pass the mountains without meeting them.' The Englishman repeated that his business was urgent, said he was no coward, that he had hitherto travelled in Spain without any misadventure, and hoped still to do so. 'But, my good Senor,' replied the Spaniard, 'you will not cross the mountains to-morrow without being robbed, take my word for that!' 'Well, if it must be so, let them rob me,' said the English merchant; 'I have little money to lose, and they will hardly take the life of an unarmed and unresisting man!' 'They have never been accustomed so to act—let it be said to the honour of the band, they are not such cowardly assassins,' replied the Spaniard, who was then silent, and seemed to be musing to himself. The Englishman was beginning to call up one of the servants of the posada, to show him to his resting-place, when his companion, raising his hand said, 'Not yet, Senor, not yet! listen!' and he continued in an undertone, 'It was my fortune, some time since to have to cross the Sierra Morena alone, like you; it was occupied then, as now, by the *Salteadores*; but I met a man, also alone, as you have met me, who said he had rendered the

captain of the band some service, and that he could give me a pass which should cause my person and my property to be respected by the robbers, and enable me to cross the mountains with perfect safety.' 'A much better thing this than a king's passport,' said the astonished Englishman. 'Pray what was it? and did it succeed?' 'It was only a button,' replied the Spaniard; 'it did all that had been promised, and perhaps it has not yet lost its charm—I will give it you, here it is!' After searching in his pocket, the Spaniard produced a curiously filigreed silver button, and placed it in the hands of the Englishman, begging him to be careful of it, and to present it to any robbers that might attack him in the Sierra. 'But were you really attacked on your journey?' inquired the merchant. 'The button was respected by all the robbers I met, and I believe I saw them all,' said the Spaniard; 'but ask no more questions, and take care of the button! to-morrow you will see whether it has lost its charm.' With many thanks, the Englishman took his leave, and went to bed. On the following morning, when he continued his journey, the silver button ran in his head for some time. But it was not until noon, as he was toiling up one of the most rugged of the mountain paths, that he had the opportunity of trying its virtue. There his guide, who rode before him, was suddenly knocked off his mule by a blow from the butt-end of a musket, and the next instant three other guns were levelled at the Englishman's breast, by men who stepped from behind a rock. The attack was so sudden, that his ideas and recollection were disturbed, and he put his hand in his pocket, brought out his purse, and delivered it to the robbers, who were calling him all sorts of opprobrious names, before he thought of his silver button. But when the recollection came to his mind, and he produced it, much doubting of its efficacy, the oaths of the *Salteadores* were stopped at once, as though a sacred relic had been held before their eyes; they returned him his purse, earnestly entreated his pardon for all that had happened, and informed him that it was their bounden duty to see the bearer of that button safe across the mountains. Accordingly, on went the merchant with the brigands for his guard, he blessing the silver button, and they showing him every possible attention and respect. On their way they met with other robbers, which proved how formidable was the band, and how impossible it would have been to escape them without the charmed button. At length they came to a low, solitary house in a wild dell, far away from the beaten path across the Sierra, which they had abandoned for rocks that seemed never to have been trodden. Here the merchant was told he might stop and refresh himself. Nothing loath, he dismounted, and turned to the door, when his companion at the posada of the preceding evening—the donor of the magical button, met him on the threshold, with the words and gestures of an hospitable wel-

come. His dress was changed—he now wore a splendid kind of uniform, the jacket of which was of velvet, embroidered with gold; but the Englishman recognised his commanding figure and impressive countenance in an instant, and gave him his hand as a friend. ‘I got here before you,’ said the captain of the banditti, for such in fact was the donor of the button, ‘and have prepared a good dinner for you, being very certain that what I gave you last night would bring you in safety under my roof’.—The Englishman expressed his gratitude, and they sat down to dine. The bandit’s dishes were savoury and good, and his wine was better. As the wine warmed the Englishman, he again expressed his gratitude, and then ventured to say how astonished he was that a person of his host’s manners, and one capable of such kind and generous feelings and actions, could lead such a kind of life. The robber drew his hand across his dark brow and fiery eyes, and said, ‘These are times when thieves and traitors thrive in the royal court and the offices of government, and honest patriots are driven to the highway. As a guerilla, I shed my blood for my country; for my king, who, when he returned, would have left me to starve or to beg! But no matter—this is no business of yours. I met you, liked your manners, and have saved you!—that is enough! say no more!’ The Englishman of course desisted, and soon after rose to take his leave. The captain, who recovered his good humour, told him he should have an escort yet a little further, and be put in the route he wished to follow. The merchant would then have returned the silver button, but the robber insisted on his keeping it. ‘You, or some friend of yours, may have to pass this way again,’ said he, ‘and whoever has the button to produce, will be respected as you have been respected! Go with God! and say nothing as to what has happened between you and me and mine! Adios!’ The merchant’s farewell was an earnest and cordial one. Guided by the brigands, he soon reached the beaten road on the opposite side of the mountains, and would there have given them some money for the trouble he had caused them. They said they had their captain’s strict commands against this—they would not accept a real, but left him, wishing him a happy journey. Some time—I believe some years after this adventure—the English merchant heard with deep regret that the Spanish robber-chief, whom he described as being one of the handsomest men he ever beheld, had been betrayed into the hands of government, and put to a cruel and ignominious death.”

Our extracts have already extended to a great length, and we must therefore close our selection of stratagems, exploits, and piracies, even though we omit a curious account of a formidable female pirate, the widow of Ching-yih, of the Ladrone, for which we refer to the volumes themselves; and only say in conclusion, that Mr. Mac Farlane has collected and

narrated his robber annals with equal industry, spirit, and judgment.

From Blackwood’s Magazine.

THE BURIAL OF THE MIGHTY.

BY MRS. HEMANS.

—Many an eye
May wait the dimming of the morning star.
Shakespeare.

A GLORIOUS voice hath ceased!—
Mournfully, reverently—the funeral chant
Breathe reverently!—There is a dreamy sound,
A hollow murmur of the dying year,
In the deep woods:—Let it be wild and sad!
A more Æolian melancholy tone
Than ever wail’d o’er bright things perishing!
For that is passing from the darken’d land,
Which the green summer will not bring us back—
Though all her songs return.—The funeral chant
Breathe reverently!—They bear the mighty forth,
The kingly ruler in the realms of mind—
They bear him through the household paths, the
groves,
Where every tree had music of its own
To his quick ear of Knowledge taught by Love—
And he is silent!—Past the living stream
They bear him now; the stream, whose kindly
voice
On alien shores his true heart burn’d to hear—
And he is silent! O’er the heathery hills,
Which his own soul hath mantled with a light
Richer than Autumn’s purple, now they move—
And he is silent!—he, whose flexile lips
Were but unseal’d, and, lo! a thousand forms,
From every pastoral glen and fern-clad height,
In glowing life upsprang:—Vassal and chief,
Rider and steed, with shout and bugle-peal,
Fast rushing through the brightly troubled air,
Like the Wild Huntsman’s band. And still they
live,
To those fair scenes imperishably bound,
And from the mountain-mist still flashing by,
Startle the wanderer who hath listen’d there,
To the Seer’s voice: Phantoms of colour’d thought,
Surviving him who raised.—O Eloquence!
O Power, whose breathings thus could wake the
dead!
Who shall wake *Thee*? Lord of the buried past!
And art thou *there*—to those dim nations join’d,
Thy subject-host so long!—The wand is dropp’d,
The bright lamp broken, which the gifted hand
Touch’d and the Genii came!—Sing reverently
The funeral chant!—The Mighty is borne home—
And who shall be his mourners?—Youth and Age,
For each hath felt his magic:—Love and Grief,
For he hath communed with the heart of each:
Yes—the free spirit of humanity
May join the august procession, for to him
Its mysteries have been tributary things,
And all its accents known:—from field or wave,
Never was conqueror on his battle-bier
By the vail’d banner and the muffled drum,
And the proud drooping of the crested head,
More nobly follow’d home.—The last abode,
The voiceless dwelling of the Bard is reach’d:

A still majestic spot ! girt solemnly
 With all th' imploring beauty of decay ;
 A stately couch midst ruins ! meet for him
 With his bright fame to rest in, as a king
 Of other days, laid lonely with his sword
 Beneath his head. Sing reverently the chant
 Over the honour'd grave !—the grave !—oh ! say
 Rather the shrine !—An altar for the love,
 The light, soft pilgrim-steps, the votive wreaths
 Of years unborn :—a place where leaf and flower,
 By that which dies not of the sovereign Dead,
 Shall be made holy things ;—where every weed
 Shall have its portion of th' inspiring gift
 From buried glory breath'd. And now what strain,
 Making victorious melody ascend
 High above sorrow's dirge, befits the tomb,
 Where He that sway'd the nations, there is laid,
 The crown'd of men !

A lowly, lowly song.

Lowly and solemn be
 Thy children's cry to thee,
 Father divine !
 A hymn of suppliant breath,
 Owning that Life and Death
 Alike are thine !

A spirit on its way,
 Sceptred the earth to sway,
 From thee was sent :
 Now call'st thou back thine own—
 Hence is that radiance flown—
 To earth but lent.

Watching in breathless awe,
 The bright head bow'd we saw,
 Beneath Thy hand !
 Fill'd by one Hope, one Fear,
 Now o'er a brother's bier,
 Weeping we stand.

How hath he pass'd !—the Lord
 Of each deep bosom-chord,
 To meet thy sight,
 Unmantled and alone,
 On thy blest mercy thrown,
 O Infinite !

So, from his Harvest Home,
 Must the tired peasant come ;
 So, in our trust,
 Leader and king must yield
 The naked soul, reveal'd
 To thee, All-Just !

The sword of many a fight—
 What *then* should be its might ?
 The lofty lay,
 That rush'd on eagle-wing—
 What shall its memory bring !
 What hope, what stay ?

O Father ! in that hour,
 When Earth, all succouring power
 Shall disavow ;
 When spear, and shield, and crown,
 In faintness are cast down—
 Sustain us, Thou !

By Him, who bow'd to take
 The death-cup for our sake,
 The thorn the rod ;
 From the last dismay
 Was not to pass away—
 Aid us, O God !

Tremblers beside the grave,
 We call on Thee to save,
 Father divine !
 Hear, hear our suppliant breath,
 Keep us, in Life and Death,
 Thine, only Thine !

From the Monthly Magazine.

SONNET,

WRITTEN ON THE BANKS OF THE RHONE.

Bright river ! seated on the vine-clad banks,
 And looking in the depth of thy clear stream,
 Of former happiness we fondly dream ;
 Giving to God the bosom's silent thanks.
 The snow-clad Alps, in graduating ranks,
 Rise bold, and pure as heavenly mansions seem,
 Beneath, the vales with ripening fruitage teem,
 The margin soft thy winding current flanks.
 Nor is it idleness to pass the day
 'Mid soothing scenes like these, where neither can
 Nor pain intrude on the creation gay,
 Which fancy builds like palaces in air,
 In hours which glide without a tear away—
 Hours, which pure thought and deep contentment
 share.

From the Examiner.

THE MOTE IN OUR BROTHER'S EYE AND BEAM IN OUR OWN.

COULD satire imagine any thing richer in
 human folly than the profound anxiety with
 which our Quidnuncs are speculating on the
 dissolution of the American Union, while our
 own Union is in nearer jeopardy. Should a
 separation take place in the States and in the
 British Empire, Republicanism will have no-
 thing to do with the first event, and Monarchy
 will have been essentially concerned in the
 second. The *Standard* asks in its clear way—

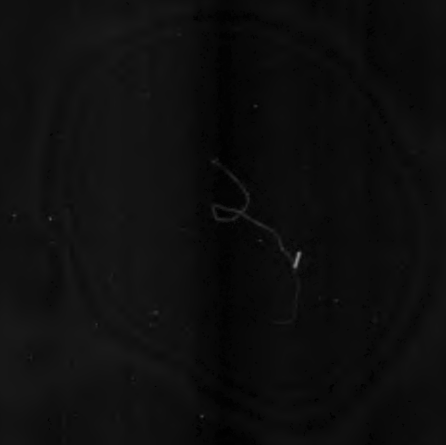
Will institutions calculated for three millions
 of people, living, in a dispersed manner, a plain
 and uniform rustic life, without commerce, and
 properly without external political relations, suit
 a great, closely compacted, commercial, and in
 part manufacturing nation of fifteen millions, en-
 tangled in all the politics of the whole world ?

With us the question is not the effect of the
 interests of many, but of the wilfulness or cap-
 price of one. We have not to do with the en-
 tanglements of millions, but with the vile in-
 trigues of a Court. Our government is not
 perplexed by the masses, but by the despicable
 knot of intriguers about the one born to au-
 thority over us, whom it is so difficult to main-
 tain in a dignity, that the thing cannot be done
 much under a million a-year.

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From the Quarterly Review.

PHILOSOPHY OF APPARITIONS.*

Notwithstanding the eagerness with which almost all educated persons disclaim a belief in the supernatural, and denounce, as a vulgar absurdity, the very notion of apparitions, yet there are few, even of the boldest and least credulous, who are not occasionally the victims of the very apprehensions which they deride; and many of them have been driven to confess that their scepticism receives a more powerful support from their pride than from their reason.

Occupied with professional toil, or engrossed with the objects of sense, and the dazzling prizes of ambition, the man of the world scarcely recognizes himself as the possessor of a spiritual nature,—

‘—this faculty divine

Is chain'd and tortured,—cabin'd, cribb'd, confined,
And bred in darkness;’—Byron.

but even over this darkness the truth will some time or other shine,—

‘The beam pour in, and time and skill will couth the blind.’

In the infinite variety of his works and ways the Almighty has provided numerous means for maintaining a strong sense of the supernatural. A mind of even ordinary energy naturally turns inwards when drawn from its daily routine of thought and action; and if it is placed under circumstances of powerful association, or witnesses striking phenomena in the natural or moral world, it speedily reverts to its own origin and destiny, and spontaneously claims kindred with the spiritual. Amid the solitude of ancient grandeur the traveller feels as if he were still encircled with its former tenants;—he acknowledges ‘the power and magic of the ruined battlement;’ and, ‘becoming a part of what has been,’ he recognizes, in the sacred awe which breathes around him, that

‘There is given

Unto the things of earth which time has bent,
A spirit's feeling.’

But it is not merely by its own creations that the mind feels its connexion with the spiritual world. There are events and scenes in nature so rare in their occurrence, or so overpowering in their grandeur, or so terrific in their effects, that the mind springs, as it were, its earthly cable, and feels itself in the immediate presence of more exalted intelligences. In the darkness and crash of the thunderbolt human courage stands appalled, and we feel as if the divine ubiquity

were concentrated in this powerful appeal to our fears. In the still more terrific phenomena of the earthquake the poet has well described

‘The awe

Which reigns when mountains tremble, and the birds
Plunge in the clouds for refuge, and withdraw
Frow their down-topping nests; and bellowing herds
Stumble o'er heaving plains,—and man's dread hath
no words.’

When the northern lights were first exhibited to our ancestors, they regarded them as an army of spiritual beings marshalled in prophetic array to warn them of approaching strife. In their indefinite outline they recognized the forms of their departed heroes; in the meteoric play of their lights they saw the glancing of contending arms; and in the slow and rapid movements of the aerial columns they shadowed forth the evolutions of battle; while the crimson tints of the electric light painted to their imaginations the torrents of the blood-stained field. The frequent occurrence of these phenomena has now deprived them of their influence over the mind; but even we remember the awe which they inspired when they were seen accompanying and following the revolutionary wars of the last century.

Nor is it by material phenomena alone that the mind is drawn from its earthly concerns to a due sense of its position and its relations. Moral events address themselves still more powerfully to mankind, and through the channel of the affections we are often roused from a lethargy that would otherwise have been fatal. When domestic affliction presses its cold hand upon the heart, and throws a blackness over nature, material objects almost cease to influence us;—the mind discovers its true place in the scheme of infinite wisdom;—it longs to follow the disembodied spirit from which it has been torn, and would almost welcome the stroke that could effect its liberation.

Such are the means by which ordinary men are impressed with a serious, though an unacknowledged, awe of the unseen world. To the philosopher and the Christian such reminiscences are less requisite. Occupied with the study of his own mind, or with that of the material universe, the wise man is too much conversant with mental abstractions, and too familiar with the proofs of an all-pervading spirit, to doubt the existence of a supernatural community, or to pronounce dogmatically against the opinions of those—

‘Who deem that such inhabit many a spot,

Though with them to converse can rarely be our lot.’

Every article of the Christian's faith, and every effort that his duty demands from him, is associated with the convictions of supernatural agency. The student of the Old Testament will scarcely renounce the belief ‘that descending spirits may converse with

* Art. I. 1. Sketches of the Philosophy of Apparitions; and an attempt to trace such Illusions to their Physical Causes. By Samuel Hibbert, M. D. F. R. S. E. Second Edition, enlarged. Edinburgh, 1835.

2. Letters on Demonology and Witchcraft. By Sir Walter Scott, Bart. (Published in the ‘Family Library.’) London, 1830.

3. Letters on Natural Magic. By Sir David Brewster, K. H. (Published in the ‘Family Library.’) London. 1831.

men;* and, even in the miraculous events of the new dispensation, he discovers abundant proofs of a frequent communication between the worlds of matter and of spirit. The feelings thus inspired by the sacred canon are fostered by every act of Christian piety. He whose struggles are to shake off the incubus of earthly passion,—whose aspirations are after things unseen, and whose motto is *STAND IN AWE AND SIN NOT*, is not likely to disclaim the possibility of supernatural appearances.

But while we allow, on these grounds, that a feeling in favour of apparitions is universally prevalent,—and while we respect even the sacred principle on which a belief in them may be founded, yet we cannot find any evidence for admitting their existence.

The miraculous interpositions which were necessary at the establishment of Christianity have undoubtedly ceased; and, in proportion as knowledge has been diffused, and the doctrines of the reformed religion advanced, in the same proportion have the stories of apparitions diminished in number.

Even those who are believers in the reappearance of departed spirits, or in the apparitions of persons still alive, entertain no common opinion concerning the nature of these unearthly visitants. Nobody surely believes that the spirits of just men made perfect are reinvested with their sublunary drapery to frighten or to warn the careless,—and still less can it be supposed that the shades of the wicked are entrusted with this spiritual diplomacy. If such effects were necessary under the divine government of the world, they could be produced by the simple machinery of mental impressions, which have all the vivacity and force of the pictures of real objects.

Some of the ancient philosophers, indeed, did attempt to assign a physical cause for the supposed reappearance of the dead; and our modern alchemists continued to invest that explanation with all the solemnity of truth. As the reptiles cast their skins, and leave behind them their real external covering, in like manner it was supposed by Lucretius that the spirits of the departed were the superficial films or outward exuviae of the human body, which had escaped from the general law of mortality. This speculation was improved and extended by the alchemists of the seventeenth century, who conceived that by the processes of *Palingsenesy*, as it was called, they could reproduce the rose, or any other plant, from its ashes. The saline residuum of the flower mixed with a *certain* substance, was exposed to a gentle heat, and from the midst of its ashes there arose, in all its native beauty, the stem, the leaves, and the corolla of the plant. In this fanciful result, which the alchemists declare that they obtained, Kircher speedily discovered what he thought

was the real origin of apparitions. As the saline particles of each part of the plant were supposed, in virtue of their specific affinities, to resume their places in its resuscitated phantom, so he conceived that the saline particles of the human body, liberated by decomposition, were exhaled from its earthly tenement, and resumed, in a shadowy outline, the same position which they had held in the living frame.

This explanation of ghosts was in perfect harmony with the speculations of the age; but even in these times an appeal was occasionally made to experiment, and the chemical magician experienced no difficulty in extricating phantoms from the soil of the churchyard, or in causing the shade of the executed felon to hover above his pounded bones. In the time even of Louis the XIV. these experiments were believed to have been successfully performed. Three Parisian alchemists, having taken some earth from the burial ground of the church of the Innocents, exposed it to distillation in a glass phial. The sudden appearance of human forms within their transparent prison, drove the terrified chemists from their laboratory, and terminated for a while, their magical transformations.* The story, how-

* Had these alchemists lived in later times, when masses of *adipocire* were extracted from the same burying-ground, they might have performed their experiments more elegantly, by lighting up their apartments with wax candles, which they could easily have moulded from this sepulchral deposit. A brief history of this remarkable substance may interest the general reader: 'Adipocire was discovered at Paris in 1787, when the burying ground of the church des Innocens was removed, on account of its insalubrity, and the space which it occupied laid out for buildings. This burying ground had been for many centuries the receptacle of the dead in one of the most populous districts of Paris, and contained several large cavities, (*fosses communes*;) about thirty feet deep and twenty feet square. Each of these immense pits, which had been heaped above their natural level, contained about fifteen hundred adjacent coffins, including the bodies of the poorer inhabitants, who were uniformly doomed to this species of dishonourable interment, so that a space of nearly two hundred thousand cubic yards was completely filled with one hideous mass of corruption. When the proposed alterations in this part of the city were to be put in execution, it became necessary to remove the greater part of the soil with its putrid contents, and it was during this operation that Messrs. Fourcroy and Thouvet obtained the following interesting facts:—in one of the pits, which had been filled up about fifteen years, the bodies had sunk to the bottoms of the coffins, as if they had been flattened by the pressure of some weight; and, upon removing the linen shroud, there appeared irregular masses of a soft unctuous substance like cheese, of a brownish colour, and apparently intermediate between wax and fat. After further examination, it appeared that this adipocire was composed of every part of the body except the bones, nails, and hair; that it was more perfect in the centres of the pits than in the parts nearer the surface; that in the space of about thirty-five years, where the ground is dry, it becomes brittle, semi-transparent, and of a granulated texture, and that it was never produced when the bodies were interred singly.'—*Edinburgh Encyclopædia*. Art. Adipocire.

ever, got abroad, and the wise men of the day resolved, at whatever hazard, to confirm or expose the results of their predecessors. An experiment was made on the body of a malefactor, and the following account of it, given by Dr. Ferriar, is an abstract of that which appeared in the '*Miscellanea Curiosa*.'

'A malefactor was executed, of whose body a grave physician got possession, for the purpose of dissection. After disposing of the other parts of the body, he ordered his assistant to pulverize part of the cranium, which was a remedy at that time admitted in dispensaries. The powder was left in a paper on the table of the museum, where the assistant slept; about midnight he was awakened by a noise in the room, which obliged him to rise immediately. The noise continued about the table without any visible agent; and at length he traced it to the powder, in the midst of which he now beheld, to his unspeakable dismay, a small head, with open eyes staring at him; presently two branches approached, which formed into arms and hands; then the ribs became visible, which were soon clothed with muscles and integuments; next the lower extremities sprouted out, and when they appeared perfect the puppet (for his size was small,) raised himself on his feet; instantly his clothes came upon him, and he appeared in the very cloak he wore at his execution. The affrighted spectator, who stood hitherto mumbling his prayers with great application, now thought of nothing but making his escape from the revived ruffian; but this was impossible, for the apparition placed himself in his way, and, after diverse fierce looks and threatening gestures, opened the door and went out.'

This theory of apparitions,—the only one which seemed perfectly intelligible to the wisdom of the age,—rose high in popular estimation, and was supported by a very respectable constituency even in England. Dr. Webster, in his book on Witchcraft, not only sanctioned it with his express approbation, but brought forward new evidence in its support. He considered the regeneration of plants from their ashes as established by the ocular testimony of Borelli, Kircher, and others, who, he says, *would have been ashamed to affirm it if it were not true*, and he concludes that it is not only possible, but rational, that *animals*, as well as plants, have their ideas, or figures, or actual shapes existing after the gross body is destroyed. Hence, says he, *since the shapes and apparitions of men do appear*, it necessarily follows, that 'their corporeal souls do exist apart, and attend upon, or are near, the blood and bodies.' Such was the logic of the day, when grave men convinced themselves that every human body was attended with a spare soul, which saved the other

the trouble of disentangling itself from its earthly appendage. These Siamese twins of matter and of spirit were inseparable even in death, and when *Chang* was reduced to his primordial dust, *Eng* remained his faithful representative in the spiritual assembly of the dead.

In more modern times, Lavater invested the imaginations of individuals with the power of influencing the imaginations of others at a distance, and enabling the latter to create a vivid phantasm of the former. This, however, was only a partial extension of the ancient hypothesis, and the Swiss philosopher did nothing more than lengthen the ligament which bound together the Siamese brotherhood.

From the ancient theories of apparitions we now pass to their history,—that chronicle of truth and fable, which, while it inspires the timid with alarm, and yields a small triumph to the sceptic, may yet be advantageously examined by the philosopher and studied by the Christian.

The various phenomena of apparitions may be divided into two great classes:—Those which have been seen by several persons at the same time;—and those which have been seen by only one person.

1. The *first* of these divisions embraces two very opposite classes of phenomena. While it includes the supernatural visions which were displayed during the Jewish theocracy, and at the establishment of Christianity, it comprehends, also, the whole system of imposture which prevailed in the heathen temples. The first of these branches of the subject is too sacred to be treated in conjunction with the second. The singular events in which the Almighty spoke to his peculiar people, and the miracles by which our Saviour and his disciples overpowered the incredulity of their hearers, were special interpositions for accomplishing the high objects of the divine government. When human reason had placed these relations on the basis of historical evidence, philosophy shrunk from their examination, and faith received them with holy reverence.

Far different from these beneficent revelations were the lying miracles of ancient idolatry. When, in the progress of evil, sovereigns ceased to be the fathers of their people, they contrived to associate the influence of the priest with the arts of the sage, in a dark conspiracy to enslave their species. The sciences of the times, limited as they were, became the powerful instruments of imposture among ignorant minds; and through many a dark century, the whole mass of social life was bound in the chain of spiritual despotism. At one time the heathen deities addressed themselves, in oracular responses, to the ears of their worshippers;—at another, they appealed to the

eye, in the full costume of spiritual apparitions. Their statues walked and spoke, and wept and sung,—and a large tribute of imposture was levied from every department of knowledge. Men could not but give credence to what they thus saw with their eyes, and heard with their ears. No artificial stimulus, perhaps, was applied to their senses or imagination. It was through their ignorance alone,—their ignorance of the powers of nature and the resources of art, that they became the willing victims of a base superstition. It is only when knowledge has made considerable inroads on the domain of the magician, that he is compelled to enlist the creative faculty in his service.

The principal apparitions of former times seem to have been of an optical nature. The properties of lenses and concave mirrors, and especially that of forming images in the air which eluded the grasp of the observer, and possessed all the characters of an incorporeal existence, were certainly known to the ancient magicians. Hence it was easy to obtain, from inverted and highly illuminated statues or pictures, aerial representations of their gods, or of their departed friends. But though such apparitions had the requisite resemblance to their prototypes, they still wanted the reality of life. This defect, however, they were able to supply; they possessed the art of giving an erect position to inverted images, so that from living beings it was easy to exhibit erect apparitions in the air. Persons who resembled their divinities, or the individuals whose apparitions were required, were no doubt dressed in appropriate attire, so as to furnish aerial images exhibiting all the expressions, and repeating all the movements of the original object.

It would appear from a passage of Damascius, quoted by M. Salverte, that the ancients possessed even the art of the modern phantasmagoria. He describes a mass of light as seen on the wall of the temple, which at first appeared very remote, but which, as it approached the eye, gradually transformed itself into a countenance of divine and supernatural beauty. With this power of transformation, which optical machinery so well supplied, it became easy to convert one apparition into another, and even to produce those metamorphoses of men into animals which appear to have been effected by the ancient conjurors.

Owing to the impenetrable secrecy which reigned in the temples of idolatry, no accurate description of any individual apparition has been handed down to us; but in later times, when the manipulations of magic were more exposed to public scrutiny, we meet with a few examples which are well calculated to exhibit the means by which they were produced.

One of the earliest of these occurred during the ninth century of the Christian æra.

The Emperor Basil, being inconsolable for the loss of a favourite son, had recourse to the prayers of Theodore Santabaren, Archbishop of the Euchaïtes, who had long been celebrated for possessing the gift of miracles. The emperor required a parting glimpse of his child: the prayers of the archbishop were heard; the disconsolate father was indulged with a sight of his son, exhibited in a magnificent dress, and mounted on a superb charger. The apparition advanced to the emperor, threw itself into his arms, and vanished. It is impossible to suppose that a real horseman was on this occasion the instrument of deception. The disappearance of the apparition in the arms of Basil, exactly after the manner of a phantasmagoric image, clearly indicates its optical origin, and proves that the aerial image either of a portrait, or of a living youth resembling the deceased prince, was the evanescent spectre which the father vainly pressed to his heart.

In more modern times we meet with a still more striking example of the employment of optical images in the art of necromancy. The celebrated Benvenuto Cellini, having become acquainted with a Sicilian priest, skilled in literature and the black art, expressed a desire to witness the power of his incantations. The priest consented, and a day was fixed on which they should repair to the Coliseum. Cellini took with him two intimate acquaintances, Vincenzio Romoli and Agnolino Gaddi, and also a youth of twelve years of age. The priest was assisted by another necromancer, a native of Pistoia. Having reached the Coliseum in the evening, bringing along with them fire, assafætida, precious perfumes, and compositions of a nauseous odour—the priest began by drawing circles upon the ground with the most impressive ceremonies. The strangers were then handed into the circle through an opening in it made by the priest. The perfumes were thrown into the fire, and the ceremony commenced; of which Cellini has given the following account:—

“Having committed the care of the perfumes and the fire to my friend Vincenzio, who was assisted by Agnolino Gaddi, he put into my hand a pintaculo or magic chart, and bid me turn it to the place that he should direct me; and under the pintaculo I held my boy. The necromancer, having begun to make his tremendous invocations, called by their names a multitude of demons, who were the leaders of the several legions, and questioned them—by the power of the eternal uncreated God, who lives for ever—in the Hebrew language, as likewise in Latin and Greek, insomuch that the amphitheatre was almost in an instant filled with demons. Vincenzio Romoli was busied in making a fire, with the assistance of Agnolino, and burning a great quantity of precious perfumes: I, by the direction of the necro-

mancer, desired to be in the company of my Angelica. The former, thereupon, turning to me, said, 'Know that they have declared, that in the space of a month you shall be in her company.'

"He then requested me to stand resolutely by him, because the legions were now about a thousand more in number than he had designed; and, besides, these were the most dangerous; so that, after they had answered my question, it behoved him to be civil to them, and dismiss them quietly. At the same time the boy under the pintaculo was in a terrible fright, saying, that there were in that place a million of fierce men who threatened to destroy us; and that, moreover, four armed giants, of an enormous stature, were endeavouring to break into our circle. During this time, whilst the necromancer, trembling with fear, endeavoured, by mild and gentle methods, to dismiss them in the best way he could, Vincenzio Romoli, who quivered like an aspen leaf, took care of the perfumes. Though I was as much terrified as any of them, I did my utmost to conceal the terror I felt, so that I greatly contributed to inspire the rest with resolution; but the truth is, I gave myself over for a dead man, seeing the horrid fright the necromancer was in.

"The boy placed his head between his knees, and said, 'In this posture will I die, for we shall all surely perish.' I told him, that all these demons were under us, and what he saw was smoke and shadow; so bid him hold up his head and take courage. No sooner did he look up, but he cried out, 'The whole amphitheatre is burning, and the fire is just falling upon us;' so covering his eyes with his hands, he again exclaimed, that destruction was inevitable, and he desired to see no more. The necromancer entreated me to have a good heart, and take care to burn proper perfumes; upon which I turned to Romoli, and bid him burn all the most precious perfumes he had. At the same time I cast my eye upon Agnolino Gaddi, who was terrified to such a degree that he could scarce distinguish objects, and seemed to be half dead. Seeing him in this condition, I said, 'Agnolino, upon these occasions a man should not yield to fear, but should stir about and give his assistance; so come directly and put in some more of these perfumes.' The boy, hearing a crepitation, ventured once more to raise his head, when, seeing me laugh, he began to take courage, and said, that the devils were flying away with a vengeance.

"In this condition we staid till the bell rang for morning prayer. The boy then told us, that there remained but few devils, and these were at a great distance. When the magician had performed the rest of his ceremonies, he stripped off his gown, and took up a wallet full of books, which he had

brought with him. We all went out of the circle together, keeping as close to each other as we possibly could, especially the boy, who had placed himself in the middle, holding the necromancer by the coat, and me by the cloak.

"As we were going to our houses in the quarter of Banchi, the boy told us that two of the demons whom we had seen at the amphitheatre went on before us, leaping and skipping, sometimes running upon the roofs of the houses, and sometimes upon the ground."

Mr. Roscoe, from whose translation of the life of Cellini the preceding account is abridged by Sir David Brewster, infers, from the words addressed by Cellini to the terrified boy, "that the whole of the appearances were merely the effects of a magic-lantern, produced in volumes of smoke from various kinds of burning wood." In coming to this conclusion, however, as Sir David observes, Mr. Roscoe has forgotten that the exhibition took place about the middle of the sixteenth century, *before the invention of the magic-lantern*. Cellini died in 1570, and Kircher, the inventor of this instrument, was not born till 1601, so that the images of the demons must have been formed by some other apparatus. That this apparatus consisted of one or more concave mirrors, or of lenses, can, therefore, scarcely be doubted. Highly illuminated pictures or figures of demons, placed out of sight, were the objects from which the mirrors or lenses threw distinct images upon the volumes of smoke which rose from the fire. The magic circle, to which the spectators were religiously confined, was no doubt placed a little on one side of the rays reflected from the mirror, so that the images of the demons formed in the air would vanish when the smoke disappeared, and would be again revived upon every wreath of smoke which rose from the fire. A slight change in the position of the objects, or in that of the mirror, would cause the aerial pictures to change their places, to flit from one wreath of smoke to another, and to give the idea of a legion, or a constant succession of demons. The same effect might have been produced by a large multiplying glass; but however this may have been executed, it was obviously under the management of the conjuror of Pistoia, while the master necromancer had taken his place within the magic ring in order to observe the progress of the experiment, and give directions by signals for any new appearances which he might think proper to invoke.

There can be no doubt, that the object of the compositions which diffused nauseous odours was to intoxicate or stupify the spectators, for the purpose of increasing their liability to deception, or of adding imaginary phantoms to those which were before their eyes; but it is not easy to discover from the

details what parts of the exhibition were due to this secondary cause. The boy, as well as Agnolino Gaddi, were so overpowered with terror, that they were constantly influenced by their imagination; but when the boy declares that "four armed giants, of an enormous stature, were endeavouring to break into their circle," he describes, in the most accurate manner, the effect that would be produced by pushing the original figures nearer the concave mirror, and thus magnifying their images on the smoke, and causing them to advance towards the spectators. Brewster supposes that the optical apparatus by which these effects were produced was inclosed in a box, with an illuminating lamp and sliding figures, and that this box, with its lamp burning, was carried home with the party; and thus "easily understands" the declaration of the boy, "that as they were going home to their houses in the quarter of Banchi, *two of the demons whom they had seen at the amphitheatre went on before them, leaping and skipping, sometimes running on the roofs of the houses, and sometimes on the ground.*"

Another example of an apparition seen by two persons at the same time, occurred in our own country, about the end of the seventeenth century, and is described in *Bovet's Pandemonium, or the Devil's Cloyster*. The author of this work informs us, that about the year 1667, he was residing along with some persons of honour, in the west country, in the house of a nobleman, which had been a nunnery. He had heard from the servants, as well as from visitors, that the house was frequently disturbed by *noises, stirrs, and apparitions*, but at that time he entertained no fear of such annoyances, as the house was full of strangers, and the nobleman's steward, Mr. C., lay with him in a fine wainscot room, called, "My Lady Chamber." He then proceeds to describe the events of the night in the following manner:—

"We went to our lodging pretty early, and, having a good fire in the room, we spent some time in reading; then having got into bed, and put out the candles, we observed the room to be very light by the brightness of the moon, so that a wager was laid between us, that it was possible to read written hand by that light upon the bed where we lay. Accordingly, I drew out of my pocket a manuscript, which he read distinctly in the place where we lay. We had scarcely made an end of discoursing about that affair, when I saw (my face being towards the door, which was locked) entering into the room five appearances of very fine and lovely women. They were of excellent stature, and their dresses seemed very fine; they covered all but their faces with their light veils, whose skirts trailed largely on the floor. They entered in a file, one after the

other, and in that posture walked round the room, till the foremost came and stood by that side of the bed where I lay, with my left hand over the side of the bed, for my head rested on that arm, and I determined not to alter the position in which I was. She struck me upon that hand with a blow that felt very soft, but I did never remember whether it were cold or hot. I demanded, in the name of the blessed Trinity, what business they had there, but received no answer. Then I spoke to Mr. C.,—*"Sir, do you see what fair guests are here come to visit us?"*—before which they had all disappeared. I found him in some kind of agony, and was forced to grasp him on the breast with my right-hand (which was next him underneath the bed-clothes) before I could obtain speech of him. Then he told me, that he had seen the fair guests I spoke of, and had heard me speak to them, but withal said that he was not able to speak sooner unto me, being extremely affrighted at the sight of a dreadful monster, which, assuming a shape between that of a lion and a bear, attempted to come upon the bed's-foot. I told him, I thanked God, nothing so frightful had presented itself to me; but I hoped, through his assistance, not to dread the ambages of hell."

Alarmed by these apparitions, the steward forsook his companion, and on the following night Bovet was consigned alone to the haunted chamber. A short while after he got into bed, he heard something like a woman in a *tabby gown* trailing about the room:—

"It made," he observes, "a mighty rustling noise, but I could see nothing, though it was near as light as the night before. It passed by the foot of the bed, and a little opened the curtains, and thence went to a closet door on that side, through which it found admittance, although it was close-locked. There it seemed to groan and to draw a great chair with its foot, in which it seemed to sit, and turn over the leaves of a large folio, which, you know, make a loud clattering noise. So it continued in that posture, sometimes groaning, sometimes dragging the chair, and clattering the book, till it was near day. Afterwards I lodged several times in this room, but never met with any molestation."

Dr. Ferriar regards this apparition as a waking illusion, while Dr. Hibbert supposes it to have been a lively dream. Both these opinions seem to be excluded by the fact, that the apparitions of the five women were both seen and heard by the nobleman's steward as well as Mr. Bovet. To imagine that two persons could, at the same moment, fall into the same waking vision, or dream the same lively dream, is inconsistent with everything that we know of the operations of independent minds. The origin of the

apparitions is not difficult to discover. The house where it appeared was a scene of gaiety and festivity, and being filled with strangers, it is highly probable that they had diversified the amusements by attempting to terrify the author and the steward. The appearances, so distinctly described by Boret, might have been produced by a dexterous application of optical means, for the soft blow which was struck upon his hand might have been an effect of the imagination, occasioned by the attempt of the optical figure to touch his hand. We are of opinion, however, that the five personages who entered the room were real females, under the direction of their noble master. It is not likely that the steward, who must have been familiar with the apparitions of the castle, would have forsaken Boret from fear. He was probably withdrawn by the party in order to subject the author to a solitary experiment; and when it was found that he could even face the lady with the tabby gown, he was permitted to enjoy his slumbers without any further molestation.

In the class of apparitions which we are now considering, viz. such as are seen by two persons at the same time, we may enumerate those which have their origin in certain recondite functions of vision, which are entirely unknown to the vulgar, and have been little, if at all, examined by philosophers. To the deceptions which spring from them, the best and the least informed are equally subject, and it is highly probable that they may come into simultaneous operation in the minds of more than one observer. The thousand and one apparitions, which have continued from age to age to terrify the young and the ignorant, have generally presented themselves during the hours of twilight and of darkness, when the horizon was faintly illuminated by a declining moon, or by the twinkling light of the stars, or the still feebler illumination of a shrouded sky. At such hours the imagination is itself auxiliary to physical causes; and when the vision acquires its vividness from the one, and a species of reality from the other, the soundest mind may be baffled in tracing the causes of the deception,

"Which out of things familiar undesign'd,
When least we deem of such, calls up to view
The spectres whom no exertion can bind—
The cold—the changed—purchase the dead—awew,
The mourn'd—the loved—the lost!"

Under the circumstances which we have described, all objects are extremely difficult to be seen from the obscurity in which they are involved. The imperfect vision of those which we can command, compels us to fix the eye upon them more steadily, but the more exertion we make to accomplish our purpose, the greater are the difficulties which we encounter. Owing to a property of the retina,

when acted upon by highly attenuated light, the eye itself is thrown into the most painful agitation—the object swells and contracts, and it sometimes partially disappears, and again becomes visible when the eye has recovered from its temporary delirium. These effects may be most distinctly seen when the objects in a room are illuminated with the last gleams of a fire nearly extinguished; but they are likely to be most efficacious, as a source of deception, when there is just sufficient light to render white objects faintly visible.

The influence of this principle is aided by another condition of the eye, which it necessarily assumes during partial darkness. In order to collect the feeble light which prevails, the pupil expands itself nearly to the whole width of the iris; but it is demonstrable that, in this state of the pupil, the eye cannot accommodate itself to the distinct vision of near objects, so that the forms of persons and things actually become more confused and shadowy when they are at the very distance at which we calculate upon obtaining the best view of them. The combinations of these affections of the eye must therefore powerfully contribute to the production of illusions in the dark. It is a curious circumstance, that the spectres of this kind are always white, which they ought to be, because no other colour can be seen, and they are always created either out of inanimate objects which reflect more light than others around them, or which are projected against a more luminous ground, or they are formed out of human beings or animals whose colour or change of place renders them more visible in the dark. When the straining eye discovers an inanimate object, whose different parts reflect different degrees of light, its brighter portions may enable the spectator to preserve a sustained view of them, but the evanescence and subsequent revival of its fainter parts, and its consequent change of outline, will give it the aspect of a living body; and if the spectator has not courage to examine it more narrowly, and if it occupies an unapproachable position, and especially one where animate objects could not reach, the mind would not be slow in assigning to it a supernatural origin. From similar causes, a human form, traced in the faint lineaments of twilight, may experience similar transformations, increased by its general locomotion, or by the movements of its individual parts. In positions favourable for receiving and reflecting light, it may in a new position suddenly disappear, when the observer has conceived it to be under the full command of his vision; and if this disappearance take place in some unfrequented path, where the figure has no means of escaping from the observer, the event cannot fail to make a deep impression on the mind.

Those who have been subject in their youth to the fear of an unseen world, will recognize in these observations the phenomena which they have witnessed, and the sources of fear with which they have been agitated. When minds of such a cast are placed under the circumstances we have described, the organs of sight and of hearing become painfully sensitive. They place themselves on the alert to catch every gleam of light, and to collect every breath of sound, and, like the timid and too cautious sentinel, they are ever disturbing the garrison with the tidings of an imaginary enemy. When two persons perform the same nocturnal journey, the physical causes to which we have referred may operate similarly, and even where they do not, the inferior courage, or the sharper vision of the one, will soon give identity to the forms which are presented to them both. Their imaginations even may be directed into the same channel, if their journey is one of high importance, or of affecting interest; if they are bearers of the same message of love, or the same tale of woe; if they are embarked in crime, or escaping from justice, or in pursuit of murderers; or are charged with any great errand in times of public commotion or war—their minds will obviously be agitated by the same hopes and fears, and their imaginations roused by the same excitement. Two independent minds may thus, as it were, become one—just as two chronometers, with different rates of going, or two strings vibrating different notes, are forced by a sympathetic action into the same physical condition. Similar, and even diversified, phenomena, will thus make the same mental impression; the creations of the imagination will receive the same similarity of character, and a double testimony will thus be obtained in favour of the apparitions of sense or of the visions of fancy.*

* These views are well, though partially illustrated, in the case of dreams, by the following anecdote, in which similar dreams were produced in a gentleman and his wife at the same time, and by the same cause. It is given by Dr. Abercrombie, on the authority of a MS. of the late Dr. Gregory:—"It happened," says he, "at a period when there was an alarm of French invasion, and almost every man in Edinburgh was a soldier. All things had been arranged in expectation of the landing of an enemy; the first notice of which was to be given by a gun from the castle, and this was to be followed by a chain of signals, calculated to alarm the country in all directions. Further, there had been recently in Edinburgh a splendid military spectacle, in which five thousand men had been drawn up in Prince's Street, fronting the castle. The gentleman to whom the dream occurred, and who had been a most zealous volunteer, was in bed, between two and three o'clock in the morning, when he dreamt of hearing the signal-gun. He was immediately at the castle, witnessed the proceedings for displaying the signals, and saw and heard a great bustle over the town from troops and artillery assembling, especially in Prince's Street. At this time he was roused by his wife,

These observations are strikingly illustrated by the following story, which was related by a sea-captain from Newcastle, and published by Mr. Ellis, in his edition of Brand's Popular Antiquities:—

"His cook," he said, "chanced to die on their passage homeward. This honest fellow, having had one of his legs a little shorter than the other, used to walk in that way which our vulgar idiom calls *with an up and a down*. A few nights after his body had been committed to the deep our captain was alarmed by his mate with an account that the cook was walking before the ship, and that all hands were on deck to see him. The captain, after an oath or two for having been disturbed, ordered them to let him alone, and try which, the ship or he, should first get to Newcastle. But turning out, on further importunity, he honestly confessed that he had like to have caught the contagion; for on seeing something move in a way so similar to that which our old friend used, and withal having a cap on so like that which he was wont to wear, he verily thought that there was more in the report than he was at first willing to believe. A general panic diffused itself; he ordered the ship to be steered towards the object, but not a man would move the helm! Compelled to do this himself, he found, on a nearer approach, that the ridiculous cause of all their terror was part of a main-top, the remains of some wreck, floating before them."

There is yet another class of apparitions, of an optical nature, which may be seen by more than one person, and which have their origin in that property of the retina which produces what is called *ocula spectra*, or accidental colours. If we cut the human figure out of a piece of bright scarlet paper, and placing it on a sheet of highly illuminated white paper, look at it for some seconds with one or both eyes steadily fixed on one point of it, we shall observe the red colour to become fainter, as if it were diluted with white light. If the red figure is now quickly removed, we shall see upon the white paper a green figure perfectly similar to the red one, and this figure is called the spectrum, or accidental colour of the red figure. The colours of the spectral figures vary with those of the real ones, as in the following table, which we extract from Sir David Brewster's second letter to Sir Walter Scott:—

who awoke in a fright, in consequence of a *similar dream*, connected with much noise and the landing of an enemy, and concluding with the death of a particular friend of her husband's, who had served with him as a volunteer during the late war. The origin of this remarkable occurrence was ascertained in the morning to be the noise produced in the room above by the fall of a pair of tongs, which had been left in some very awkward position, in support of a clothes-screen."

The original colour of figures. Colour of spectral figures.

| | |
|--------|----------------|
| Red | Bluish-green |
| Orange | Blue |
| Yellow | Indigo |
| Green | Reddish-violet |
| Blue | Orange-red |
| Indigo | Orange-yellow |
| Violet | Yellow |
| White | Black |
| Black | White." |

Brewster, p. 21.

These accidental colours often appear when we are not aware of the causes in which they originate. In an apartment, painted with brilliant colours, and illuminated with the solar rays, all the shadows will have the accidental colour of that of the room. A solar beam, passing through an aperture of a blue window-curtain, will appear orange; and, in general, whenever the eye is affected with one predominating colour, it will see, at the same time, the spectral or accidental colour, in the same manner as the ear hears simultaneously the fundamental and harmonic sounds of a vibrating string.

When figures are seen projected against very strong lights,—against highly illuminated clouds, for example, or against the solar rays reflected from a sheet of water, and diffused by the ripple of its surface, the spectator will carry about with him for some time a white spectral figure upon a dark ground. But even in ordinary lights similar apparitions may be produced by more transient impressions; and we have no difficulty in believing that the following story is a true one:—

"A figure dressed in black, and mounted upon a white horse, was riding along, exposed to the bright rays of the sun, which, through a small opening in the clouds, was throwing its light only upon this part of the landscape. The black figure was projected against a white cloud, and the white horse shone with particular brilliancy by its contrast with the dark soil against which it was seen. A person interested in the arrival of such a stranger had been for some time following his movements with intense anxiety, but upon his disappearance behind a wood was surprised to observe the spectre of the mounted stranger in the form of a white rider upon a black steed, and this spectre was seen for some time in the sky, or upon any pale ground to which the eye was directed."

2. We now come to consider that class of apparitions which have been seen only by one individual at the same time.

These appearances may originate in three different causes.—1st. They may be the result of pure optical illusion, presented to a person of the soundest mind and in the most perfect health; or of certain physical affections of the eye, occasioned by some tempo-

rary derangement of its functions, and exaggerated by the imagination.—2d. They may have their origin entirely in the imagination when rendered morbid by an early-instilled and deeply-seated belief in apparitions, and when excited by local and temporary associations.—3d. They may arise in persons of the soundest minds, and with the best-regulated imaginations, from a diseased state of the vital functions,—exhibiting themselves in open day, and in the midst of the social circle.

1. To the first of these sources of spectral illusions we have made some reference in the preceding pages. The subject is one of great extent, and requires too much scientific discussion to be treated in a popular form. We shall, therefore, confine our observations at present to an account of two different derangements in the functions of the retina which may produce the illusions under consideration.

The first of these, a very remarkable one, which has been for the first time closely examined by Sir David Brewster, is thus described by Sir Isaac Newton, in the sixteenth of his optical queries:—

"When a man in the dark presses either corner of his eye with his finger, and turns his eye away from his finger, he will see a circle of colours like those in the feather of a peacock's tail. If the eye and the finger remain quiet, these colours vanish in a second of time. Do not these colours arise from such motions excited in the bottom of the eye by the pressure and motion of the finger, as at other times are excited there by light for causing vision? And do not the motions, once excited, continue about a second of time before they cease? And when a man, by a stroke upon his eye, sees a flash of light, are not the like motions excited on the retina by the stroke?"

Although Sir David has frequently repeated these experiments with the greatest care, he has never, he says, been able to observe the green and blue colours of the peacock's feather, nor, indeed, any colour whatever, "except a red tinge, which is produced by the passage of the external light through the closed eyelids. The circles of light," he adds, "continue while the pressure lasts; and they may be produced as readily when the eye has been many hours in total darkness, as when it has been recently exposed to light."—p. 18.

In absolute darkness, according to his experiments, the slightest force, which is just sufficient to compress the soft membrane of the retina, creates a distinct sensation of light; and if rays from an external object are allowed to fall upon the retina, when it experiences this pressure, the excited portion will be more sensible to their light than any other part, and consequently will appear more luminous. As the ball of the eye is

filled with incompressible fluids, an increase of pressure will cause the eye-ball to protrude round the point of pressure, and consequently the retina under the protruded part will be *compressed* by the outward pressure of the fluids within, while the retina on each side, viz. under the point of pressure, and beyond the protruding ring, will be drawn, as it were, towards the latter and *dilated*. The portion of retina, therefore, under the finger, which was in the first instance compressed, is now dilated; the ring which surrounds it compressed, and a remoter ring dilated. Under these circumstances, when the eye is exposed to light, there is seen a bright luminous circle shading off externally and internally into total darkness. Hence we are led to the important conclusions, that the retina gives out light when compressed in absolute darkness,—that its sensibility to light is increased when compressed under exposure to light,—and that when it is dilated under the influence of light, the dilated portion is insensible to all luminous impressions.

What Sir David styles the *phosphorescence of the eye, under pressure*, shows itself frequently when the observer is in perfect health. A flash of light shoots from the eye-ball, when the eye or the head receives a sudden stroke. Gleams of light are seen during the inhalation of the air, and its subsequent protrusion in the act of sneezing; and if we blow forcibly through the nostrils, two patches of light will appear above the axis of the eyes, and in front of each, while other two luminous spots unite into one, and appear, as it were, about the point of the nose, when the eyes are directed towards it.

If the eye-balls are made to roll by the action of their own muscles, the retina is affected at the place where the muscles are attached, and the pressure thus occasioned exhibits itself in two crescents of light, one opposite to each eye, and towards the nose. In certain states of indisposition, particularly when the stomach experiences a temporary derangement, accompanied with head-ache, the phosphorescence of the retina shows itself in new and even alarming forms. The pressure of the distended blood-vessels produces, in total darkness, a faint blue light, varying in its shape and in its intensity, and continually passing before the eye and disappearing. This constantly flitting cloud becomes green, yellow, and even red, as the head-ache grows more intense, and all these colours are sometimes seen at once upon its margin.

When we consider the great diversity of shapes which the imagination conjures up without effort, upon looking into a fire or upon an irregularly shaded surface, it is not difficult to understand how these masses of coloured light, varying as they do in their forms, in their brightness, and in their

movements, may be moulded by the same power into those natural and fantastic shapes which so often haunt the couch of the invalid.

When the derangement of the stomach is produced by poisonous substances the functions of vision are singularly disturbed, and the retina peculiarly affected. The following curious example of this is related by Dr. Patouillet, a physician, of Toucy, in France.

"On the 26th of January, 1737, Dr. Patouillet was called to a cottage near Toucy, where he was surprised to find nine persons together, all having the true symptoms of being poisoned; with this difference, that some were speechless, and showed no other signs of life than by convulsions, contortions of their limbs, and the Risus Sardonius; all having their eyes starting out of their heads, and their mouths drawn backwards on both sides; others had all the symptoms alike. However, five of these now and then opened their mouths, but it was to utter howlings; and whenever they expressed articulated words, it seemed as if they would prophecy. One, for example, said, "In a month my neighbour will lose a cow;"—another, "In a little time you will see the crown-pieces of sixty pence at five livres." Among these nine persons there was a woman five months gone with child, and a child of ten years; four boys, of nine, twelve, fifteen, and eighteen; and three girls, of fifteen, seventeen, and nineteen years of age. The madness of all these patients was so complete, and their agitation so violent, that, in order to give one of them an antidote, he was forced to employ six strong men to hold him, while he was getting his teeth asunder to pour down the remedy; and as they could not all be watched at once, one of the boys got away, and ran to a pond one hundred paces from the house, into which he leaped, but as he was seen he was soon taken out.

"It was in vain to examine these wretches concerning the nature of the poison they had taken, as they were quite senseless. Happily the father of the family, by being absent, was free from this misfortune. Of him Dr. Patouillet learnt, that digging his garden the preceding day, he had found several roots resembling common parsnips, and having carried them home for parsnips they were boiled in the soup; and the unlucky mistake was not apprehended till the children were in this dreadful state. He described the plant which he had taken for parsnips, and when Dr. Pantouillet went into the garden he found it to be henbane, the *Hyoscyamus niger* of Linnæus, which is a very strong poison.

"Having administered the proper remedies, Dr. Patouillet went next day to visit the patients, and found them in a quite dif-

ferent condition. They had all recovered their senses, but remembered nothing of what had happened. During the whole of this day every object appeared double, but when he returned to see them on the day following he was surprised to find that though objects now appeared single they were as red as scarlet. This last symptom gradually disappeared on the third day, and the invalids gradually recovered."

The scarlet vision which accompanied the convalescence of these individuals was no doubt produced by the same cause as the coloured masses already described. Had the poison been taken in less quantities, so as to have occasioned only a physical derangement in the functions of the eye, without affecting the minds of the patients, it is highly probable that its influence would have been characterized by spectral forms.

2. The apparitions arising from the second cause which we have mentioned constitute the most numerous, though the least interesting class. They have their origin generally in the nursery, and haunt the imaginations only of the young and the ignorant. Every sight which cannot be explained, and every sound which cannot be traced, is construed into something supernatural, and the unfortunate victim at last brings himself to see and to hear when the external world presents no objects to his senses. Fear is usually the source of this disease, and knowledge and religion its best cures; and if a sense of shame, and the dread of ridicule, have not banished it before the age of manhood, the convalescence of the patient is hopeless, and he may groan under the ignoble despotism to the last hours of his life.

3. We come now to the most interesting part of our subject,—to the consideration of those spectral apparitions which present themselves even at mid-day to persons of sound minds and of well-regulated imaginations. The details of these phenomena, while they present to the general reader all the interest of a romance, furnish curious points of speculation to the physician and to the natural philosopher, and when they have been better examined, and brought under the dominion of inductive principles, they may lead the metaphysician to important discoveries respecting the mutual influence of the mind and the body.

In the works named at the head of this article, Dr. Hibbert and Sir Walter Scott have recorded many curious cases of spectral illusions, and have treated the general subject with much ingenuity and learning. New and remarkable cases, however, have occurred since these volumes were published, and by the help of recent inquiries respecting some of the more recondite functions of vision—more especially those of Sir David Brewster—we may be able to place the subject in a more manageable form, and to give

a rational as well as a consolatory explanation of phenomena which have been regarded by some as the indications, and by others as the effects, of mental aberration.

One of the most extraordinary illusions is that of Nicolai, a bookseller at Berlin, who communicated an account of his own case to the Prussian Academy of Science. A translation of his memoir was published in 1803, in an English journal of very limited circulation, and with the exception of what is contained in the brief abstract of it given by Dr. Hibbert and Sir Walter Scott, is still but little known to the general reader. Towards the end of the year 1790, and the beginning of 1791, M. Nicolai had been agitated by various misfortunes, which preyed deeply upon his mind, and on the 24th of February an event occurred which threw him into violent distress. About ten o'clock in the morning, when his wife and a friend had entered his room, for the purpose of consoling him, he suddenly perceived, at the distance of a few paces, the standing figure of a person deceased, which remained from seven to eight minutes, and which the rest of the party were of course unable to see. A little after four o'clock in the afternoon the same figure appeared to him when he was alone, and upon his going to mention this to his wife, the spectre accompanied him to her apartment, alternately vanishing and reappearing. A little after six o'clock several stalking figures also appeared, but they had no connexion with the figure already mentioned. When his mind had become more composed, and his bodily indisposition had been removed by medical treatment, our bookseller expected that these appearances would take leave of him. His expectations, however, were disappointed, for they increased in number, and underwent the most extraordinary transformations.

The standing figure of the person deceased never appeared to him after the 24th of February, but several other figures occupied its place. These figures were chiefly those of persons whom he did not know, though he sometimes saw those of his acquaintances. The figures of persons alive occurred more frequently than those of persons who were deceased, and he distinctly remarked that the acquaintances with whom he daily conversed never appeared to him as phantasms. When, after some weeks, he had become familiar with these unbidden guests, he endeavoured to conjure up phantasms of his acquaintance, and for this purpose he tried to bring them before his imagination in the most lively manner; but though he had but a short time before seen them as phantasms, he never could, by this process, succeed in giving them an external locality.

When he was conversing with his physician and his wife concerning the phantasms which hovered around him, the figures some-

times left him altogether, and again appeared either singly or in groups. The apparitions were generally human figures of both sexes, who, like people at a fair, passed to and fro, as if they had no mutual connexion, though they sometimes appeared to have business with one another. On one or two occasions he saw persons on horseback, dogs, and birds, all of which appeared in their natural size, and of the same colours which they exhibited in real life, though somewhat paler.

When these apparitions began to be seen more frequently, Nicolai began also to hear them speak; sometimes they addressed one another, but generally they spoke to himself, in short speeches, which never contained anything disagreeable. This loquacity in the apparitions occurred most frequently when he was alone, though he sometimes heard it in society, intermixed with the actual conversation of the company.

Although these appearances had ceased to excite any disagreeable emotion, and had even afforded him frequent subjects of amusement and mirth, yet, as his disorder had sensibly increased, and as the figures had appeared to him for whole days together, and even when he awoke during the night, he found it necessary not only to take medicine, but to apply leeches. This was done on the 20th of April, at eleven o'clock in the forenoon; and during the operation, while he was sitting alone with the surgeon, the room swarmed with human forms of every description, which crowded fast upon one another till half-past four o'clock. The figures then began to move more slowly, their colours became gradually paler, and, after intervals of seven minutes, he could distinguish a palpable diminution in their intensity, without any change in the distinctness of their figures. At about half-past six o'clock they became entirely white, and moved very slightly; their forms, however, were still perfectly distinct, and without decreasing in number, they gradually became less perceptible. Instead of moving off or vanishing as they had usually done, they now dissolved immediately into air; whole pieces of some of them continuing for a length of time, and at last disappearing. About eight o'clock not a vestige of them remained; and Nicolai never again was disturbed by these spectral illusions.

Accustomed to the investigation of mental phenomena, Nicolai took a great interest in studying the facts which had thus occurred to himself, and he has recorded various excellent observations, of which the following are the most interesting to the Pneumatologist.

1st.—He endeavoured to discover if the figures were presented to his mind by some association with his previous thoughts; but though he sometimes thought that he had

discovered some such associations, especially during the latter period of his visions, yet, he assures us, that on the whole, he could trace no connexion between the figures and the state of his mind, or the nature of his employments, or the other thoughts which occupied his attention. 2d. He found that he could always distinguish phantasms from real figures, and he never once erred in making this distinction. "I knew, extremely well," says he, "when it only appeared to me that the door was opened, and the phantasms entered, and the door really was opened and some person came in." 3d. The appearance of the phantasms was, in every case, involuntary, and depended little, if at all, upon external circumstances. They were equally distinct, whether he was alone or in society, whether he was in broad day-light or in darkness, whether he was in his own house or in that of a neighbour. He noticed, however, that they were less frequent in another person's house than in his own; and they very seldom appeared when he walked in the public streets. 4th. The figures sometimes disappeared when he shut his eyes, and sometimes they remained; when they vanished in the former case, nearly the same figures appeared when his eyes again opened. 5th. The figures were neither terrible, ludicrous, nor repulsive, and they appeared oftener in motion than at rest. 6th. On two or three occasions, after he had ceased to observe these appearances, he felt a propensity to see them, or a sensation as if he saw something, which in a moment was again gone.

This sensation he experienced after an interval of eight years, when he was drawing up his memoir on the subject, for the Academy of Sciences at Berlin.

Previous to the time of Nicolai, no distinct cases of spectral illusion had been well described. Justus Moser observed the phantasms of flowers; and Nicolai mentions a friend of his own, who occasionally saw, in different colours, circles, squares, and other mathematical figures. Since the publication of Nicolai's paper, however, these phenomena have been more accurately observed, and we now possess several interesting cases; but as very few of these have been recorded in the words of the patients themselves, it is not easy to separate the facts from the exaggerations or changes which they may have experienced from different narrators.

In this dearth of accurate information, a case has lately occurred, which is equally remarkable for the number and variety of the illusions, and from the accuracy and fidelity with which the phenomena have been described. Sir David Brewster had occasion a few years ago to spend some days in the society of the lady who was subject to this peculiarity. At that time she had seen no

spectral visions, but they had, more than once, formed the subject of conversations in which she seemed to feel the deepest interest. In these conversations, Dr. Hibern's book was referred to, and Sir David occasionally stated to the lady, that if she should ever see an apparition, she might distinguish a genuine ghost, existing externally, from a spectral illusion, created by her own mind, by pressing one eye, or straining them both, so as to see objects double, as the external ghost would in this case be doubled, while the spectral illusion would remain single.

A few months after this conversation took place our author was greatly surprised to learn that this lady had herself become the victim of these mental creations. From the 26th of December, 1829, till the 30th of April, 1831, no fewer than thirteen cases of spectral illusion occurred to her. Seven of these happened when she was alone, four when she was with her husband, and two when she was in the company of friends. Minute accounts of all these are given by Sir David Brewster, from the communications of the lady's husband, who appears to be one of his personal friends, and of whom he says, that if it were permitted to mention his name, his rank in society, and his eminence in the scientific world, would satisfy the most sceptical reader, that "the case has been philosophically as well as faithfully described." The lady, he says, from her previous knowledge of the subject, watched her own case from its commencement, as one of spectral illusion, and she was never induced to misinterpret her perceptions by any superstitious fears, or to exaggerate them by any love of the marvellous. The phenomena, therefore, which she saw and described, have all the attributes of scientific facts, which the philosopher may employ with confidence in his researches.

We regret that our account of these illusions must be abridged from the original narrative, but we shall endeavour as much as possible to preserve the expressions which were used, and to describe all the leading phenomena:—

1st. The first illusion which Mrs. A. experienced affected only the ear. On the 26th of December, 1829, when she was standing near the fire in the hall, and on the point of going to dress for dinner, she heard her husband's voice calling her by name—"— come here, come to me." She imagined that he was calling to have the door opened, but upon going there she was surprised to find nobody. On her return to the fire, she heard the same voice and the same words very distinctly, and they were repeated a third time, in a loud, plaintive, and somewhat impatient tone. Imagining that Mr. A. was in search of her, she went to her room, and was surprised afterwards to

learn, upon his return to the house, half an hour afterwards, that the whole was an illusion.

2d. On the 30th of the same month, when Mrs. A. entered the drawing-room she saw the figure of her husband standing with his back to the fire. As he had gone out for a walk half an hour before, she asked him how he had returned so soon. The figure looked fixedly at her with a serious and thoughtful expression of countenance, but was silent. She imagined that Mr. A. was absorbed in thought. She sat down in an arm-chair near the fire, and within two feet of the figure, which still stood before her. As its eyes, however, continued fixed upon her, she said, "Why don't you speak?" Upon this the figure moved off to the window, at the farther end of the room, with its eyes still fixed upon her, and passed so very close to her, that she was struck by the circumstance of hearing no step nor sound, nor feeling her clothes brushed against, nor any agitation in the air. She then conceived, for the first time, that this was a spectral illusion, and recollecting the experiment which had long before been suggested to her, she was on the eve of trying to double her vision when the figure disappeared at the window. Mrs. A. instantly followed it, shook the curtains, and examined the window, being still unwilling to believe that it was not a reality.

3. The next illusion, which took place in the presence of Mr. A., was seen on the 4th of January, 1830. It was that of a cat, which she saw sitting near her husband's feet on the rug, and looking her in the face. Mr. A. was in the act of stirring the fire, when she called to him to take care, as he was hitting the cat with the poker. Mr. A. convinced her it was an illusion, asked her to touch it, when getting up for the purpose, she seemed as if she was pursuing something which moved away, and following it a few steps, she remarked that it had gone under the chair. There were two cats in the house, and it was immediately ascertained that both of them were in the house-keeper's room.

4th. About a month after this occurrence, when Mrs. A. was arranging her hair at her dressing-glass previous to going to bed, she was suddenly startled by seeing, over her left shoulder, in the mirror, the figure of a near relative who was then out of England. It was dressed in grave-clothes, closely pinned round the head and under the chin. The eyes were open, and met hers in the glass, but the features were solemn and rigid. After a few minutes she turned round to look for the reality over her shoulder, but it was not to be seen, and had also disappeared from the mirror. Mrs. A. felt herself at this time listless and drowsy from having taken a fatiguing drive during the

day, and she describes herself as feeling a sort of fascination which at first compelled her to gaze on this melancholy apparition.

5. On the 17th of March, when Mrs. A. had dismissed her maid previous to going to bed, and was sitting with her feet in hot water, repeating a striking passage which she had read during the day, she perceived, in a large easy chair before her, the figure of a departed friend, her own sister-in-law. The figure was dressed with great neatness, as was usual with her, but in a gown of a peculiar kind, such as Mrs. A. had never seen her wear, but exactly such as had been described to her by a common friend, as having been worn by her sister-in-law during her last visit to England. She noticed particularly the dress, air, and appearance of the figure, which sat in an easy attitude, with a handkerchief in one hand. She felt a difficulty when she tried to speak to her, and in about three minutes it disappeared. Mr. A. entered the room about a minute afterwards, and found his lady slightly nervous, but fully aware of the nature of the apparition. She experienced on this occasion a peculiar sensation in the eyes, which seemed to be relieved when the vision was over.

6th. Eight months passed away before Mrs. A. saw any other apparition. On the 5th of October, however, between one and two in the morning, she awoke her husband, to tell him that she had just seen the figure of his deceased mother draw aside the bed-curtains, and appear between them, in the same dress in which Mrs. A. had seen her for the last time, at Paris, in 1824.

7th. The next apparition which she saw presented itself in her own drawing-room, in the midst of a circle of her friends. On the 11th of October, the figure of a deceased friend appeared to be moving towards her from the window at the farther end of the room. It approached the fire-place, and sat down in the chair opposite to that which Mrs. A. occupied. The prevailing sentiment in her mind was a fear that the company should observe her staring at vacancy in the way she was conscious of doing, and should suppose her to be deranged. Under this fear, and recollecting a story of a similar effect in Sir Walter Scott's work on Demonology, which she had lately read, she summoned up resolution to seat herself on the chair occupied by the figure. The apparition remained perfectly distinct till she sat down, as if in its lap, when it disappeared.

8th. On the 26th of the same month, about two o'clock P. M., when Mrs. A. was sitting near the window, beside her husband, he heard her exclaim, "What have I seen!" and, upon looking at her, he perceived a strange expression in her eyes and countenance. A carriage and four had appeared to her to be driving up the entrance-road to

the house; as it approached, she felt inclined to go up stairs to prepare to receive company, but, as if spell-bound, she felt herself unable to speak or to move. When the carriage arrived within a few yards of the window, she saw the figures of the postillions and the persons inside take the ghastly appearance of skeletons, and other hideous figures. The whole scene then vanished, and she made the exclamation above mentioned.

9th. On the 3d of December about nine P. M., when Mrs. A. and her husband were reading in the drawing-room, he felt a pressure on his foot, and upon looking up he observed Mrs. A.'s eyes fixed with a strong and unnatural stare on a chair about ten feet distant. Upon asking what she saw, the expression of her countenance changed, and when she had recovered herself, she told him that she had seen his brother, who was then alive and well in London, seated in the opposite chair, dressed in grave-clothes, but with a ghastly countenance, as if scarcely alive.

10th. Omitting other three cases, of no particular interest, and in one of which she saw moving about the room the duplicate of a favourite dog, which then lay on her lap, we reach the 30th of April, 1831. On this day, as Mr. A. was writing in his own room, his lady entered, and upon seeing him, started back, with a strong expression of surprise in her countenance. Upon asking the cause of this, she assured him that she had that moment left him in the next room, and she was evidently at first doubtful which was the reality. Mr. A. had appeared to her standing at a book-case, looking at a book, which he seemed to have taken out of it. She approached within a foot or two of his figure, but, as he did not speak, and seemed to be occupied, she did not address him. She then left the room, and entered his instantly.

In communicating this case, Mr. A. remarks, "you will observe that the figure by no means followed the direction of the eye; Mrs. A. saw it on entering, approached, took out a book, during which, of course, she must have looked off the figure, and left the room, still believing the figure there. *It was not, therefore, painted on the retina,* and interposed in whatever direction she turned her eyes."

As Mrs. A. was aware of the interest which her case would excite, she made several careful observations on the phenomena which she had beheld, and on the state of her feelings and sensations at the time: of these the following are the most important:—1st. Some of the spectres were seen in bright day-light, and she confidently states that they were as vivid as the reality, and had all the brightness of colouring which characterises external objects.—2nd. The

first apparition of her husband concealed the real objects behind it.—3rd. In three cases the spectre moved away to one side.—4th. She experienced a sort of fascination which compelled her to gaze on the apparitions. On two occasions she found herself unable to speak or move, as if spell-bound; and on another, she could only indicate her condition to her husband, by pressing upon his foot.—5th. During the existence of the illusion there was always a strange expression in her eyes and countenance. On one occasion, her eyes were fixed on the spectre with a strong and unnatural stare; and when it disappeared, her countenance resumed its usual expression.—6th. After having been subject to seven of these illusions, Mrs. A. described to her husband "*a peculiar feeling in the eyes as preceding for some hours these visions, which sensation appears to be relieved when the vision is over.*"—7th. She was never able to discover any train of thought connected with the subject of the apparitions.

With the important information which these two cases furnish, we are now able to investigate the cause of spectral illusions. In every recorded case, they have had their immediate origin in bodily indisposition. M. Nicolai and Mrs. A. were both subject to a disorder in the digestive organs: in the former, it occasioned giddiness; and in the latter, a peculiar affection, or tension, as it were, about the head, so that there was clearly a determination of blood to the region of the brain. The spectres of Nicolai generally appeared when digestion began, and they vanished upon the application of leeches, which were supposed to remove an obstruction in the small muscles of the abdomen. Mrs. A. was obliged to take a daily tonic, and her apparitions seem to have been, on several occasions, produced when she was prevented from having recourse to it.

In their mental character, too, there was considerable resemblance between Nicolai and Mrs. A. The former possessed a lively and active imagination, and he had a peculiar facility in presenting to his mind in the distinctest manner, the figures, the dress, the features, and the complexion of the characters in novels or plays which he had sketched in his mind. Between waking and sleeping, pictures of every description, and often the strangest forms, presented themselves to him, now changing their shapes, and now disappearing; and he informs us, that when he either thought deeply or wrote attentively, thoughts occurred to his mind which had no connexion with the subject before him, and which were often so lively that they seemed as if expressed in actual words. Mrs. A., in like manner, has, to use the language of her husband, "a naturally morbid imagination, so strongly

affecting her corporeal impressions, that the story of any person having suffered severe pain by accident or otherwise, will occasionally produce acute twinges in the corresponding part of her person. An account, for instance, of the amputation of an arm, will produce an instantaneous and severe sense of pain in her own arm. She is subject to talk in her sleep with great fluency, to repeat poetry very much at length, particularly when unwell, and even to cap verses for half an hour together, never failing to quote lines beginning with the final letter of the preceding, till her memory is exhausted."

From these facts it appears, that the immediate cause of spectral illusions is a disorder in the digestive organs, and by a comparison of the two cases under review, it is manifest that the duration of the illusions increases with the severity of the malady. Mrs. A.'s complaint was one of trivial magnitude, compared with that of Nicolai, and, consequently, her apparitions continued only for a few minutes, and never reappeared after their evanescence. Though distinct and vivid, they were not carried about with her like those of Nicolai, but they seem to us to have been effaced by the act of closing the eyelids, for whenever the fixed stare was at an end, the spectres disappeared. On this account not one of her apparitions were ever seen when her eyes were shut.

The next point to be determined is the *locality* of the illusion, or, to speak more correctly, the place of its production. That the eye is the seat of the visual illusions, and the ear of the auricular* ones, cannot be doubted. Spectres which are *seen*, and which have a position in front of the eye, must surely be *seen* by the exercise of ocular functions—that is, they must be impressed on the retina. Spectres which are effaced by closing the eye-lids, must owe their visibility to a function of the eye, which is affected by the closing of the eye-lids; and

* Our limits will not permit us to treat of the illusions of the ear—which, however, are discussed at great length in Sir David Brewster's book. They depend on the same principles as those of the eye. The ringing in the ears, which arises from affections of the stomach, or from fulness of blood, are analogous to the luminous masses seen by the eye in darkness. The celebrated Moses Mendelssohn was subject every evening to an alarming species of catalepsia. If he had heard any lively conversation during the day, a stentorian voice repeated to him, while in the fit, the particular words or syllables which had been pronounced with an impressive accent, or loud emphatic tone, and in such a manner that his ears reverberated with the sound. Can it then be doubted that when Mrs. A. heard the voice of her husband, the tympanum of her ear actually vibrated with the sound? The same may be said of the sense of touch. When Mrs. A. actually felt the pain of amputation in her arm, was there not an actual affection of the nerves while the pain lasted?

spectres which follow the eye-ball in its ascending and descending movements, and which accompany the patient into another room, must surely be impressed upon that part of the organ of vision which can alone receive images, and which alone has the power of giving them an external existence. It may be said, however, that the spectres sometimes move away to a side, while the eye does not follow them. This too is perfectly consistent with their being impressions on the retina, and though an apparent objection to our position, is, as we shall presently find, an argument in its favour.

We have already seen that, in certain states of the stomach, masses of coloured light appear before the eye, and though they partake in the general motion of the head, they yet have a lateral, or an ascending, or a descending motion, arising from the transit, as it were, of the pressure across the retina, and analogous to the shifting of the luminous rings when we vary the point of contact by which they are excited.

All these phenomena, in short, are perfectly similar to those of ocular spectra, which are produced by the action of strong lights upon the retina. These spectra, when faintly impressed, may, like the spectres of disease, be effaced by the closing of the eyelid;—they vary in intensity and in colour in a very capricious manner. They sometimes pass obliquely across the eye, like an impulse propagated along a fluid;—they can be revived by the action of the imagination months after they have disappeared; and, as in the case of Sir Isaac Newton, the impression may be conveyed from one eye even to the other. In all these cases the ocular spectra have been created by the stimulus of direct light, which, like the pressure either of the finger or of the blood-vessels, produces a high degree of susceptibility in the retina to the reverse action of the mind.

The effect of diminishing this pressure of the vessels, and along with it the sensibility of the retina to mental delineations, is finely seen in the phenomena observed by Nicolai when he was under the influence of leeches;—the motion of the figures became slower and slower, and their colours paler till they were almost stationary and entirely white; they then lost their distinctness of outline, and, previous to their entire dissolution, only fragments of the spectra were visible.

We have already described the visions of Nicolai, between sleeping and waking;—with such visions every person of an active imagination is familiar; and, from hundreds of experiments, continued for years, Sir David Brewster is not afraid to say he has “ascertained that they obey the laws of ocular spectra, and are real pictures formed by the mind upon the retina.”

In support, as well as in illustration of these general views, we shall quote a case

of spectral illusions communicated to Dr. Abercrombie. It is alluded to by Brewster, but well deserves to be given at length:—

“A gentleman of high mental endowments, now upwards of eighty years of age, of a spare habit, and enjoying uninterrupted health, has been for ten years liable to almost daily visitations from spectral figures;—they in general present human countenances,—*the head and upper parts of the body are distinctly defined,—the lower parts are, for the most part, lost in a kind of cloud.* The figures are various; but he recognizes the same countenances repeated from time to time; particularly, of late years, that of an elderly woman, with a peculiarly arch and playful expression, and a dazzling brilliancy of eye, who seems just ready to speak to him. They appear also in various dresses, such as that of the age of Louis XIV., the costume of ancient Rome, that of the modern Turks and Greeks,—but more frequently of late, as in the case of the female now mentioned, in an old fashioned Scottish plaid of tartan, drawn up, and brought forward over the head, and then crossed below the chin as the plaid was worn by aged women in his younger days. He can seldom recognize among the spectres any figures or countenances which he remembers to have seen; but his own face has occasionally been presented to him, gradually undergoing the change from youth to manhood, and from manhood to old age. The figures appear at various times of the day, both night and morning;—they continue before him for some time, and *he sees them almost equally well with his eyes open or shut,—in full daylight, or in darkness.* They are almost always of a pleasant character, and he seems to court their presence as a source of amusement to him. He finds that he can banish them by drawing his hand across his eyes, or by *shutting and opening his eye-lids once or twice for a second or two; but, on these occasions, they often appear again soon after.* The figures are sometimes of the size of life, and sometimes in miniature; but they are always defined and finished with the clearness and minuteness of the finest painting. They sometimes appear as if at a considerable distance, and gradually approach until they seem almost to touch his face;—*at other times they float from side to side, or disappear in ascending or descending.* In general the countenance of the spectre is presented to him, but, on some occasions, he sees the back of the head, both of males and females, exhibiting various fashions of wigs and head-dresses, particularly the flowing full-bottomed wig of a former age. At the time when these visions began to appear to him, he was in the habit of taking little or no wine,—and this has been his common practice ever since; *but he finds that any addition to his usual quantity of wine increases*

the number and vivacity of the visions. Of the effect of bodily illness he can give no account, except that once, when he had a cold and took a few drops of laudanum, the room appeared entirely filled with peculiar brilliant objects, gold and silver ornaments, and precious gems; but the spectral visions were either not seen or less distinct."

In this most interesting description the philosopher cannot fail to recognize the kindred phenomena of ocular spectra;—the fragments of figures, and their termination in a kind of cloud, define the limits of the highly susceptible or excited part of the retina. Like ocular spectra, the apparitions are seen with the eyes open or shut; and, like them too, they disappear by a frequent closing of the eye-lid, and float from side to side, and vanish with an ascending or descending motion. The two classes of facts, indeed, are *mutatis mutandis* demonstrably identical in their physical development.

Sir David Brewster's whole theory of spectral illusions may therefore be expressed thus shortly. In the healthy condition of the mind and body, when the imagination is well regulated and the organs of sense are the faithful interpreters of the external world, the ideas of memory and of imagination are feeble compared with those of sensation. In reference to visible objects, both classes of impressions are painted on the retina, though with very different degrees of force. When in the midst of society, or surrounded with the beauties of the natural world, we summon up the scenes of former years, we become for a moment insensible to external objects. The mental picture, as transient as it is feeble, soon disappears, and the mind is again under the dominion of surrounding impressions.

The affairs of life could not be carried on were the memory to intrude bright representations of the past into the domestic scene, or scatter them over the external landscape; and our powers of reason and of judgment could not be exercised if the dazzling phantasms of the imagination were to be mixed up with the sober realities of our existence. The two opposite impressions, indeed, could not be contemporaneous: the same nervous filament which is conveying the forms of memory from the sensorium to the retina, could not, at the same time, be carrying back the impressions of external objects from the retina to the brain. The mind cannot perform two different functions at the same instant, and its occupation with one of two classes of impressions necessarily produces the extinction of the other; but so rapid is the exercise of mental power, that the alternate appearance and disappearance of the two contending perceptions is no more recognized than the successive observations of external objects during the twinkling of the eye. But though in ordinary minds the

relative intensities of these two opposite influences on the retina are nicely adjusted to the purposes of life, yet there are various causes which disturb that adjustment, and give a predominance even to the weaker power. In a mind inured to abstract thought, and accustomed to the exercise of the imagination, the mental pictures become extremely vivid, and external influences sometimes cease to make any impression. In darkness and solitude, when the external world is almost closed to the senses, the workings, even of ordinary minds, are depicted in more vivid hues; and in the state between waking and sleeping the slumbering senses are often roused by the glare of the pictures which flash upon them from within. Like spectral apparitions, the last impressions are wholly involuntary, and though they may have sprung from a regular series of associations, yet it is impossible to discover a single link in the chain.

In the case of spectral illusions the adjustment is disturbed by causes of a different kind. The retina is rendered more sensible to the pictures of the mind by a temporary derangement of the vital functions; and according to the amount of this derangement and the time of its continuance, the apparitions which result have every variety of intensity and duration. Sometimes they are so bright that they obliterate all external impressions. Sometimes they are pale and evanescent, and permit outward objects to be seen beside them, and even through them. Sometimes they appear only in fragments, which seem occasionally to be growing out of pictures and other bright objects in the apartment; and sometimes they have only a brief and transient existence—floating like a wreck across the eye, and eluding the scrutiny of the observer. Now if these spectres were *merely* ideas of the memory and the imagination, rendered more brilliant by a peculiar condition of the body, why are these two faculties of the mind sometimes incapable of giving a fixed locality, a completeness of form, and the proper colouring to the ideas which they have conjured up? On Brewster's theory the answer is simple and satisfactory. All these phenomena depend upon the state of the nervous membrane on which the ideas are impressed. They depend upon the extent and position of the excited portion, on the varying intensity of its excitation, and on the stability or change of place of the exciting cause.

There is one objection to these views which may at first sight seem formidable. If the retina of both eyes were destroyed, so that the optic nerve terminated in a circular section, how could the memory and the imagination give an external existence to their ideas?

We are not aware that the effects of a destroyed retina have ever been accurately

observed and described; but we shall take it for granted that they have, and that the operations of the memory and the imagination have been found to remain unaffected by the extirpation of that membrane. The transmission of perceptions along the nerves to the brain, and the re-transmission of mental impressions, are matters of which we know nothing; but the possibility of conveying an impression from the excised extremities of the filaments of the optic nerve to the points where these filaments had their termination in the retina, may be inferred from the well-known fact, that in the case of amputated limbs the patient continues, during his life, to experience occasionally distinct sensations existing, as it were, in the amputated parts.

From the Quarterly Review.

MODERN TRAVELLING IN ENGLAND.*

In this wonder-working age, few greater improvements have been made in any of the useful arts, than in those applied to the system of travelling by land. Projectors and projects have multiplied with our years—and the fairy-petted princes of the Arabian Nights Entertainments were scarcely transported from place to place with more facility or despatch, than Englishmen are in A. D. 1832. From Liverpool to Manchester, thirty-six miles in an hour and a half!—surely Dædalus is come amongst us again:—but we will, for the present, confine our observations to the road—to coaches, coach horses, coachmen, and coachmasters. We are not thinking of the travelling chariot and four—though to be sure, the report given us of Lord Londonderry's speaking in the House of Peers one night, and being at his own door in Durham the next (two hundred and fifty miles off,) is astounding, and was a performance that no other country under the sun could accomplish; yet bribes to postillions and extra relays of horses might have been called in aid here. We shall, therefore, confine ourselves, at present, to the usual course of public conveyances; and a sentence in the private letter of a personal friend of our own has suggested the subject to us. 'I was out hunting,' he writes, 'last season on a Monday, near Brighton; and dined with my father in Merriion Square, Dublin, at six o'clock on the following Wednesday—distance four hundred miles!'

It was done thus: he went from Brighton in an afternoon coach, that set him down in London in time for the Holyhead mail, and this mail, with the help of the steamer to cross the channel, delivered him in Dublin at the time mentioned. But expedition alone is not our boast. Coach travelling is no longer a disgusting and tedious labour, but has long since been converted into comparative ease, and really approaches to something like luxury—otherwise it could never have had any chance to engage the smallest part of the attention of that genuine 'Epicuri de grege porcus'—the late happily-named Dr. Kitchener.

It is difficult to determine the exact period at which a stage-coach first appeared upon the road, but it seems to be pretty well ascertained, that in 1662 there were but six, and one of the wise men of those days—John Crossell, of the Charter House—tried his best to write them down. It was supposed he had the countenance of the country gentlemen, who were afraid if their wives could get easily and cheaply conveyed to London, they might not settle so well afterwards to their domestic duties at the Hall or the Grange. We will, however, only go back ninety years. In 1742, the Oxford stage-coach left London at 7 o'clock in the morning, and reached Uxbridge at mid-day. It arrived at High-Wicombe at five in the evening, where it rested for the night—and proceeded at the same rate for the seat of learning on the morrow. Here then were ten hours consumed each day in travelling twenty-seven miles; and nearly two days in performing what is now done with the greatest ease under six hours.

May we be permitted, since we have mentioned the Arabian Nights, to make a little demand on our readers' fancy, and suppose it possible, that a worthy old gentleman of this said year—1742—had fallen comfortably asleep *a la Dodswell*, and never awoke till Monday morning last in Picadilly? 'What coach, your honour?' says a ruffianly-looking fellow, much like what he might have been had he lived 2 hundred years back. 'I wish to go home to Exeter,' replies the old gentleman, mildly. 'Just in time, your honour, here she comes—them there grey horses—where's your luggage?' 'Don't be in a hurry,' observes the stranger; 'that's a gentleman's carriage.' 'It ain't! I tell you,' says the cad, 'it's the Comet, and you must be as quick as lightning.' *Nolens volens*, the remonstrating old gentleman is shoved into the Comet, by a cad at each elbow, having been three times assured his luggage is in the hind boot, and twice three times denied having ocular demonstration of the fact.

However, he is now seated—and 'What gentleman is going to drive us?' is his first question to his fellow-passengers. 'He is

* 1. The Traveller's Oracle, or Maxims for Locomotion. By William Kitchener, M. D. Third edition. 12mo. London. 1828.

2. The Horse and Carriage Oracle. By John Jervis, an old coachman. Revised by William Kitchener, M. D. Author of the Cook's Oracle, &c. &c. Third edition. 12mo. London. 1828.

no gentleman, sir,' says a person who sits opposite to him, and who happens to be a proprietor of the coach. 'He has been on the Comet ever since she started, and is a very steady young man.' 'Pardon my ignorance,' replies the regenerated; 'from the cleanliness of his person, the neatness of his apparel, and the language he made use of, I mistook him for some enthusiastic Bachelor of Arts, wishing to become a character after the manner of the illustrious ancients.' 'You must have been long in foreign parts, sir,' observes the proprietor. In five minutes or less, after this parley commenced, the wheels went round, and in another five the coach arrived at Hyde Park gate; but long before it got there, the worthy gentleman of 1742 (set down by his fellow-travellers for either a little cracked or an emigrant from the backwoods of America) exclaimed, 'What! off the stones already?' 'You have never been on the stones,' observes his neighbour on his right; 'no stones in London, now, sir.' 'Bless me,' quoth our friend, 'Here's a noble house; to whom does it belong? but why those broken windows, those iron blinds, and strong barricade!' 'It is the Duke of Wellington's,' says the coach proprietor, 'the greatest captain since the days of Scipio. An ungrateful people made an attack upon his life, on the anniversary of the day upon which he won the most important battle ever fought in Europe.' Here a passenger in black threw out something about *Alcibiades*, which however, the rattle made it impossible to understand. 'But we are going at a great rate,' exclaims the stranger. 'Oh no, sir,' says the proprietor, '*we never go fast over this stage*. We have time allowed in consequence of being subject to interruptions, and we make it up over the lower ground.' Five-and-thirty minutes, however, bring them to the noted town of Brentford. 'Hah!' says the old man, becoming young again—'what, no improvement in this filthy place? Is old Brentford still here? a national disgrace! Pray, sir, who is your county member now?' 'His name is Hume, sir,' was the reply. 'The modern Hercules;' added the gentleman on the right, 'the real cleanser of the Augean stable.' 'A gentleman of large property in the county, *I presume*,' said the man of the last century. 'Not an acre,' replied the communicative proprietor, 'a Scotchman from the town of Montrose.' 'Aye, aye; nothing like the high road to London for those Scotchmen. A great city merchant, no doubt, worth a plum or two.' 'No such thing, sir,' quoth the other; 'the gentleman was a doctor, and made his for-

tune in the Indies.' 'No quack, I warrant you!' The proprietor was silent; but the clergyman in the corner again muttered something which was again lost, owing to the coach coming at the instant, at the rate of ten miles in the hour, upon the vile pavement of Brentford.

In five minutes under the hour the Comet arrives at Hounslow, to the great delight of our friend, who by this time waxed hungry, not having broken his fast before starting. 'Just fifty-five minutes and thirty-seven seconds,' says he, 'from the time we left London!—wonderful travelling, gentlemen, to be sure, but much too fast to be safe. However, thank heaven, we are arrived at a good-looking house; and now, *waiter!* I hope you have got breakf—' Before the last syllable, however, of the word could be pronounced, the worthy old gentleman's head struck the back of the coach by a jerk, which he could not account for, (the fact was, three of the four fresh horses were bolters,) and the waiter, the inn, and indeed Hounslow itself, disappeared in the twinkling of an eye. Never did such a succession of doors, windows, and window-shutters pass so quickly in his review before,—and he hoped they might never do so again. Recovering, however, a little from his surprise—'My dear sir,' said he, 'you told me we were to change horses at Hounslow! Surely, they are not so inhuman as to drive these poor animals another stage at this unmerciful rate!' 'Change horses, sir!' says the proprietor; 'why we changed them whilst you were putting on your spectacles, and looking at your watch. Only one minute allowed for it at Hounslow, and it is often done in fifty seconds by those nimble-fingered horse-keepers.' 'You astonish me—but really I do not like to go so fast.' 'Oh, sir, we always *sprung* them over these six miles. It is what we call *the hospital ground*.' This alarming phrase is presently interpreted: it intimates that horses whose 'backs are getting down instead of up in their work'—some 'that won't hold an ounce down hill, or draw an ounce up'—others 'that kick over the pole one day and over the bars the next,' in short all the reprobates, styled in the road slang *bokickers*, are sent to work these six miles—because *here* they have nothing to do but to gallop—not a pebble as big as a nutmeg on the road, and so even, that it would not disturb the equilibrium of a spirit level.

The coach, however, goes faster and faster over the *hospital ground*, as the 'bokickers' feel their legs, and the collars get warm to their shoulders; and having ten outsides, the luggage of the said ten, and a few extra packages besides on the roof, she rolls rather more than is pleasant, although the centre of gravity is pretty well kept down by four not slender insides, two well-laden *boots*,

* Nearly on the site now occupied by Apsley House stood, in 1742, the suburban inn, the Hercules' Pillars—where Squire Western put up on his arrival in town in quest of his daughter.

and three huge trunks in the *slide*. The gentleman of the last century, however, becomes alarmed;—is sure the horses are running away with the coach—declares he perceives by the shadow, that there is nobody on the box, and can see the reins dangling about the horses' heels. He attempts to look out of the window, but his fellow traveller dissuades him from doing so:—'You may get a shot in your eye from the wheel. Keep your head in the coach, it's all right, depend on't. We always spring 'em over this stage.' Persuasion is useless; for the horses increase their speed, and the worthy old gentleman looks out. But what does he see? Death and destruction before his eyes! No: to his surprise he finds the coachman firm at his post, and in the act of taking a pinch of snuff from the gentleman who sits beside him on the *bench*, his horses going at the rate of three miles in the minute at the time. 'But suppose any thing should break, or a linchpin should give way and let a wheel loose?' is the next appeal to the communicative but not very consoling proprietor. Nothing can break, sir,' is the reply; 'all of the very best stuff; axletrees of the best K. Q. iron, faggotted edgeways, well bedded in the timbers; and as for linchpins, we have not one about the coach. We use the best patent boxes that are manufactured. In short, sir, you are as safe in it as if you were in your bed.' 'Bless me,' exclaims the old man, 'what improvements! And the roads!!!' 'They are at perfection, sir,' says the proprietor; 'no horse walks a yard in this coach between London and Exeter—all trotting ground now.' 'A little galloping ground, I fear,' whispers the senior to himself! 'But who has effected all this improvement in your paving?' 'An American of the name of M'Adam,' was the reply—'but coachmen call him the Colossus of Roads. Great things have likewise been done in cutting through hills and altering the course of roads: and it is no uncommon thing now-a-days to see four horses trotting away merrily down hill on that very ground where they formerly were seen walking up hill.*

'And pray, my good sir, what sort of horses may you have over the next stage?' 'Oh, sir, no more bokickers. It is hilly and severe ground, and requires cattle strong and staid. You'll see four as fine horses put to the coach at Staines as you ever saw in a nobleman's carriage in your life.' 'Then we shall have no more galloping—no more springing them as you term it?' 'Not quite so fast over the next ground,' replied the

proprietor; 'but he will make good play over some part of it; for example, when he gets three parts down a hill he lets them loose, and cheats them out of half the one they have to ascend from the bottom of it. In short, they are half way up it before a horse touches his collar; and we must take every advantage with such a fast coach as this, and one that loads so well, or we should never keep our time. We are now to a minute; in fact, the country people no longer look at the sun when they want to set their clocks; they look only to the *Comet*. But depend upon it, you are quite safe; we have nothing but first-rate artists on this coach.' 'Artist! artist!' grumbles the old gentleman, 'we had no such term as that.'

'I should like to see this *artist* change horses at the next stage,' resumes our ancient, 'for at the last it had the appearance of *inagic*.'—'Presto, Jack, and begone!' 'By all means; you will be much gratified. It is done with a quickness and ease almost incredible to any one who has only read or heard of it; but use becomes second nature with us. Even in my younger days it was always half an hour's work—sometimes more. There was—"Now ladies and gentlemen what would you like to take? There's plenty of time while the horses are changing for tea, coffee, or supper; and the coachman will wait for you—won't you, Mr. Smith?" Then Mr. Smith himself was in no hurry; he had a lamb about his coach for one butcher in the town, and perhaps half a calf for another, a barrel of oysters for the lawyer, and a basket of game for the parson, *all on his own account*. In short, the best wheel of the coach was his, and he could not be otherwise than accommodating.'

The coach arrives at Staines, and the ancient gentleman puts his intentions into effect,—though he was near being again too late; for by the time he could extract his hat from the netting that suspended it over his head, the leaders had been taken from their bars, and were walking up the yard towards their stables. On perceiving a fine thorough-bred horse led towards the coach with a twitch fastened tightly to his nose, he exclaims, 'Holloa, Mr. Horse-keeper! You are going to put an unruly horse in the coach.' 'What! this here oss?' growls the man; 'the quietest *hanimal* alive, sir' as he shoves him to the near side of the pole. At this moment, however, the coachman is heard to say, in an under tone, 'Mind what you are about, Bob; don't let him touch the roller-bolt.' In thirty seconds more, they are off—the staid and steady team, so styled by the proprietor, in the coach. 'Let 'em go, and take care of yourselves,' says the artist, so soon as he is firmly seated upon his box. With this, the near leader rears right on end, and if the rein had not been yielded to him at the instant, he would

* All roads through hilly countries were originally struck out by drivers of packhorses; who, to avoid bogs, chose the upper ground. Consequently, if often happened, that point B was lower than point A, yet to go from A to B the traveller ascended a hill to secure sound footing, and then descended to his point.

have fallen backwards on the head of the pole. The moment the twitch was taken from the nose of the thorough-bred near-wheeler, he drew himself back to the extent of his pole-chain—his fore-legs stretched out before him—and then, like a lion loosened from his toil, made a snatch at the coach that would have broken two pairs of traces of 1742. A steady and good-whipped horse, however, his partner, started the coach himself, with a gentle touch of the thong, and away they went off together. But the thorough-bred one was very far from being comfortable; it was in vain that the coachman tried to soothe him with his voice, or stroked him with the crop of his tool, i. e. whip. He drew three parts of the coach, and cantered for the first mile, and when he did settle down to his trot, his snorting could be heard by the passengers, being as much as to say, 'I was not born to be a slave.' In fact, as the proprietor now observed, 'he had been a fair plate horse in his time, but his temper was always queer.'

After the first shock was over, the Conservative of the 18th century felt comfortable. The pace was considerably slower than it had been over the last stage, but he was unconscious of the reason for its being diminished. It was to accommodate the queer temper of the race-horse, who, if he had not been humoured at starting, would never have settled down to his trot, but have ruffled all the rest of the team. He was also surprised, if not pleased, at the quick rate at which they were ascending hills which, in his time, he should have been asked by the coachman to have walked up—but his pleasure was short-lived; the third hill they descended, produced a return of his agony. This was what is termed on the road a *long fall of ground*, and the coach rather pressed upon the horses. The temper of the race-horse became exhausted; breaking into a canter, he was of little use as a wheeler, and there was then nothing for it but a gallop. The leaders only wanted the signal; and the point of the thong being thrown lightly over their backs, they were off like an arrow out of a bow; but the rocking of the coach was awful, and more particularly so to the passengers on the roof. Nevertheless, she was not in danger; the master-hand of the artist kept her in a direct line; and meeting the opposing ground, she *steadied*, and all was right. The newly-awakened gentleman, however, begins to grumble again. 'Pray, my good sir,' says he anxiously—do use your authority over your coachman, and *insist* upon his putting the drag-chain on the wheel, when descending the next hill.' 'I have no such authority,' replies the proprietor. 'It is true, we are now drawn by my horses, but I cannot interfere with the driving of them.' 'But is he not your servant?' 'He is, sir, but I

contract to work the coach so many miles in so many hours, and he engages to drive it, and each is subject to a fine if the time be not kept on the road. On so fast a coach as this, every advantage must be taken, and if we were to drag down such hills as these, we should never reach Exeter to-day.'

Our friend, however, will have no more of it. He quits the coach at Bagshot, congratulating himself on the safety of his limbs. He takes, however, one peep more at the *change*, which is done with the same despatch as before—three greys and a pie-ball replacing three chesnuts and a bay—the harness beautifully clean, and the ornaments bright as the sun. Not a word is spoken by the passengers, who merely look their admiration; but the laconic address of the coachman is not lost on the by-standers. 'Put the bay mare *near wheel* to-morrow, and the stallion *up to the cheek*,' said he to his horse-keeper, as he placed his right foot on the *roller-bolt*, i. e. the last step but one to the box. '*How is Paddy's leg?*' 'It's all right, *sir*,' replied the horse-keeper. 'Let 'em go, then,' quoth the *artist*, 'and take care of yourselves.'

The worthy old gentleman is now shown into a room, and, after warming his hands at the fire, rings the bell for the waiter. A well-dressed person appears, whom he of course takes for the landlord. 'Pray, *sir*,' says he, 'have you any *slow* coach down this road to-day?' 'Why, yes, *sir*,' replies John; 'we shall have the Regulator down in an hour.' 'Just right,' said our friend, 'it will enable me to break my fast, which I have not done to-day.' 'Oh, *sir*,' observes John, 'these here fast *drags* be the ruin of us. 'Tis all hurry scurry, and no gentleman has time to have nothing on the road. What will you take, *sir*? Mutton-chops, veal-cutlets, beef-steaks?'

At the appointed time, the Regulator appears at the door. It is a strong, well-built *drag*, painted what is called chocolate colour: bedaubed all over with guilt letters—a bull's head on the doors, a Saracen's head on the hind boot—and drawn by four strapping horses; but it wants the neatness of the other. The passengers may be, by a shade or two, of a lower order than those who had gone forward with the Comet; nor perhaps is the coachman quite so refined as the one we have just taken leave of. He has not the neat white hat, the clean doeskin gloves, the well-cut trousers, and dapper frock, but still his appearance is respectable, and perhaps in the eyes of many, more in character with his calling. Neither has he the agility of the artist on the Comet, for he is nearly double his size; but he is a strong, powerful man, and might be called a pattern card of the heavy coachman of the present day—in other words, of a man who drives a coach which carries sixteen passen-

gers instead of fourteen, and is rated at eight miles in the hour, instead of ten. 'What room in the Regulator?' says our friend to the waiter, as he comes to announce its arrival. 'Full inside, sir, and in front, but you'll have the *backgammon board* all to yourself, and your luggage is in the hind boot.' 'Backgammon board! Pray what's that? Do you not mean the *basket*?' 'Oh no, sir,' says John, smiling—'no such a thing on the road now. It is the hind-dickey, as some call it; where you'll be as comfortable as possible, and can sit with your back or your face to the coach, or *both*, if you like.' 'Ah, ah,' continues the old gentleman; 'something new again, I presume.' However, the mystery is cleared up; the ladder is reared to the hind wheel, and the gentleman safely seated on the backgammon board.

Before ascending to his place, our friend has cast his eye on the team that is about to convey him to Hertford bridge, the next stage on the great western road, and he perceives it to be of a different stamp from that which he had seen taken from the coach at Bagshot. It consisted of four moderate-sized horses, full of power, and still fuller of condition, but with a fair sprinkling of blood—in short, the eye of a judge would have discovered something about them not very unlike galloping. 'All right!' cried the guard, taking his key-bugle in his hand; and they proceeded up the village, at a steady pace, to the tune of 'Scots wha hae with Wallace bled,' and continued at that pace for the first five miles. '*I am landed*,' thinks our friend to himself. Unluckily, however, for the humane and cautious old gentleman, even the Regulator was now to show tricks. Although what now is called a slow coach, she is timed at eight miles in the hour through a great extent of country, and must of course make play where she can, being strongly opposed by hills lower down the country, trifling as these hills are, no doubt, to what they once were. The Regulator, moreover, loads well, not only with passengers, but with luggage; and the last five miles of this stage, called the Hertford-bridge flat, have the reputation of being the best five miles for a coach to be found at this time in England. The ground is firm but elastic; the surface undulating, and therefore favourable to draught; always dry, not a shrub being near it; nor is there a stone upon it much larger than a marble. These advantages, then, are not lost to the Regulator, or made use of without sore discomposure to the solitary tenant of her backgammon board.

Any one that has looked into books will very readily account for the lateral motion, or rocking, as it is termed, of a coach, being greatest at the greatest distance from the horses—(as the tail of a paper kite is in

motion whilst the body remains at rest;) and more especially when laden as this coach was—the greater part of the weight being forward. The situation of our friend then was once more deplorable. The Regulator takes but twenty-three minutes for these celebrated five miles, which cannot be done without "springing the cattle" now and then; and it was in one of the very best of their gallops of that day, that they were met by the coachman of the Comet, who was returning with his *up* coach. When coming out of rival yards, coachmen never fail to cast an eye to the loading of their opponents on the road, and now that of the *natty* Arist of the Comet experienced a high treat. He had a full view of his quondam passenger, and thus described his situation. He was seated with his back to the horses—his arms extended to each extremity of the guard-irons—his teeth set grim as death—his eyes cast down towards the ground, thinking the less he saw of his danger the better. There was what was called a *top-heavy load*—perhaps a ton of luggage on the roof, and it may be, not *quite* in obedience to the act of parliament standard. There were also two horses at wheel whose strides were of rather unequal length, and this operated powerfully on the coach. In short, the lurches of the Regulator were awful at the moment of the Comet passing her. A trio in mechanics would have exclaimed, "the centre of gravity must be lost, the centrifugal force will have the better of it,—*over she must go!*"

The centre of gravity having been preserved, the coach arrives safe at Hertford bridge—but the old gentleman has again had enough of it. "I will walk into Devonshire," said he, as he descended from his perilous exaltation. What did that rascally waiter mean by telling me it was a slow coach! and, moreover, look at the luggage on the roof!" "Only regulation height, sir," says the coachman; "we ain't allowed to have it an inch higher:—sorry we can't please you, sir, but we will try and make room for you in front." "*Fronti nulla fides*," mutters the worthy to himself, as he walks tremblingly into the house—adding, "I shall not give this fellow a shilling, *he is dangerous*."

The Regulator being off, the waiter is again applied to. "What do you charge per mile posting?" "One and sixpence, sir." "Bless me! just double! Let me see,—two hundred miles, at two shillings per mile, postboys, turnpikes, &c., 20*l*. This will never do. Have you no coach that does not carry luggage on the top?" "Oh yes, sir," replies the waiter, "we shall have one to-night, that is not allowed to carry a band-box on the roof." "That's the coach for me; pray what do you call it?" "The Quicksilver mail, sir; one of the best out of London—Jack White and Tom Brown,

pick'd coachmen, over this ground—Jack White down to-night.” “Guarded and lighted?” “Both, sir; blunderbuss and pistols in the sword case; a lamp each side the coach, and one under the footboard—see to pick up a pin the darkest night of the year.” “Very fast!” “Oh no, sir, just keeps time, and that’s all.” “That’s the coach for me, then,” repeats our hero: “and I am sure I shall feel at my ease in it. I suppose it is what used to be called the Old Mercury.”

Unfortunately, the Devonport (commonly called the Quicksilver) mail is half a mile in the hour faster than most in England, and is, indeed, one of the miracles of the road. Let us, then, picture to ourselves our anti-reformer snugly seated in this mail, on a pitch-dark night in November. It is true she has no luggage on the roof, nor much to incommode her elsewhere, but she is a mile in the hour faster than the Comet, at least three miles quicker than the Regulator; and she performs more than half her journey by lamplight. It is needless to say, then, our senior soon finds out his mistake, but there is no remedy at hand, for it is the dead of the night, and all the inns are shut up. He must proceed or be left behind in a stable. The climax of his misfortunes then approaches. Nature being exhausted, sleep comes to his aid, and he awakes on a stage which is called the fastest on the journey,—it is four miles of ground, and twelve minutes is the time! The old gentleman starts from his seat, having dreamed the horses were running away with the coach, and so, no doubt, they might be. He is, however, determined to convince himself of the fact, though the passengers assure him, “all’s right.” “Don’t put your head out of the window,” says one of them, “you will lose your hat to a certainty:” but advice is seldom listened to by a terrified man, and next moment a stentorian voice is heard, crying, “Stop, coachman, stop—I have lost my hat and wig!” The coachman hears him not—and in another second the broad wheels of a down waggon have for ever demolished the lost head-gear. But here we must leave our adventurous Gilpin of 1742. We have taken a great liberty with him, it is true, but we are not without our precedent. One of the best chapters in Livy contains the history of “an event which never took place.” In the full charm of his imagination, the historian brings Alexander into Italy, where he never was in his life, and displays him in his brightest colours. We father our sins, then, upon the Patavinian.

But we will now adhere to sober prose, and the changes of our own time. Thirty years years ago, the Holyhead mail left London, *via* Oxford, at eight o’clock at night, and arrived in Shrewsbury between

ten and eleven the following night, being twenty-seven hours to one hundred and sixty-two miles. The distance is now *done*, without the least difficulty, in sixteen hours and a quarter; and the Holyhead mail is actually at Bangor Ferry, eighty-three miles farther, in the same time it used to take in reaching the post-office at Shrewsbury. We fancy we now see it, as it was when we travelled on it in our school-boy time, over the Wolverhampton and Shifnal stage—in those days loose uncovered sand in part—with Charles Peters or old Ebben quitting his seat as guard, and coming to the assistance of the coachman, who had flogged his horses till he could flog them no longer. We think we see them crawling up the hill in Shrewsbury town—whip, whip, whip—and an hour behind their time “by Shrewsbury clock”—the betting not ten to one that she had not been overturned on the road! It is now a treat to see her approach the town, if not before, never after her *minute*. A young man of the name of Taylor, a spirited proprietor, *horses* her through Shrewsbury, from Hay-Gate to Neel-cliff, in a manner that deserves to be spoken of. The stages are ten and eight, and for these he has a team of bays, a team of greys, and two teams of chestnuts, that can show with England. Let us look to another coach out of this town at the period we have been speaking of—the Shrewsbury and Chester *Highflyer*! This coach started from Shrewsbury at eight o’clock in the morning, and arrived at Chester about the same time in the evening—distance *forty miles*. This was always a good hard road for wheels, and rather favourable for draught—and how then could all these hours be accounted for? Why, if a “commercial gentleman” had a little business at Ellesmere, there was plenty of time for that. If a “*real gentleman*” wanted to pay a morning visit on the road, there could be no objection to that. In the pork-pie season half an hour was generally consumed in consuming one of them, for Mr. Williams, the coachman, was a wonderful favourite with the farmers’ wives and daughters all along the road. The coach dined at Wrexham—for coaches lived well in those days; they now live upon air;—and Wrexham church was to be seen—a fine specimen of the florid gothic, and one of the wonders of Wales! Then Wrexham was also famous for ale—no public breweries in those days in Wales—and, above all, the inn belonged to Sir Watkin! About two hours were allowed for dinner; but “Billy Williams”—one of the best-tempered fellows on earth, as honest as Aristides, and at this moment upon the same ground—was never particular to half an hour or so: “The coach is ready, gentlemen,” he would say, “but don’t let me disturb you, if you wish for another bot-

tle." A coach now runs over this ground *at trifte under four hours!!*

The Brighton road may be said to be covered with coaches, no less than twenty-five running upon it in the summer. The fastest is the Red Rover, which performs the journey under five hours. That called the Age, when driven and horsed by the late Mr. Stevenson, was an object of such admiration at Brighton, that a crowd was every day collected to see it start. Mr. Stevenson was a graduate of Cambridge, but his passion for the *bench* got the better of all other ambitions, and he became a coachman by profession;—and it is only justice to his memory to admit that, though cut off in the flower of his youth, he had arrived at perfection in his art. His education and early habits had not, however, been lost upon him; his demeanour was always that of a gentleman; and it may be fairly said of him, that he introduced the phenomena of refinement into a stage-coach. At a certain change of horses on the road, a silver sandwich-box was handed to his passengers by his *servant*, accompanied by the offer of a glass of sherry to such as were so inclined. Well-born coachmen prevail on this road. A gentleman connected with the first families in Wales, and whose father long represented his native county in Parliament, horsed and drove one side of the ground with Mr. Stevenson; and Mr. Charles Jones, brother to Sir Thomas Tyrwhit Jones, has now a coach on it called the Pearl, which he both horsed and drives himself. The Bognor coach, horsed by the Messrs. Walkers of Mitchel Grove, and driven in the first style by Mr. John Walker, must also be fresh in the recollection of many of our readers.

But to return to fast work: the Edinburgh mail runs the distance, 400 miles, in forty hours, and we may set our watches by it at any point of her journey. Stoppages included, this approaches eleven miles in the hour, and much the greater part of it by lamplight. The Exeter day coach, the Herald, from the Saracen's Head, Snow Hill, runs over her ground, 173 miles,* in twenty hours—admirable performance, considering the natural unevenness of the country through which it has to pass. The Devonport mail does her work in first-rate style, 227 miles in twenty-two hours. In short, from London to Cheltenham, Gloucester, Worcester, Birmingham, Norwich, or any other place, whose distance does not much exceed one hundred miles, is now little more than a pleasant morning drive. We say *pleasant*, for this extraordinary speed is *not* attained,

generally speaking, by putting animals to anything like cruel exertion. A fast coach has very nearly a horse to every mile of ground it runs—reckoning one way, or "one side of the ground."* Proprietors of coaches have at length found out—though they were a long time before they did discover it—that the hay and corn market is not so expensive as the horse market. They have, therefore, one horse in four always at rest; or, in other words, each horse lies still on the fourth day, thus having the advantage of man. For example, if ever we turn coach proprietors, or "get into harness," as the proper term is—which, as we have become fox-hunters, is by no means impossible—we shall keep ten horses for every ten miles stage we engage to cover. In this case, eight horses only will be at work, four up and four down. If the stage be under seven miles, nine horses may do the work; but no horse in a fast coach can continue to run every day, the excitement of high keep and profuse sweating producing disease. In practice, perhaps no animal toiling for man, solely *for his profit*, leads so easy and so comfortable a life as the English coach-horse. He is sumptuously fed, kindly treated, and if he do suffer a little in his work, he has twenty-three hours in the twenty-four of luxurious ease. He is now almost a stranger to the lash, nor do we ever see him with a broken skin; but we often see him kick up his heels when taken from his coach, after having performed his stage of ten miles in five minutes under the hour. So much for *condition*.

No horse lives so high as a coach-horse. In the language of the road, his stomach is the measure of his corn;—he is fed *ad libitum*. The effect of this is visible in two ways—first, it is surprising to see how soon horses gather flesh in this severe work—for there is none more severe whilst it lasts; and, secondly, proprietors find that good flesh is no obstacle to their speed, but, on the contrary, operates to their advantage. Horses draw by their weight and not by the force of their muscles, which merely assist the application of that weight: the heavier a horse is then, the more powerful is he in his harness; in short, it is the weight of the animal which produces the draught, and the play and force of his muscles serve to continue it. Light horses, therefore, how good soever their action, ought not to be put to draw a heavy load, as muscular force cannot act against it for any length of time.

The average price of horses for fast coaches may be about 23*l*. Fancy teams, and those working out of London, may be rated considerably higher than this; but

* From Calais to Paris is the same distance; the diligence takes at least 48 hours in the summer, and from 50 to 60 in the winter. The Exeter mail is allowed 18 hours from London to Exeter, the Paris mail from 28 to 30 hours from Calais to Paris and this is reckoned quick work.

* For example, from London to Shrewsbury is 180 miles, and the number of horses kept for the Wander coach is 150.

taking a hundred miles of ground, *well horsed*, this is about the mark. The average period of each horse's service does not exceed four years in a fast coach—perhaps scarcely so much. In a slow one we may allow seven; but in both cases we are allowing to horses put to the work at five or six years old. Considerable judgment is necessary to the selection of horses for fast work in harness; for if they have not action which will command the pace they are timed at, they soon destroy themselves. For a wheel horse he should have sound fore legs, or he cannot be depended upon down hill. Good hind legs and well-spread guskins are also essential points in a coach-horse—the weight or force applied proceeding from the fulcrum formed by the hinder feet. The price we have named as the average one for such animals may appear a very low one: but we must remember that to be a hunter a horse must have length of shoulder, length of frame, well placed hinder legs, and a well bitten mouth—whereas, without any of these qualities he may make an excellent coach-horse—and hence the value of the coach market to our breeders. Blemished horses also find their way into coaches, as do those whose tempers are bad; neither is a blind horse, with good courage, altogether objectionable, now the roads are so level.

It may not be uninteresting to the uninitiated to learn how a coach is *worked*. We will then assume that A, B, C, and D enter into a contract to *horse* a coach eighty miles—each proprietor having twenty miles; in which case he is said to *cover both sides of the ground, or to and fro*. At the expiration of twenty-eight days, the lunar month, a settlement takes place, and if the gross earnings of the coach should be 10*l* per mile, there will be 800*l* to divide between the four proprietors, *after* the following charges have been deducted, viz. tolls, duty to government, mileage, (or hire of the coach, to the coachmaker,) two coachman's wages, porter's wages, rent or charge of booking offices at each end, and washing the coaches. These charges may amount to 150*l*., which leaves 650*l*. to keep eighty horses and to pay the horsekeepers, for a period of twenty-eight days; or nearly 160*l*. to each proprietor for the expenses of his twenty horses, being 2*l*. per week, per horse. Thus it appears, that a fast coach, properly appointed, cannot pay unless its gross receipts amount to 10*l*. per double mile; and that, even then, the *horser's* profits depend on the luck he has with his stock.

In the present age, the art of mechanism is eminently reduced to the practical purposes of life, and the modern form of the stage coach seems to have arrived at perfection. It combines prodigious strength with almost incredible lightness, not weighing more than about eighteen hundred weight; and being kept so much nearer the ground

than formerly, is of course considerably safer. Accidents, no doubt, occur, and a great many more than meet the public eye; but how should this be otherwise, when we take into account the immense number of coaches on the road, a great portion of which travel through the night, and have all the varieties of our climate to contend with? No one will assert that the proprietors guard against accidents to the utmost of their power—but the great competition they have to encounter is a strong stimulant to their exertions on this score. Indeed, in some respects, the increase of pace has become the traveller's security.* Coaches and harness must be of the best quality; horses must be fresh and sound, and coachmen of science and respectability can alone be employed. In fact, to the increased pace of their coaches is the improvement in these men's moral character to be attributed. They have not time now for drinking, and they come in collision with a class of persons superior to those who formerly were stage-coach passengers, by whose example it has been impossible not to profit in all respects. A coachman drunk on his box, is now a rarity. A coachman, *quite sober*, was even within our memory still more so. But let us press this question a little further: do the proprietors guard against accidents to the *very extent of their ability*? We fear, not: too many of them, to touch only one point, allow their coachmen to omit the use of the hand or end-buckle to their reins, which, to our own knowledge, has lately been productive of innumerable accidents. This is *new*, and it is a more piece of affection, and should be put a stop to; for surely, if a coachman fancies he has not time to '*pin his ribbons*' before mounting the box, he can do so after having proceeded a short distance on his stage; and he cannot say he has not time to unbuckle them before he comes to the end of it. It is evident, that with reins unbuckled at the ends, should either of them drop out of his hand, all command over his team is gone. Moreover, in the hands of the best coachman, a wheel-horse will now and then drop, and should he not, fortunately in this case, *be dragged on the ground, so as to stop the coach*, up he jumps, and expecting the whip, rushes forward with his head loose, his rein having been drawn through the coachman's hand. Had it been buckled at the end, such an occurrence could not have happened; and if, after our warning, damages are sought for on this score, coach-proprietors may depend on it they must be prepared to smart.

That, in fact, nineteen accidents in twenty are the effect of want of proper precaution,

* To give one instance—the Worcester mail was one of the slowest on the road, and the oftenest overturned. She is now fast, and reckoned one of the safest in England.

cannot be denied. Coachmen, it is true, are not theoretical philosophers, but experience teaches them, that if they drive fast round corners, the centre of gravity must be more or less disturbed by thus diverging from the right line; and if lost, *over she goes*; yet a great number of the overturns that occur happen exactly in this way. Why then are not coachmen strictly enjoined by their employers to avoid so gross an error? But it is in the act of descending hills that the majority of catastrophes take place; and the coachman needs not book learning to enlighten him as to the *wherefore*. Let him only throw up a stone, and watch its descent. If it falls sixteen feet in the first second, it will fall three times that distance in the next, and so on. Thus it is with his coach; the continued impulse it acquires in descending a hill, presses upon the wheel-horses, until at last it exceeds their powers of resistance. In short, they have a new force to contend with at every step they take. But this is not all. Instead of checking the active force of his coach before she begins to move downward, he too often adds that to the fresh impulse she acquires on her descent. Every coachman, who has a regard to the safety of his own neck, should check the velocity of his coach at the top of every hill; which, in the language of the road, is termed 'taking a hill in time.' He may, in that case, if his harness be sound, drive his coach down any hill, now found on our roads, with ease; and, when a certain way down it, may increase his pace, with perfect safety, to meet the opposing ground at the bottom. With heavily laden coaches, we prefer this to the drag-chain—by which hundreds of them have been pulled over—and which is a great check to speed, too, as the *momentum* cannot be taken advantage of, in continuing the motion of the coach when she brings the horses to their collars again.

The question often arises,—is there danger in galloping horses in a coach, on perfectly level ground? Under certain circumstances their is. For instance, if there happen to be two horses at wheel, which take unequal strides in their gallop, their action will be felt by the coach—they being so near to her—and lateral motion will be produced, by which her equilibrium may be destroyed. When a coach once begins to swing, a little thing will upset her—even passing over a small stone—as the faster she goes on level ground, the more weight is thrown upon her fore wheels. Neither is a good road a security to her; on the contrary, the harder the surface of it, the more danger, there being nothing to hold the wheels; to the ground. If, however, it were possible to make the stride and draft of four horses quite equal, their increased speed would have but little effect on a coach, upon

tolerably level ground; which is proved by her being *quite steady* in ascending a hill, at ever so quick a rate, when every horse is at work. This shows the necessity of *putting horses well together*.

The worst of accidents, and one which, with the present structure of coaches, can never be entirely provided against, arises from broken axletrees and wheels coming off on the road. It was but the other day that a passenger's leg was fractured by the upsetting of the Dart, Brighton coach, driven by William Snow (a proprietor), one of the steadiest and most experienced coachmen of the present day, owing to the snapping of the axle-tree. There is certainly something startling in the reflection, that whenever we travel by a coach, we are liable to this occurrence, which must happen if the weight above be too great for the sustaining power below; and for this reason, the mails are safer than stage coaches, as not loading so heavily. Everything that can be done to prevent the *snapping* of the axletree has now been adopted, we think, by our coach-builders. In case it does not break, what is called the *idle wheel*, in addition to the active wheel, is the only security against an upset; but as this somewhat adds to the weight of a coach, the use of it has been abandoned. Accidents, then, are always to be apprehended by travellers from this cause; the loss of wheels is another; and until an act of parliament enforces the use of the patent box, or the screw-nut, so as to trust no longer to the common linchpin, it will remain a third.*

On the whole, however, travelling by public conveyances was never so secure as it is at the present time. Nothing can be more favourable to it than the build of the modern coaches. The boots being let down between the springs, keep the load, consequently the centre of gravity, low: the wheels of many of them are secured by patent boxes; and in every part of them the best materials are used. The cost of coaches of this description is from 130*l.* to 150*l.*; but they are generally hired from the maker, at from 2*½d.* to 3*d.* per mile.

The common height of the stage coach wheels of the present day, is as follows:—the fore wheels three feet four inches, the hinder wheels four feet eight inches. As the former turn round so much oftener than the latter, and also bear more weight, they require to have their felloes fresh, wrung about every five weeks; whereas the latter

* The only linchpin that can be relied on, is the wooden one, which, together with the screw-nut, is used in the French diligences. It is made of heart of oak; and being once driven through the eye of the arm, cannot be drawn out again, without cutting off the bottom of it, as it swells to a size which prevents its returning the way it went in. There is no dependance on iron linchpins.

will stand good for two months or more. The strength of a wheel depends greatly on the attention paid to the arrangement and framing of the spokes. In common wheels, they are framed equally and regularly all round the thickest part of the nave, the tenons of the spokes being so bevelled as to stand about three inches out of perpendicular, by which is produced the *dishing* wheel. This dishing, or concave wheel, is not essential on our present rutless road, and perpendicular wheels are preferable on level ground. The best wheels we know of, are those under our mail coaches. The spokes are framed somewhat differently into the nave, which is made rather larger than is usual for common coach wheels, and every other spoke is framed perpendicular to the nave. Hence, the mortises to receive them are not made in a parallel line round it, but stand as it were in two different parallels—one without the other—by which means greater solidity is given to the nave, and an immense addition of strength to the wheel. What is called the patent hoop, always used in stage coaches,—having the iron tire drawn into one complete ring—is not put on these wheels, but the common strokes, as they called, forged and hammered to the sweep of the rings, and in length equal to those of the felloes, are put on red hot, and well secured by rivetted nails. The mail fore-wheel is somewhat higher than that of the stage-coach, which is an advantage. Low fore wheels place the axle so much below the level of the wheel-horses' breasts, that they have not only the carriage to draw, but also part of its weight to bear. This weight distresses their hams, stifles, and hocks, and accounts for coach-horses being so soon unfit for the saddle. It is evident that attention to these points is necessary in putting horses to a coach, and when the fore wheels are low, the wheel horses should have as much length of trace as can be given them, for the line of traction should be as nearly even with the draft of the horse as we can make it.*

It requires, also, some art to load a coach properly. A waggoner on country roads,

always puts the greater weight over his hinder wheels, being the highest, and he is right, for he has obstacles to meet, and the power necessary to overcome them diminishes with the increased diameter of the wheel. On our turnpike roads, however, where there is now no obstacle, the load on a coach should be condensed as much as possible, and the heaviest packages placed in the fore boot. Indeed all the heavier packages should be put into the boots, and the lighter ones only on the roof. A well loaded coach is sure to follow well, and is always pleasant to ride in; and as a weak child totters less when it has a weight on its head, coach-springs break less frequently with a heavy load than with a light one.

Allowance is made for the retarding power of friction in all kinds of machinery, and of course it is not overlooked in carriages. The coachman sees its effect every time he puts the drag-chain on his wheel, which merely decreases the velocity of his coach by increasing the quantity of friction. Common sense must likewise instruct him, that when two bodies are rubbing against each other in opposite directions—as the arm of an axle-tree and the iron box of a wheel—the smoother these bodies can be made, the less of course is the friction. As economy in the expense of power is one of the chief objects of a mechanic, it is not to be wondered at that great pains have been taken in the construction of the axles and boxes of carriages. To Mr. Collinge are we chiefly indebted for his patent cylindrical axle-tree and box, which have stood the test of many years, and given universal satisfaction—for the silent and steady motion they impart to the wheel—for their great strength and durability—and for carrying oil several thousand miles without the necessity of replenishing it. They are turned upon a lathe, case-hardened, and rendered as smooth on the surface as it is possible, in the existing state of the art, to render them. But as the expense of these boxes is too great for stage coaches, patents have been taken out for others of a less costly nature, which answer extremely well, and have long since been in use on all the coaches that run from the Bull and Mouth, and many others besides. *No stage coach can be safe without the patent boxes*, as they are termed, but their is a prejudice amongst proprietors against them. They certainly add to the cost, and also to the weight of the coach, and by preventing the wheels from escaping any obstacle that may present itself—the consequence of their being airtight—they wear out rather sooner than when used with the common axle. Their general adoption, however, would be a great safeguard to the public, as well as of considerable assistance to trade. In the mail-coaches, the boxes are of a different construction, and owe their safety to four bolts,

* Thus it is with a farmer's waggon. When the shaft horse is standing at rest—allowing two degrees of an angle for that position—the point of the shaft is nearly even with the top of the fore-wheel, but when the horse exerts his strength to move a load, he brings his breast so much under the ground, that the line of draught is almost horizontal, and in a line with its centre. The trace of a coach-horse, when he stands at rest, is also oblique to the horizon, and must be so with low fore-wheels; but it approaches the horizon when he is at work, and the nearer it approaches to it the better. Horses draw by their weight, and not by the force of their muscles; the hinder feet, then, being the fulcrum of the lever by which their weight acts against a load, when they pull hard it depresses their chests—thus increasing the lever of its weight, and diminishing the lever by which the load resists its efforts.

which pass completely through the nave of the wheel, having a square shoulder on the back of the nave, with screws and nuts on its front. We have no hesitation in saying, this is the best wheel ever put under a coach; and of course, Mr. Vidler, the contractor for the mails, has a patent for it. The mails could never do their work with the common axle and box.*

Cicero laments the want of post-offices, and well he might. Nothing can excel that department in our country, as it has long been administered by perhaps the only universally approved public servant in our generation, Sir Francis Freeling; but we fear in this, as in more important matters, we are now about to lose sight of the good old rule of 'letting well alone.' It is said to be the intention of government to substitute light carriages with two horses, for the present mail-coaches drawn by four; but we have many suspicions as to the result of such a change. It is true, the persons that horse the mails cry out lustily against the government for not remunerating them better for the increased speed at which they are now required to travel—the maximum price being ten pence a mile. Indeed, several proprietors have, in consequence of their losses, taken their horses off some of the mails, and others would refuse fresh contracts, unless more liberal terms were offered them. The Chester has already disappeared. These complaints have no doubt been troublesome—and in some cases perhaps not quite reasonable; but we will state our reasons for thinking the present system cannot be improved upon. First, the build of the mails is admirable for endurance. Why do we often hear of axle-trees and other parts giving way with stage-coaches, and scarcely ever in the mails? Simply because the sustaining powers of the latter are more than equal to the weight, and *they cannot lose their wheels*. Moreover they are excellently adapted for quick travelling—the centre

of gravity being low—and they are light in comparison with stage-coaches that run as fast as they do: indeed, amongst coachmen, they are slightly termed 'paper carts,' in reference to comparative weight, and their great speed on the road. When the mail-coach of the present day starts from London for Edinburgh, a man may safely bet a hundred to one that she arrives to her time; but let a light two-horse vehicle set out on the same errand, and the betting would strangely alter. It is quite a mistaken notion that a carriage is less liable to accidents for being *light*. On the contrary, she is more liable to them, than one that is well laden *in proportion to her sustaining powers*. In the latter case she runs steadily along, and is but little disturbed by any obstacle or jerk she may meet on the road; in the former she is constantly on 'the jump,' as coachmen call it, and her iron parts very liable to snap. Our present mail-coach work reflects the highest credit on the state of our roads, and every thing connected with them. It will be borne in mind that, with one or two exceptions, they all begin their journey at night, and those which perform very long distances have two nights to one day; yet, see the wonderful regularity with which they arrive, and the few bad accidents they meet with! But, indeed, all our night travelling in England is deserving of high praise for the expedition and regularity with which it is conducted; and, we have reason to believe, fewer accidents happen to night coaches, than to such as run by day. This, however, may be accounted for. Barring fogs, it matters not how dark a night is, as our lamps supply the light of the sun. Coachmen—now always sober—are more careful and less given to *larking*, and the road is generally clear of any carriages but those which travel with lights. Horses also run more steadily by night, and certainly with more ease; it is a very common case to hear a coachman say, that such a horse is 'a good night one, but an indifferent one by day.'

* An improvement on all the patents yet brought forth, was some time since attempted by two spirited coachmakers in London, but we have not heard of its success. Its object is to diminish draught in two distinct ways—first, by reducing the bearing parts, and thereby lessening friction; and secondly by diminishing the 'dead hug,' as it is termed, which is always an attendant on the cylindrical arm and box. It substitutes a square, instead of a cylindrical box, in which the cylindrical axle or arm works. This is made to fit on each of the four sides as true and as air tight as if it were a complete circle; and if the four different bearings are but one eighth of an inch each, it is apparent, that there is but half an inch of surface for the arm to oppose or work against, in each axle, and so on in proportion to the size of the bearing. Nor is this all; those parts or angles, not touched by the arm—as may be seen when the box is revolving,—serve as reservoirs for oil, affording a constant supply. The nose of the arm is protected by a circular end, ground on to form the nicest fit, and prevent the possibility of the smallest particle of gravel finding its way into the box.

It is indeed gratifying to contemplate the change that has lately taken place in the whole system of *the road*—and it is a most *humane one*. The old-fashioned coachman to a heavy coach—and they were all heavy down to very recent times—bore some analogy with the prize-fighter, for he stood highest who could hit hardest. He was generally a man of a large frame, made larger by indulgence, and of great bodily power—which was useful to him. To the button-hole of his coat were appended several whipcord points, which he was sure to have occasion for on the road, for his horses were whipped till whipping was as necessary to them as their harness. In fair play to him, however, he was not solely answerable for this: the fine spirit of his cattle was broken

by the task they were called to perform—in those days twenty mile stages were in fashion;—and what was the consequence? Why, the four-horse whip, and the Nottingham whicord were of no avail over the latter part of the ground, and something like a cat-o'-nine tails was produced out of the boot, which was jocularly called 'the apprentice';—and a shrewd apprentice it was to the art of torturing, which was inflicted on the wheelers without stint or measure; but without which the coach might have been left on the road. One circumstance alone saved these horses from destruction; this was the frequency of ale houses on the road, not one of which could then be passed without a call. Our old-fashioned coachman, however, was a scientific man in his calling—more so, perhaps, than by far the greater part of his brethren of the present day, inasmuch as his energies and skill were more frequently put to the test. He had heavy loads, bad roads, and weary horses to deal with, neither was any part of his harness to be depended on, upon a pinch. Then the box he sat upon was worse than Pandora's, with all the evils it contained, for even *hope* appeared to have deserted it. It rested on the bed of the axletree, and shook the frame to atoms, but when prayers were put up to have it altered, the proprietors said, 'No; the rascal will always be asleep if we place his box on the springs.' If, among all these difficulties, then, he by degrees, became a drunkard, who can wonder at his becoming so? But he was a *coachman*. He could fetch the last ounce out of a wheel-horse by the use of his double thong, or his *apprentice*, and the point of his lash told terribly upon his leaders. He likewise applied it scientifically; it was directed under the bar to the flank, and after the third hit he brought it up to his hand by the *draw*, so that it never got entangled in the pole-chains, or any part of the harness. He could untie a knot with his teeth, and tie another with his tongue, as well as he could with his hands; and if his thong broke off in the middle, he could splice it with dexterity and neatness as his coach was proceeding on its journey. In short, he could do what coachmen of the present day cannot do, because they have not been called upon to do it; and he likewise could do what they never try to do:—namely, he could drive when he was drunk nearly as well as when he was sober. He was very frequently a faithful servant to his employers; considered trustworthy by bankers and others in the country through which he passed; and as humane to his horses, perhaps, as the adverse circumstances he was placed in by his masters would admit.

It has been suggested to road surveyors, that, if they would leave a narrow slip of loose gravel on the near side of severe hills,

or those of only moderate declivity, where the fall is a long one, and the road hard, it would save innumerable accidents in the course of the year, as the moment a coachman found his coach was getting the better of his horses,—or should any part of his tackle give way—he could run her into the gravel, and her velocity would be almost instantly checked. If placed on the near, or left hand side of the road, it would not inconvenience carriages *ascending* the hills, and the attention of a labourer, about every third day, to keep the gravel in its place, would obviate every difficulty. Likewise, it is desirable that roads should be raised a little to meet a coach, as it were, in the turns, especially such as are at the bottom of a hill. For example, if the turn is to the right, the left side of the road should be highest, so as to give support to a coach, in preserving her centre of gravity. Be it remembered that, if the body of a coach could be made to lock *with the carriage*, she would go round a corner at full speed, without danger; but as that cannot be done, too much precaution cannot be used when turning her from her line. Only a few years back, the Kingston and Worcester mail was upset in going round a turn, where the road was in an opposite form to the one we have just pointed out, when, according to evidence produced, she was going at the rate of only six miles in the hour. The effects of this accident were dreadful. In one respect, however, roads are more safe than they were, being no longer rounded in the middle, which caused the overthrow of many coaches in the act of crossing them, and the ruin of many coach-horses, by straining them in the fetlock-joint.

The hills on our great roads are now so cut through, that coaches ascend nearly all of them in the trot. Indeed, coachmen have found out that their horses are gainers here, as in the trot every horse does his share, whereas very few teams are all at work together when walking. Four weak horses, well put together, will draw a *very heavy load* up a hill of considerable acclivity, if the surface be hard, and they are kept to a trot. As a mechanical agent, the worst method in which the strength of a horse can be applied, is, carrying a weight up hill, and the best, that of drawing it. We should, however, give him every advantage; and, with a loaded coach, "keeping her alive," as coachmen translate the *vis vivada* of the mechanic, is of vast importance in the draught of her.

We have now only one more hint to offer as to stage-coaches. Proprietors should never suffer two coachmen to drive the same horses; either each man should drive his own ground double, or he should go the journey throughout and return the next day. It cannot be expected that horses can do well

in the hands of two coachmen, even allowing them equal merits, and for these plain reasons. They not only feel the effect of change of hands, which ruffles them, but they know not what to be at in their work; one man makes his play, as it is called, over one part of the ground, the other over another part. The system destroys the pride a coachman takes in seeing his stock look well; and if anything goes wrong, a wrangle is sure to be the consequence. As it is ascertained that no horse can run *at the top of his speed* more than six or seven miles without injury, it is much better that a coachman should work his ground double, if the hour suits, than that another man should touch them. Some persons object to two sweats a-day, but it is nonsense; how does the race-horse run his heats? and how many sweats does a hack or a hunter get? In very fast work, it is better for cattle to run five miles *in and out*, on the same day, than nine miles straight on end.

A wonderful change has taken place in the English coach-horse, as well as the sort of horses put into other kinds of harness, but this has been progressive. Fifty years ago the idea of putting a thorough-bred horse into harness would have been considered preposterous. In the carriages of our noblemen and gentlemen the long-tailed black or Cleveland bay—each one remove from the cart-horse—was the prevailing sort, and six miles an hour the extent of his pace; and he cost from 30*l.* to 50*l.* A few years back a nobleman gave seven hundred guineas for a horse to draw his cabriolet: two hundred guineas is now an every-day price for a horse of this description, and a hundred and fifty for a gentleman's coach-horse. Indeed, a pair of handsome coach-horses, fit for London and well broken and bitted, cannot be purchased *under* two hundred guineas, and even job-masters often give much more for them to let out to their customers. In harness also we think we have arrived at perfection, to which the invention of the patent shining leather has mainly contributed. A handsome horse, well harnessed, is a noble sight; and is it not extraordinary that in no country but England is the art of putting a horse into harness at all understood? Independently of the workmanship of the harness-maker, if our road horses were put to their coaches in the loose, awkward fashion of the continent, we could never travel at the rate we do. It is the command given over the coach-horse that *alone* enables us to do it.

As this is not a subject we are likely to recur to, we may as well say a word or two as to private vehicles, ere we close. As a fac-simile of the gentleman's family coach of fifty years back is now become difficult to produce, we will describe it. It had a most comfortable and roomy body, quite fit to

contain six portly persons, and suspended by long leather braces, affixed to nearly upright springs. To enable the body to hang low, the perch of a bent form, called the compass perch, was used, and the carriage was of great length and strength. In fact it was, coachman and all, in strict accordance with the animals that drew it, and came under the denomination of "slow and easy." The fashionable open carriage of this day was a still more unsightly object—the high, single-bodied phaeton, all upon the fore-wheels, and looking as if the hinder ones had nothing to do but to follow. This was the favourite carriage of the late king when Prince of Wales, and was commonly driven, by such as could afford it, with four horses in hand. Indeed, it may almost be said to have given birth to our gentleman-coachmanship, as well as to the well-known epigram:—

"What can Tommy Onslow do?
He can drive a phaeton and two.
Can Tommy Onslow do no more?
Yes—he can drive a phaeton and four!"

The phaeton was succeeded by the no less classically yclept curriole—a carriage, when properly appointed, and followed by two well-dressed and well-mounted grooms, of singular elegance certainly. It had a long run in the fashionable world, but being, like the phaeton, only calculated to carry two persons, and requiring never less than three horses, taxation and economy put an end to it. Then came the reign of the gig. The curate's wife, a gouty attorney, or a rich old farmer, fifty years ago, might be seen boxed up in a *whiskey*—which being hung on hind and fore braces, with a head to protect its inmates from weather, made a convenient family conveyance, and—with a steady *dobbin* to draw it—a safe one. Economy induced a leader of *ton* to cast favouring eyes on this snug *whiskey*—and thence the airy *gig*, which, with a hundred-guinea horse in it, has been the best "friend to doctors and undertakers they have ever yet found. The race has multiplied, and many names and varieties have been adopted in succession. The quiet movement of their wheels, the nice equilibrium in which they are placed on the axle, the evenness of their motion by reason of their being detached from their shafts, and the ease with which they follow the horse, make *gigs* delightful carriages to ride in, and we could wish they were not so dangerous. The Stanhope, so named after the Honourable Fitzroy Stanhope, who planned it, succeeded the Tilbury, so called from the well-known coach-maker; and the cost, without harness, of either may be about 70*l.* Now "every dog has his day," and so have our prevailing fashions. The Buggy, Stanhope, Denner, and Tilbury, have all, during some seasons

past, been supplanted by the cabriolet for town work, for which we must allow it is far more suitable—though much too heavy for the road. In London, this has been seen at the opera, at the theatres, at the club-houses, and at dinner parties, with a neat little urchin on the foot-board, performing all the offices of the chariot with not a third of its expenses. The English cabriolet, however, is rather on the decline in the fashionable world, and the light and airy Tilbury is making its appearance again.

For country work nearly all these open vehicles have given place to the double-bodied phaeton and the britscka, both of which are much used in travelling post. The former is likewise in vogue with citizens and others who have families, and is now made so light, as to be drawn by one horse with four persons in it with ease, for a limited number of miles. Descending still lower in the scale, and only one remove from the donkey-cart, is what is called the pony-chaise, out of which more people have been killed than we should like to enumerate here. These vehicles, by far the most dangerous carriages of the whole family they belong to, are so light that an animal even of little power can do what he pleases with them; they are also obliged to be made so short in the carriage, that the least thing upsets them, while the persons in them are not out of reach of heels. Should the animal be alarmed and endeavour to run away, the lowness and lightness of the vehicle nearly destroy all power of resistance; indeed, if he have much power, a carriage of this description may be compared to a canister tied to a dog's tail.*

A few years ago an article on this sort of subject would have been more acceptable than it is likely to be at present. The taste for the *whip* has undoubtedly declined; and at one time, perhaps, it occupied more attention among the higher classes of society than we ever wish to see it do again. Yet, taken in moderation, we can perceive no reason to condemn this branch of sport more than others. If so great a personage as Sophocles could think it fitting to display his science

* Accidents by these carriages frequently arise from apparently an unknown cause; it is by no means generally known, that horses frequently begin kicking or plunging in consequence of some part of their harness pinching them, but which their drivers are quite unconscious of at the time. Thus a coach-horse is frequently set kicking by merely a twist in his trace. Many accidents, however, arise from using horses not properly broken to harness, as well as from the inexperience of drivers. We have all heard of the young Oxonian, who prevailed on his uncle to accompany him in his gig to Oxford; in passing through Kensington, the old gentleman observed, he had paid his nephew a great compliment, for that was only the *fifth* time he had ever been in a gig in his life. The nephew replied, that his horse beat him hollow, for he had never been in one at all before that day.

in public, in the trifling game of ball, why may not an English gentleman exercise his skill on a coach-box? If the Athenians, the most polished nation of all antiquity, deemed it an honour to be considered skilful charioteers, why should Englishmen consider it a disgrace? To be serious—our amateur or *gentleman-coachmen* have done much good: the road would never have been what it now is, but for the encouragement they gave, by their notice and support, to all persons connected with it. Would the Holyhead road have been what it is, had there been no such persons as the Hon. Thomas Kenyon, Sir Henry Parnell, and Mr. Maddox? Would the Oxford coachmen have set so good an example as they have done to their brethren of "the bench," had there been no such men on their road as Sir Henry Peyton, Lord Clonmell, the late Sir Thomas Mostyn, that Nestor of coachmen, Mr. Annesley, and Mr. Harrison? Would not the unhappy coachmen of five-and-twenty years back have gone on, wearing out their breeches with the bumping of the old coach-box, and their stomachs with brandy, had not Mr. Warde, of Squerries, after many a weary endeavour, persuaded the proprietors to place their boxes upon springs? What would the Devonshire road have been, but for the late Sir Charles Bamfylde, Sir John Rogers, Colonel Prouse, Sir Lawrence Palk, and others? Have the advice and the practice of such experienced men as Mr. Charles Buxton, Mr. Henry Villebois, Mr. Okeover, Sir Bellingham Graham, Mr. John Walker, Lord Sefton, Sir Felix Agar, Mr. Ackers, Mr. Maxse, Hon. Fitzroy Stanhope, Colonel Spicer, Colonel Sibthorp, *cum multis aliis*, been thrown away upon persons who have looked up to them as protectors? Certainly not: neither would the improvement in carriages—stage-coaches more especially—have arrived at its present height, but for the attention and suggestions of such persons as we have been speaking of. Gentlemen-coaching, however, has, as we said, received a check; and in more ways than one. "Tampering with the currency," and low prices, have taken off the leaders; and the bars and four-bone whips are hung up for the present—very few four-in-hands being visible.* The "B. D. C.," or Benson Driving Club, which now holds its rendezvous at the "Black Dog," Bedford, is the only survivor of those numerous driving associations whose processions used, some twenty years ago, to be among the most imposing, as well as peculiar, spectacles in and about the metropolis.

The fashion, however, was not one of vener-

* Only six years back, there were from thirty to forty four-in-hand equipages to be seen constantly about town—one is stared at now.

able standing among us,—gentlemen-coachmen not having been known in England for more than about half a century. We believe we ourselves remember the Anglo-Erichthonius—the late Hon. Charles Finch, brother to the late Earl of Aylesford, who used to drive his own coach and four, disguised in a livery great coat. Soon after his debut, however, the already celebrated “Tommy Onslow,” Sir John Lade, and others, mounted the box in their own character. Sir John was a renowned judge of coach-horses and carriages, and a good coachman of the old school; but every thing connected with the coach-box has undergone such a change in the last twenty-five years, that the Nestors of the art are no longer to be quoted. Mr. Warde, *the father of the field*, may now, we believe, be called *the father of the road* also—and if the old heavy Gloucester “six insides, and sixteen out, with two tons of luggage, were to reappear on the road, no man’s advice would be better than his.

Count Pecchio, whose little volume on England we lately reviewed, has a luculent chapter on the astonishing convenience of our public conveyances, and the finished elegance of our private ones. We hardly, indeed, know, which of the two things is more likely to strike the imagination of a foreigner, no matter from what part of the world he may come. Any one who has been accustomed to admire the muster of vehicles at the Tuilleries, in the best days of Louis XVIII., to say nothing of the citizen-king period, must indeed open his eyes wide the first time he is in St. James’s Street on the day of a levee or drawing-room. Hyde Park, however, on any fine afternoon, in the height of the London season, will be more than enough to confound him. He will there see what no other country under the heavens can show him, and, what is more, we may venture to add, what no other country ever will show him. Let him only sit on the rail near our great captain’s statue, with his watch in his hand, and in the space of two hours he will see a thousand well-appointed equipages pass before him to the Mall, in all the pomp of aristocratic pride, and in which the very horses themselves appear to partake. Everything he sees is peculiar:—the silent roll and easy motion of the London-built carriage—the *style* of the coachmen—it is hard to determine which shine brightest, the lace on their clothes, their own round faces, or their flaxen wigs—the pipe-clayed reins—pipe-clayed lest they should soil the clean white gloves—the gigantic young fellows, in huge cocked hats, bedaubed with lace, in laced silk stockings, new kid gloves, and with gold-headed canes, who tower above “Mr. Coachman’s” head—the spotted coach-dog, which has just been washed for the occasion. The *vis-a-vis*, containing nobody but a single fair dame, with all its *set-out* has

cost at least a thousand pounds;*—and the stream of equipages of all calibres, barouches, chariots, cabriolets, &c., &c., &c., almost all got up, as Mr. Robins’s advertisements say, “regardless of expense,”† flows on unbroken, until it is half past seven, and people at last must begin to think of what they still call *dinner*. Old Seneca tells us, such a blaze of splendour was once to be seen on the Appian Way. It might be so: it is now to be seen nowhere but in London—and we must own we consider it as extremely doubtful whether anything like it will be visible in London the second spring of the first reformed parliament.

From the Westminster Review.

M'CULLOCH'S EDITION OF THE WEALTH OF NATIONS.‡

“With regard to the ‘Inquiry into the Wealth of Nations’ itself, we may observe that, after having been for more than half a century before the world, it still continues to keep its place as the standard work on the subject of which it treats. But during the period that has elapsed since its first publication, the science of political economy has, as might be expected, made considerable advances; and several of the principles laid down by Dr. Smith *have been discovered to be erroneous*, or at least to require correction and modification. An edition of the work, therefore, was wanted, in which the light of these subsequent investigations should be brought to illustrate the text, so that it *should still present a view of the science in its most modern and improved state*. Such an edition is that before us.§ In the notes and supplementary dissertations which Mr.

* The most finished specimens of last season were, we understand, generally acknowledged to be a *vis-a-vis* of the Marchioness of Londonderry, a chariot of Mr. Lang Wellesley’s, and a cabriolet of Count Alfred D’Orsay.

† Altrady, however, like all other trades, coach-making is on the wane. Two years back, the town-coach could not be had under four hundred guineas. Three hundred is the price now. The travelling-chariot, with every thing complete, could not be purchased under three hundred and eighty guineas; three hundred will now suffice. The town-cabriolet, with patent boxes to the wheels, commenced at a hundred and fifty guineas: a hundred and twenty is now the figure, and so with all the rest of the tribe.

‡ An Inquiry into the Nature and Causes of the Wealth of Nations. By Adam Smith, LL. D.—With a Life of the Author, an Introductory Discourse, Notes, and Supplemental Dissertations. By J. R. McCulloch, Esq. Professor of Political Economy in the University of London.—4 Vols. 8vo. Edinburgh; Black, Tait London; Longman. 1832.

§ “An Inquiry into the Nature and Causes of the Wealth of Nations; by Adam Smith, LL.D. With a Life of the Author, Introductory Discourse, Notes, and Supplemental Dissertation, by J. R. McCulloch, Esq. 3 vols. 8vo. London, 1832.”

Macculloch has appended to Dr. Smith's original statements, he has noticed whatever contributions of importance have been made to the science since the time of that writer; and explained with great ability the views which at present prevail wherever they differ from those offered in the body of the work. A very learned preliminary discourse also presents an account of the rise and progress of the science up to the era of the publication of the 'Wealth of Nations,' followed by a brief but comprehensive statement of the improvements which it has since received. To the whole work is added an index of unusual fulness, and apparently drawn up with great care. So that in these four volumes we have really a complete encyclopedia of the science of political economy, embracing its history from its rise to the present day, and detailing all the successive changes which its doctrines have undergone till they have been brought to the state in which they now are. The price of the book is two guineas and a half."

This is the advertisement and puff collateral in the government's Penny Magazine; * of which it circulates 130,000 copies weekly without stamps. If William Cobbett had put forth such an article on political economy on the plea that it contained nothing that was political,—he would be assailed both for the stamp duty and the advertisement; and honest people's children, struggling to be starved next week instead of this, would be sent to mend their practice in the society of housebreakers. In noting which, it is not meant to play into the hands of the enemy, from whom it is a deliverance to have loosed a little finger though the hands remain tied; but to mark the shabbiness of a government with a whole nation at its back, truckling with the powers of evil, after such a distinct avowal of the desirableness of liberation where the feeling is its own.

All this, however, forms no reason for making an unfair representation of a book in return; though it will be surmised that the extract, especially in the parts here distinguished by italics, is considered as going a little too far. It is an awful thing to have undertaken to mend Adam Smith,—in the event of any failure; and the responsibility is not lessened, by the University of London being in some sort made the scene of operations.

The First Section of the commentator's "Introductory Discourse" contains valuable memoirs of the conflict between comparative light and darkness, from the early periods of history to the publication of Adam Smith's book in 1776. In which it is interesting to discover, that the absurdities which the good sense of the age is opposing with the vigour of recent insurrection, were in fact

never left without witnesses against them; but that in the full bloom and blossom of the wisdom of our ancestors, there were always some of whom the world was not worthy, who kept up in solitude the lamp of heresy and truth.

"The once prevalent opinion, that wealth consists exclusively of gold and silver, naturally grew out of the circumstances of the money of all civilized countries being almost entirely formed of these metals. Having been used both as standards by which to measure the relative value of different commodities and as the equivalents for which they were most frequently exchanged, gold and silver, or money, acquired a factitious importance, not in the estimation of the vulgar only, but in that of persons of the greatest discernment. The simple and decisive consideration, that all buying and selling is really nothing more than the bartering of one commodity for another—of a certain quantity of corn or cloth, for example, for a certain quantity of gold or silver, and vice versa—was entirely overlooked. The attention was gradually transferred from the end to the means, from the money's worth to the money itself; and the wealth of individuals and of states was measured, not by the abundance of their disposable products—by the quantity and value of the commodities with which they could afford to purchase the precious metals—but by the quantity of these metals actually in their possession.—And hence the policy, as obvious as it was universal, of attempting to increase the amount of national wealth by forbidding the exportation of gold and silver, and encouraging their importation."—*McCulloch's Introductory Discourse*, p. xii.

One reason might be, the desire to have at hand the readiest means of transporting value for purposes of war; in short, a military chest. But so far as this idea was not concerned, the explanation of the zeal for making gold and silver come into a country and not go out, lay in the ignorance of the principle by which any imaginable quantity of an instrument of exchange above a certain amount (supposing it possible to prevent its escape, which is hardly practicable where there is to be intrinsic value) will always reduce itself to the value of that certain amount, by the intervention of a rise of prices. It was the fallacy of Sinclair and Attwood,—“Make money, and people will be rich;”—without surmising that no man could gain anything by being made the vehicle for two pieces of money instead of one, if the two would only buy the same as the one, and that in addition to this there might be a horrible destruction of the interests of all the labouring classes by the concomitants of the process.*

* For June 23, 1832.

* Is it possible that any labouring man should be

"It appears from a passage in Cicero, that the exportation of the precious metals from Rome had been frequently prohibited during the period of the Republic;* and this prohibition was repeatedly renewed, though to very little purpose, by the Emperors.† Neither, perhaps, has there been a state in modern Europe whose early laws have not expressly forbidden the exportation of gold and silver. It is said to have been interdicted by the law of England previously to the conquest; and reiterated statutes were subsequently passed to the same effect; one of which, (3d Henry VIII. cap. 1.) enacted

unable to see, that instead of an increase in the nominal quantity of money (as for instance by the multiplication of bank paper) being a source of advantage to his class, it is by the directly opposite process that *he* would be the gainer? If for instance pound notes were multiplied till two would only buy what one pound does now, would any working man be the better for receiving two such pounds at the week's end, instead of one of the old? But would he get the two pounds; and how if he stuck at four-fifths of it instead? And is it not plain that he would stick at some such mark; and that the masters would always contrive to have the wages behind the altered value of money and not before? And on the contrary, if by reducing the quantity of money one pound was made to have the value of two, is it not plain that the operatives would have an advantage of the same kind against the masters in turn, though it is likely they would not be able to make an equal use of it? This is sufficient to account for the zeal of the masters for an augmentation in the nominal quantity of money; and any increase of business or employment to arise from such an augmentation, is manifestly a joke, if the result is to be that two bits of paper are to do the work of one.

It is an astonishing fact, that the operatives should just now be found crying for the very thing, that if they had their wits about them, they would consider as the greatest injury;—the very screw by the operation of which they were reduced, under the Pitt fraud, to the miserable condition they have never been able to get the better of. Day by day were their substantial wages reduced by the successive depreciation of the currency; and the more they tried to overtake the original amount, the farther they were left behind. And still the simpletons are ready to call at anybody's bidding, for an increase of paper money. There is no cure for it but one, Knowledge. Will the higher classes take off the tax on that commodity, before the people break into their preserves, or not?

After the above was in types, it was observed with great satisfaction that the same view of the matter had been taken by the author of the Political Register; (Aug. 18, 1832 :) of whom there is no man but may say, as Frederic did to Laudon at table, *J'aime mieux vous voir a mes cotes, que vis-a-vis de moi.*

* "Exportari aurum non oportere, cum saepe antea senatus, tum me consul, gravissime judicavit." "That gold should not be exported, had been decreed under heavy penalties by the Senate, under my Consulship, as well as many times before."—Orat. pro. L. Flacco, sect. 28.

† "Pliny, when enumerating the silks, spices, and other Eastern products imported into Italy, says, "*Minimaque compulatione milies centena millia sestertium annis omnibus, India et Sere, peninsulae illa (Arabia) imperio nostro demunt.*" "And on the lowest computation a hundred millions of sesterces [about a million sterling] is taken annually by India, China, and the Arabian peninsula, from our Empire."—Hist. Nat. lib. xii. cap. 18.

so late as 1513, declared, that all persons carrying over sea any coins, plate, jewels, &c., should, on detection, forfeit double their value."—*Int. Dis.* p. xii.

The passage from Pliny is an early specimen of lamentation over the misfortune of men's being permitted to buy instead of keeping their money in their pockets; conveyed in language ludicrously accordant with the wailings of the moderns. Why did not the Romans abstain from pepper, and season with sesterces?

"The extraordinary extension of commerce during the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries occasioned the substitution of a more refined and complex system for increasing the supply of the precious metals in place of the coarse and vulgar one that had previously obtained. The establishment of a direct intercourse with India by the Cape of Good Hope, seems to have had the greatest influence in effecting the change. The precious metals have always been one of the most advantageous articles of export to the East; and notwithstanding the old and deeply rooted prejudices against their exportation, the East India Company obtained, when first instituted, in 1600, leave annually to export foreign coins, or bullion, of the value of £.30,000; on condition, however, that they should import, within six months after the termination of every voyage, except the first, as much gold and silver as should together be equal to the value of the silver exported by them. But the enemies of the Company contended, that this condition was not complied with; and that it was besides *contrary to all principle*, and highly injurious to the public interests, to permit gold and silver to be sent out of the kingdom. The merchants, and others interested in the support of the Company, could not controvert the reasoning of their opponents, without openly impugning the ancient policy of absolutely preventing the exportation of the precious metals. They did not, however, venture to contend, nor is there indeed any good reason for thinking that it really occurred to them, that the exportation of bullion to the East was advantageous, on the ground that the commodities purchased by it were of greater value in England. But they contended, that the exportation of bullion to India was advantageous, because the commodities imported from thence were chiefly re-exported to other countries, from which a much greater quantity of bullion was obtained than had been required to pay for them in India. Mr. Thomas Mun, the ablest of the Company's advocates, ingeniously compares the operations of the merchant in conducting a trade carried on by the exportation of gold and silver, to the seedtime and harvest of agriculture. 'If we only behold,' says he, 'the actions of the husbandman in the seed-time, when he casteth

away much good corn into the ground, we shall account him rather a madman than a husbandman. But when we consider his labours in the harvest, which is the end of his endeavours, we shall find the worth and plentiful increase of his actions.*

"Such was the origin of what has been called the MERCANTILE SYSTEM: and when compared with the previous prejudice—for it hardly deserves the name of system—which wholly interdicted the exportation of gold and silver, it must be allowed that its adoption was a considerable step in the progress to sounder opinions. The supporters of the mercantile system, like their predecessors, held that gold and silver alone constituted wealth; but they thought that sound policy dictated the propriety of allowing their exportation to foreigners, provided the commodities imported in their stead, or a portion of them, were afterwards sold to other foreigners for a greater amount of bullion than had been originally laid out in their purchase; or, provided the importation of the foreign commodities caused the exportation of so much more native produce than would otherwise have been exported as would more than equal their cost. These opinions necessarily led to the celebrated doctrine of the *Balance of Trade*. It was obvious that the precious metals could not be imported into countries destitute of mines, except in return for exported commodities; and the grand object of the supporters of the mercantile system was to monopolize the largest possible supply of the precious metals, by the adoption of various complex schemes for encouraging exportation, and restraining the importation of almost all products, except gold and silver, that were not intended for future exportation. In consequence, the *excess of the value of the Exports over that of the Imports* came to be considered as being at once the sole cause and measure of the progress of a country in the career of wealth. This excess, it was taken for granted, could not be balanced otherwise than by the importation of an equal value of gold or silver, or of the only real wealth it was then supposed a country could possess."

"The principles and conclusions of the mercantile system, though absolutely false and erroneous, afford a tolerable explanation of a few very obvious phenomena; and what did more to recommend them, they were in perfect unison with the popular prejudices on the subject. The merchants, and practical men, who were the founders of this system, did not consider it necessary to subject the principles they had assumed to any very refined analysis or examination. But reckoning them as sufficiently

established by the common consent and agreement of mankind, they applied themselves almost exclusively to the discussion of the practical measures calculated to give them the greatest efficacy."

"Although a kingdom," says Mr. Mun, "may be enriched by gifts received, or by purchase taken, from some other nations, yet these are things uncertain, and of small consideration, when they happen. The ordinary means, therefore, to increase our wealth and treasure, is by foreign trade, wherein we must ever observe this rule—to *sell more to strangers yearly than we consume of theirs in value*. For, suppose, that when this kingdom is plentifully served with cloth, lead, tin, iron, fish, and other native commodities, we do yearly export the overplus to foreign countries to the value of £2,200,000, by which means we are enabled, beyond the seas, to buy and bring in foreign wares for our use and consumption to the value of £2,000,000: by this order duly kept in our trading, we may rest assured that the kingdom shall be enriched yearly £200,000, which must be brought to us as so much treasure; because that part of our stock which is not returned to us in wares, must necessarily be brought home in treasure."*

"The gain on our foreign commerce is here supposed to consist exclusively of the gold and silver which, it is taken for granted, must necessarily be brought home in payment of the excess of exported commodities. Mr. Mun lays no stress whatever on the circumstance of foreign commerce enabling us to obtain an infinite variety of useful and agreeable products, which it would either have been impossible for us to produce at all, or to produce so cheaply at home. We are desired to consider all this accession of wealth—all the vast additions made by commerce to the motives which stimulate, and to the comforts and enjoyments which reward the labour of the industrious, as *nothing*,—and to fix our attention exclusively on the balance of £200,000 of gold and silver! This is much the same as if we were desired to estimate the comfort and benefit derived from a suit of clothes, by the number and glare of the metal buttons by which they are fastened. And yet Mr. Mun's rule for estimating the advantage of foreign commerce, was for a long time regarded, by the generality of merchants and practical statesmen, as infallible; and such is the inveteracy of ancient prejudices, that we are still annually congratulated on the excess of our exports over our imports!"—*Int. Dis.* p. xiii.

If the attempt to hedge-in gold and silver was unmixed folly, the Mercantile Sys-

* "Treasure by Foreign Trade, orig. ed. p. 50."

* *Treasure by Foreign Trade.* p. 11.

tem was the kind of hybrid denominated half-wittedness. But it should be spoken of with respect, for to this day it would be received with reverence in the House of Commons, and various other quarters it would be invidious to particularize.

"The shock given to previous prejudices and systems by those great discoveries and events, which will forever distinguish the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, and the greater attention which the progress of civilization and industry naturally drew to the sources of national power and opulence, prepared the way for the downfall of the mercantile system. The advocates of the East India Company, whose interests had first prompted them to question the prevailing doctrines as to the exportation of bullion, began gradually to assume a higher tone; and at length boldly contended that bullion was *nothing but a commodity*, and that its exportation ought to be rendered as free as the exportation of any other commodity. Nor were these opinions confined to the partners of the East India Company. They were gradually communicated to others; and many eminent merchants were taught to look with suspicion on several of the best received maxims; and were thus led to acquire more correct and comprehensive views with respect to the just principles of commercial intercourse. The new ideas ultimately made their way into the House of Commons; and, in 1663, the statutes prohibiting the exportation of *foreign coin and bullion* were repealed, and full liberty given to the East India Company, and to private traders, to export these articles in unlimited quantities."

"In addition to the controversies respecting the East India trade, the discussions to which the foundation of the colonies in America and the West Indies, the establishment of a compulsory provision for the support of the poor, and the acts prohibiting the exportation of wool, &c. gave rise, attracted an extraordinary portion of the public attention to questions connected with the domestic policy of the country. In the course of the seventeenth century, a more than usual number of tracts were published on commercial and economical subjects. And although the authors of the greater number appear to have been strongly tinctured with the prevailing spirit of the age, it cannot be denied, that several of them rise above the prejudices of their contemporaries, and have an unquestionable right to be regarded as the founders of the modern theory of commerce—as the earliest expositors of those sound and liberal doctrines, by which it has been shown, that the prosperity of states can never be promoted by restrictive regulations, or by the depression of their neighbours—that the genuine spirit of commerce is altogether inconsistent with the dark,

selfish, and shallow policy of monopoly—and that the *self-interest* of mankind, not less than their duty, requires them to live in peace, and to cultivate a fair and friendly intercourse with each other."—*Int. Dis.* p. xxiv.

The light thrown on the works and history of the early confessors of Political Economy in England, is interesting enough to authorize a considerable extent of extracts.

"With the exception of Mr. Mun, to whom reference has been already made, Sir Josiah Child is perhaps the best known of all the commercial writers of the seventeenth century. His *New Discourse of Trade* was first published in 1668; but it was very greatly enlarged in the next edition, published in 1690. There are many sound and liberal doctrines advanced in this book. The argument to show that colonies do not depopulate the mother country is as conclusive as if it had proceeded from the pen of Mr. Malthus; and the just and forcible reasoning in defence of the naturalization of the Jews is highly creditable to the liberality and good sense of the writer, and discovers a mind greatly superior to the prejudices of the age. Sir Josiah has also many excellent observations on the bad effects of the laws against *forestalling* and *regrating*; on those limiting the number of apprentices, and preventing the exportation of bullion; and on corporation privileges."—*Int. Dis.* p. xxv.

"The principal defect in the writings of Mun, Child, &c. did not really consist so much in their mistaken opinions about the superior importance of the precious metals, and the balance of trade, as in those respecting the superior advantages which they supposed were derived from the importation of durable, rather than of rapidly perishable commodities. This, however, was an extremely natural opinion; and we cannot be surprised that the earlier writers on commerce should not have avoided falling into an error, from which neither the profound sagacity of Mr. Locke, nor the strong sense of Mr. Harris, has been able to preserve them. But even so early as 1677, the fallacy of this opinion had been perceived. In that year, there appeared a small tract, entitled, *England's Great Happiness; or, a Dialogue between Content and Complaint*; in which the author contends, that the importation of wine and other commodities, which are speedily consumed, but for which there is a demand, in exchange for money, is advantageous; and, on this ground, he defends the French trade, which has been uniformly declaimed against by the supporters of the mercantile system. I shall make a short extract from this remarkable tract."

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away our money by wholesale. Mr. Fortrey,* whom I have heard you speak well of, gives an account that they get £1,600,000 a-year from us.

Content.—'Tis a great sum; but, perhaps, were it put to a vote in a wise Council, whether for that reason the trade should be left off, 'twould go in the negative.—I must confess, that I had rather they'd use our goods than money; but if not, I would not lose the getting of ten pound because I can't get an hundred; and I don't question but when the French get more foreign trade, they'll give more liberty to the bringing in foreign goods. I'll suppose John-a-Nokes to be a butcher, Dick-a-Styles to be an Exchange man, yourself a lawyer, will you buy no meat or ribbands, or your wife a fine Indian gown or fan, because they will not truck with you for indentures which they have need of? I suppose no; but if you get money enough of others, you are not though you give it away in specie for these things; I think 'tis the same case.'

'The general spirit of this tract may perhaps be better inferred from the titles of some of the dialogues. Among others, we have *'To export money, our great advantage;—The French trade a profitable trade;—Variety of wares for all markets, a great advantage;—High living a great improvement to the arts;—Invitation of foreign arts, a great advantage;—Multiplication of traders, a great advantage,' &c. &c.* But its influence was far too feeble to arrest the current of popular prejudice. In 1678, the year after its publication, the importation of French commodities was prohibited for three years. This prohibition was made perpetual in the reign of William III., when the legislature declared the trade with France a nuisance!—a principle, if I may so call it, which has been acted upon up to this very hour, with the exception of the short period during which the commercial treaty, negotiated in 1786, had effect."

—*Int. Dis.* p. xxvii.

Though not exactly *Content's* case as given, it is worth noting how easily the reasoning of 1677 is transferable to the question which puzzles the whole unreformed House of Commons,—how it can be consistent with wisdom to buy a good bargain of France, unless France will consent to the reciprocity of buying a good bargain for herself in turn. It would be long before any sane individual could be found to start such a difficulty with Dick-a-Styles.

"Notwithstanding the immense variety of pursuits in which Sir William Petty was engaged, his discriminating and original ge-

nus enabled him to strike out new lights, and to make many valuable discoveries in them all. His treatise *'On Taxes and Contributions,'* published in 1667,—his *'Quantulumcunque,'* published in 1682,—his *'Essays on Political Arithmetic,'* first published in 1687, and his *'Political Anatomy of Ireland,'* published in 1691, are among the very best of the political tracts published in the seventeenth century, and contain many original remarks, and much curious and interesting information. He seems to have been the first person who has distinctly laid down, though only in a cursory and incidental manner, the fundamental doctrine, that the value of commodities is determined by the quantities of labour required for their production. In his treatise *'On taxes and Contributions,'* he says, "If a man bring to London an ounce of silver out of the earth in Peru, in the same time that he can produce a bushel of corn, the one is the natural price of the other; now, if, by reason of new and more easy mines, a man can get two ounces of silver as easily as formerly he did one, then corn will be as cheap at ten shillings the bushel as it was before at five shillings, *ceteris paribus.*"—"Let a hundred men work ten years upon corn, and the same number of men the same time upon silver; I say that the neat proceed of the silver is the price of the neat proceed of the corn; and like parts of the one the like parts of the other;" and in another place he observes, "Corn will be twice as dear when there are two hundred husbandmen to do the same work which an hundred could perform."—*Int. Dis.* p. xxix.

It is to be borne in mind, that this statement is only true in the long run, and of things produced under the absence of monopoly. That two things took the same quantity of labour, is not by itself a sufficient reason why one shall exchange for the other. It may be that nobody wants one of the things at all, or wants the existing quantity at that price. The man who engraved the Lord's Prayer on a grain of wheat, might sell a single grain for the price of his maintenance during the operation; but certainly not a bushel, still less a quarter. As the statement stands here by itself, there is therefore an element missed out; which if it has not led to mischief, may do.

In the *Quantulumcunque*, the subject of money is treated with great ability, and the idea of draining England of her cash by an unfavourable balance, successfully combated. Sir William has also strongly condemned the laws regulating the rate of interest, justly observing that there might as well be laws to regulate the rate of exchange or of insurance.†

* Mr. Fortrey's pamphlet has been much referred to. It was published in 1663, and reprinted in 1673. It contains a very good argument in favour of inclosures. The reference to the text sufficiently explains the opinion of the writer in regard to commerce.

Museum.—Vol. XXII.

† See Treatise on Taxes and Contributions, ed. 1679, pp. 31, 24, and 67.

† Pp. 3, 6, 8, orig. edit.

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"The essays on *Political Arithmetic* are too well known to require any particular notice in this place. But the *Political Anatomy of Ireland*, though perhaps the best of all Sir William Petty's political works, is now comparatively neglected. This treatise is not more valuable for the accurate information it affords respecting the state of Ireland in the latter part of the seventeenth century, than for the judicious reflections and suggestions of the author, with a view to its improvement. Sir William was fully aware of the benefits that would result from an incorporating union between Great Britain and Ireland, and from the establishment of a perfectly free intercourse between the two countries. When speaking of the act passed in 1664, prohibiting the importation of cattle, beef, &c. from Ireland into Britain, he asks 'If it be good for England to keep Ireland a distinct kingdom, why do not the predominant party in Parliament, suppose the western members, make England beyond Trent another kingdom, and take tolls and customs upon the borders? Or why was there ever any union between England and Wales? And why may not the entire kingdom of England be further canonised for the advantage of all parties?'"

—*Int. Dis.* p. xxx.

By far the most valuable relic, however, is preserved in the discourses of Sir Dudley North.

"But a tract, entitled, *Discourses on Trade, principally directed to the Cases of Interest, Coinage, Clipping, and Increase of Money*, written by Sir Dudley North, and published in 1691, unquestionably contains a far more able statement of the true principles of commerce than any that had then appeared. Sir Dudley is throughout the intelligent advocate of all the great principles of commercial freedom. He is not, like the most eminent of his predecessors, well informed on one subject, and erroneous on another. His system is consensaneous in its parts, and complete. He shows, that in commercial matters, nations have the same interests as individuals; and forcibly exposes the absurdity of supposing, that any trade which is advantageous to the merchant can be injurious to the public. His opinions respecting the imposition of a seigniorage on the coinage of money, and the expediency of sumptuary laws, then very popular, are equally enlightened.

"I shall subjoin from the preface to this tract an abstract of the general propositions maintained in it:"

'That the whole world as to trade is but as one nation or people, and therein nations are as persons.'

"That the loss of a trade with one nation is not that only, separately considered,

but so much of the trade of the world rescinded and lost, for all is combined together."

'That there can be no trade unprofitable to the public; for if any prove so, men leave it off; and wherever the traders thrive, the public, of which they are a part, thrive also'—*Int. Dis.* p. xxxii.

In the last proposition, care must be taken mentally to include "in a state of freedom." For the very trick of the robbers of the public is to maintain, that where robbing traders thrive, "the public, of which they are a part, thrive also."

"That to force men to deal in any prescribed manner may profit such as may happen to serve them; but the public gains not, because it is taking from one subject to give to another."

"That no laws can set prices in trade, the rates of which must and will make themselves. But when such laws do happen to lay any hold, it is so much impediment to trade, and therefore prejudicial."—*Int. Dis.* p. xxxiii.

Sir Dudley would have made these propositions stronger still, if he had lighted on a distinct vision of the fact, that all that is given to one trader by interference of any kind, is taken once from the consumer, and once over again from some other trader with whom the consumer would have spent the difference in question.

"That money is a merchandize, whereof there may be a glut, as well as a scarcity, and that even to an inconvenience."—*Int. Dis.* p. xxxiii.

This probably alluded chiefly to the business of a money-dealer. As for example, the dealer in the neighborhood of the Exchange whose trade it is to supply napoleons to gentlemen going to Calais or Boulogne, must find out that it is as easy for him to have too many or too few for his demand, as it would be if he dealt in pounds of sugar. And the like phenomenon must be traceable on the greater scale. But this does not go far into the money question; though an observation of this kind is probably with most men the first stepping stone to further knowledge.

"That a people cannot want money to serve the ordinary dealing, and more than enough they will not have."

"That no man will be the richer for the making much money, nor have any part of it, but as he buys it for an equivalent price."

—*Int. Dis.* p. xxxiii.

These propositions indicate further insight than the last; and they only want improving into the demonstration, that as concerns the abstract power of carrying on the exchanges of the public, the quantity of money is a thing indifferent;—because the smaller quantity will rise in value till it is enough to perform the office wanted, and the greater quantity will sink in value till it does no more. This does not include the

effects of altering the value of money on debtors and creditors, nor the case where the quantity of money should be inefficient through lack of subdivision; and Sir Dudley manifestly meant the same.

'That the free coynage is a perpetual motion found out, whereby to melt and coyn without ceasing, and so to feed goldsmiths and coyners at the public charge.'—*Int. Dis.* p. xxxiii.

There appears to be some inexactness in this. The system alluded to must have been one, not of coining and melting, but of coining and sending abroad. If some men had wanted to coin and others to melt, they would have exchanged and saved themselves the trouble. But people were encouraged to coin, by the offer of doing it at the public expense, whereby the exchangeable value of the coin was necessarily levelled to the value of the metal contained in it; and then they found out that this coined metal was as convenient as any other, and rather more so, for making purchases abroad. In which the folly was simply in the government's not finding out, that it was trying to fill a sieve with water, and expending the public money in coining without any adequate reason.

'That debasing the coyn is defrauding one another, and to the public there is no sort of advantage from it; for that admits no character, or value, but intrinsic.'

'That the sinking by alloy or weight is all one.'—*Int. Dis.* p. xxxiii.

There has been much darkness upon what has been called debasing the coin; and despotic princes have probably been sometimes accused of an imaginary crime like witchcraft. If the coin is debased as it is called, till it is as thin as paper,—or till it is reduced to a piece of gold-leaf which must be pasted on a piece of paper to support it,—or if the ingenuity is carried the further step of issuing the paper without the gold leaf, but with the image and superscription of the reigning king, or of Abram Newland, or of any other creature in heaven or earth, or in the waters under the earth that shall have the effect of preventing imitation or forgery;—if all this be done, there is not evil done but good, so long as the number of such coins or substitute for coins is not increased. If the sovereign happens to be acting in the interest of his people, as for instance if the operation was intended as the means of carrying on a war of just defence,—he would only have stumbled on a means of raising money without the people feeling how. And if he is acting *against* the interests of the people, it is as well he should take value in a way they do not feel, as in a way they do. It is true that if the people were intelligent enough, they would see the value applied to their own use, and bring the Brother of the Sun and Moon to account for its dispo-

sal. But this is going beyond the age. To the present moment, not even the inhabitants of the United States of America have a distinct and general vision of the fact, that a people can demand of its government to save the whole difference of the expense between a gold and paper currency, and to account to the people for the proceeds as rigidly as for a malt-tax. It would therefore be unreasonable to demand this nicety from the despot.

'That exchange and ready money are the same, nothing but carriage and re-carriage being saved.'

'That mouey exported in trade is an increase to the wealth of the nation; but spent in war, is so much impoverishment.'

'In short, that *all favour to one trade, or interest, is an abuse, and cuts off so much profit from the public.*'

"Unluckily this admirable tract never obtained any considerable circulation. There is good reason indeed for supposing that it was designedly suppressed.* At all events it speedily became excessively scarce; and I am not aware that it has ever been referred to by any subsequent writer on commerce."—*Int. Dis.* p. xxxiii.

Sir Dudley North may be considered as a kind of Wyclif of economical reform, of which Adam Smith was to be the Luther. There was manifestly a great outpouring on him, considering the darkness of his day.

"A violent controversy had been carried on for some years previously to 1700, with respect to the policy of permitting the importation of east India silks and cotton stuffs. Those who wished to prevent their importation, resorted to the arguments universally made use of on such occasions; affirming that the substitution of manufactured India goods in the place of those of England had been the means of ruining a large proportion of our manufacturers, of causing the exportation of the coin, and the general impoverishment of the country. The merchants interested in the India trade could not, as had previously happened to them in the controversy with respect to the exportation of bullion, meet these arguments without attacking the principles on which they rested, and maintaining in opposition to them, that it was for the advantage of every people to buy the products they wanted in the cheapest market. This just and sound principle was, in consequence, enforced in several petitions presented to Parliament by the importers of India goods; and it was also enforced in several publications that appeared at the time. Of these, an anonymous tract, entitled, *Considerations on the East India Trade*, printed in 1701 seems one of the best. The author, who is a person of

* See the Hon. Roger North's *Life* of his brother, the Hon. Sir Dudley North, p. 179.

no common talent, has endeavoured to refute the various arguments advanced in justification of the prohibition against importing East India goods, and has also given some very striking and admirable illustrations of the effects of the division of labour, and of the advantages resulting from the employment of machinery.*

"In answer to the objection that the manufactured goods imported from India are the produce of the labour of fewer hands than those made in England, and that by allowing them to be imported, some of our people must be thrown out of employment, we have the following conclusive statements:—

'The East India trade destroys no profitable English manufacture; it deprives the people of no employment which we should wish to be preserved. The foundation of this complaint is that manufactures are procured from the East Indies by the labour of fewer people than are necessary to make the same in England; and this shall be admitted. Hence it follows that to reject the Indian manufactures that like may be made by the labour of more hands in England, is to employ many to do the work that may as well be done by few; is to employ all, more than are necessary to procure such things from the East Indies, to do work that may be done as well without them.'

'A saw mill with a pair or two of hands, will split as many boards as thirty men without this mill; if then the use of this mill shall be rejected, that thirty may be employed to do the work, eight and twenty are employed more than are necessary, or are employed to do a work that may be as well done without them. So if by any art, or trade, or engine, the labour of one can produce as much for our consumption, or other use, as can otherwise be procured only by the labour of two or three; if this art, or trade, or engine, shall be rejected, if three shall be employed to do the work of one, two are employed more than are necessary, or to profit of the kingdom. For if the providence of God should provide corn for England as manna heretofore for Israel, the people would not be well employed to plough, and sow, and reap, for no more corn than might be had without this labour. Wherefore to employ more hands to manufacture things in England than are necessary to procure the like from India, is to employ so many to no profit that might otherwise be profitably employed. For there can be no want of profitable employment so long as England is not built, beautified, and improved to the utmost perfection; so long as we either have or can produce any thing that others want, or that they have any thing that we want.'

"We are very fond of being restrained to the consumption of English manufactures, and, therefore, contrive laws either directly

or by high customs, to prohibit all that come from foreign countries. By this time 'tis easy to see some of the natural consequences of this prohibition:—"

"'Tis to oblige things to be provided by the labour of many, which might as well be done by few; 'tis to oblige many to labour to no purpose, to no profit of the kingdom, nay, to throw away their labour which otherwise might be profitable. 'Tis to provide the conveniences of life at the dearest and most expensive rates, to labour for things that might be had without. 'Tis all one as to bid us refuse bread or clothes, though the providence of God or bounty of our neighbours should bestow them on us; 'tis all one as to destroy an engine or navigable river, that the work which is done by few may be done by many."

"As often as I consider these things, I am ready to say with myself, that God has bestowed his blessings upon men that have neither hearts nor skill to use them. For, why are we surrounded with the sea! Surely that our wants at home might be supplied by our navigation into other countries. By this we taste the spices of Arabia, yet never feel the scorching sun that brings them forth; we shine in silks which our hands have never wrought; we drink of vineyards which we never planted; the treasures of those mines are ours, in which we have never digged; we only plough the deep and reap the harvest of every country in the world."*

"But these arguments, however conclusive and unanswerable they may now appear, made but little impression when they were published; and an Act was soon after passed prohibiting the importation of East India manufactured goods for home consumption."

—*Int Dis.* p. xl.

All that can be suggested to be added to the reasoning of this anonymous writer is, that it should have been wound up into the demonstration, that if an Englishman obtained a handkerchief for six shillings instead of ten through the intervention of the India Trade, he had four shillings the more to expend on some English trader; and consequently to stop the India trade was depriving some English trader of both the six shillings and the four, to give them to another, and robbing the wearer of handkerchiefs of four shillings besides. And the ways the wearers of handkerchiefs would have discovered of spending the four shillings if they had been left with them, constitute the "no want of profitable employment" the writer speaks of. And the same with the money saved to the consumers by machinery.

* "Pp. 51, 52, &c. It is probable that Addison had the concluding paragraph now quoted in his eye when he wrote his admirable paper on Commerce. See Spectator, No. 69."

"In 1744, Sir Matthew Decker, an extensive merchant, published his *Essay on the Causes of the Decline of Foreign Trade*. This essay has been frequently referred to by Dr. Smith, and it deserved his notice. Sir Matthew is a most intelligent and decided enemy of all restrictions, monopolies, and prohibitions whatever. To give full freedom to industry—he proposes that all corporation privileges should be abolished; and that all the existing taxes should be repealed, and replaced by a single tax laid on the consumers of luxuries, proportionally to their incomes. The following extracts will give an idea of the spirit which pervades Sir Matthew's work, and of the ability with which it is written:—"

"Trade cannot, will not, be forced; let other nations prohibit, by what severity they please, interest will prevail; they may embarrass their own trade, but cannot hurt a nation, whose trade is free, so much as themselves. Spain has prohibited our wools; but had a reduction of our taxes brought them to their natural value only, they would be the cheapest in Europe of their goodness, consequently must be more demanded by the Spaniards, be smuggled into their country in spite of their government, and sold at better prices; their people would be dearer clothed, with duties and prohibitions, than without, consequently must sell their oil, wine and other commodities, dearer; whereby other nations, raising the like growths, would gain ground upon them, and their balance of trade grow less and less. But should we, for that reason, prohibit their commodities? By no means; for the dearer they grow, no more than what are just necessary will be used; *their prohibition does their own business*; some may be necessary for us; *what are so, we should not make dearer to our own people*; some may be proper to assort cargoes for other countries, and why should we prohibit our people that advantage? **WHY HURT OURSELVES TO HURT THE SPANIARDS?** If we would retaliate effectually upon them for their ill-intent, hand-some premiums given to our plantations to raise the same growths as Spain might enable them to supply us cheaper than the Spaniards could do, and establish a trade they could never return. Premiums may gain trade, but *prohibitions will destroy it.*"

"Sir Matthew applies the same argument to expose the absurdity and injurious effect of our restraints on the trade with France. 'Would any wise dealer in London,' he asks, 'buy goods of a Dutch shopkeeper for 15d. or 18d. when he could have the same from a French shopkeeper for 1s.? Would he not consider, that, by so doing, he would empty his own pockets the sooner,

and that, in the end, he would greatly injure his own family by such whims? And shall this nation commit an absurdity that stares every private man in the face?'—The certain way to be secure is to be more powerful, that is, to extend our trade as far as it is capable of; and as restraints have proved its ruin, to reject them, and depend on freedom for our security; bidding defiance to the French, or any nation in Europe, that took umbrage at our exerting our natural advantages."—*Int. Dis. p. xlv.*

It is conceived that these extracts from the history of the fathers of commercial freedom when we get it, can scarcely fail to be interesting at the present moment, when the fabric of corruption and absurdity is in the act of falling to pieces. And to give any the smallest impulse to such a process, will be held of more utility, than any quantity of contest on disputable points which might have been discovered among the mass selected from.

The Second Section is in part occupied with attacks on Adam Smith, which after all may be characterized as small, and which may probably be better met as they appear among the Notes. The Third Section commences with a just tribute to the Essay of Mr. Malthus, as "the first" great contribution to the science of Political Economy, made subsequently to the publication of the Wealth of Nations. It would not have been the less just, if there had been added "the last." The greatest ostensible portion of what has been produced since, has been doing and undoing. Political economy has to the eye appeared to retrograde; though there can be no doubt that on the whole the materials were accumulating for extensive progression. Two or three major mistakes, rashly entered into, and pertinaciously adhered to rather than defended, have distracted the public mind, and given cause to the Philistines to mock; but the intelligence of the community is growing up over the sore, and then the healthy action will go on. In the mean time, the most useful addition that could be made to the investigations of Malthus, would be to direct attention to the means of removing the limit, of which he has demonstrated the consequences and the evils. In a state where commerce is prohibited by Act of Parliament, and the exchange, of labour repressed by penal statutes, it is stopping needlessly short of the mark to demonstrate the evil of being shut up, and abstain from inquiring why the shutting up should be continued.

The first Note (in Volume I. page 9) is on the precise meaning of *wealth*; which after all, only means *well-being*, or what man wants as the instruments thereto. It

* "P. 163."

* "P. 164."

means what he wants and has some difficulty in obtaining; and not what he does not want because he has it whether he will or no. With this understanding, the definition is sufficiently exact; and it is better than that which makes a reference to *value*, because it includes it. It does not appear that Adam Smith has left any practical doubt of his meaning being the same.

The Note on Book I. Chap. I. in Vol. I. p. 20, charges Smith's comparison between the agriculture of rich and poor countries, with having "totally neglected the comparative fertility of soils." This can hardly be just, when he uses the express words (p. 19,) "Their lands [those of opulent nations] are in general better cultivated, and having more labour and expense bestowed upon them, produce more in proportion to the extent and natural fertility of the ground." The conclusion of the Note merges into the cart-before-the-horse mistake of Mr. Ricardo upon Rent.

The Note on the Chapter on the Division of Labour (I. 34) is all directed against figures of straw. Adam Smith never said that division of labour was introduced into pin-making because one man had an "innate propensity" to make the head of a pin and another the point; but because (p. 17) "ten persons could" in this manner "make among them upwards of forty-eight thousand pins in a day; but if they had all wrought separately and independently, they certainly could not each of them have made twenty." And in like manner the savage that makes bows and arrows (p. 32,) does it because "he finds that he can in this manner get more cattle and venison, than if he himself went to the field to catch them." The Note appears to be hung upon the fact of Adam Smith having in one place attributed the division of labour to "the propensity to truck, barter, and exchange one thing for another," without adding the words "with a view to gain by it."

In the place to which a Note is appended in I. 60, Adam Smith merely said, that "rents which have been reserved in corn have preserved their value much better than those which have been reserved in money." If any error has been committed, it at all events does not seem to have been here.

The passage incriminated in I. 71, involves no error. It explains the mystery which must have presented itself to every man of middle age in this country, the mystery of thin sixpences. The truth is that the inferior coins are always mere counters; and may as well be so as not, saving the temptations that may arise to counterfeit, which is not a good, though the evil may not be so immediate and terrible as has been imagined.

The "fundamental error" alleged against Adam Smith's Chapter on "The Component Parts of the Price of Commodities" in

I. 81, is not either clearly made out, or very distinctly stated. The bearing seems to be, that changes arising from variations in profits, wages, and rent, will affect all commodities alike, and therefore their relative value cannot alter. Now even supposing this to be the case, it was not a bad preliminary process which went to show how there was a tendency for any particular commodity to vary in value from certain causes, even though there should be an ultimate tendency for other commodities at the same time to vary in the same direction. But there is no difficulty in finding a commodity whose value shall vary separately, and precisely from that source which Adam Smith has expressed under the name of rent. Corn is admitted by the author himself, (see his Introductory Discourse, p. lxxv) to rise in value with the progress of population; and the excess of this value over the average expense of production goes to the landlord as rent, which is evidently what Adam Smith meant by "constituting rent." What then becomes of the allegation in I. 81? There assuredly must be a mistake in this principle of affecting all commodities alike. It is the same that has led to the theory of the impossibility of a *Glut*. There is a perpetual motion, an argument in a circle, in it somewhere.

If monopoly prices are not always "the highest which can be got," it is only in those rare cases where the monopolist is in a mood to give away. The occasion for the correction in I. 103 appears therefore to be small.

The Note in I. 162, bearing that "prices, generally speaking, are the same, whether profits or wages are high or low," must at all events be vaguely expressed, and appears admirably calculated to excite an outcry against political economy. If it meant that a variation in one of the two things, profit and wages, has a tendency to be absorbed by an opposite variation in the other, which prevents any effect from reaching the consumer,—this should have been expressed in a guarded manner, and not left open to the interpretation that both profits and wages may be what they will, without any effect upon prices; which can only be true of things produced under a monopoly.

In the suggestion of exaggeration of the injuries arising from corporation privileges (in I. 197,) one item against the corporations is overlooked, which is,—that they cause the introduction to the several trades and mysteries to take place by the tedious, the roundabout, and the wasteful way, instead of the speedy and economical, and to indemnify themselves for antecedent sufferings from this source, if for nothing else, their members will assuredly "form an effectual combination for a rise of prices."

The Note in I. 208 says that "Industry

is not really, upon an average, better rewarded in towns than in the country; but traders and manufacturers residing in a town have, as Dr. Smith has already explained, a greater field for the prosecution of their industry, or greater opportunities for making a fortune by the employment of a large capital," the result of which is, as explained by Dr. Smith, that a hundred make fortunes in towns for one in the country. Query, whether this is not being better rewarded.

The Note on Rent in I. 237 makes the first material introduction of the great vexation of the class of political economists from whom it proceeds. Rent is *not* a consequence of the decreasing productiveness of the soils successively brought into cultivation; and for this good reason, that it exists equally where there is no difference in the productiveness of soils, and no successively bringing into cultivation. It exists in Egypt, where a man may stand with one foot in the rich arable soil, and the other in the dominions of Typhon as some have construed him, or sand; and it clearly would exist in an island of the South Sea, if such there were, where every inch of soil down to the sea-beach should be of the same uniform quality as a citizen's cabbage-garden at Peckham, from the moment the population began to press against the produce. "It is never heard of in newly settled countries—in New Holland, Illinois, or Indiana, or in any country where none but the best of the good soils are cultivated;" nor would it be heard of in the South Sea island, while the land was newly settled, or till the population began to press against the produce. If there be inferior land in existence, then as population begins to press, this inferior land will successively be taken into cultivation, in the South Sea island, or any where else. But why will this particular school of political economists insist on mystifying their fellow creatures, by putting the cart before the horse, and declaring to be the general cause, what is only an accidental consequence, arising out of foreign circumstances which may exist or may not? Could the art of man have invented a more likely way to go wrong? They say it is a verbal difference. If so, why will they not give it up! At all events they have not satisfied weak brethren, that it is only a verbal difference. The admission that high or low rent is the effect and not the cause of high or low price (Note in I. 241,) is almost a concession of the whole. It is admitted that there is high rent because prices are high; but what makes prices high? Answer, because there is inferior land; for they say there would be no rent unless the lands "under cultivation be of different powers," (see quotation next below,) and "unless inferior lands are taken into tillage," *ergo* the existence of inferior

land is the cause of rent; also rent, they say, is not the cause but the effect of high prices, *ergo* the existence of inferior land must cause rent by previously causing high prices,—there is no other way of piecing the two into a whole. If then the inferior land were sunk into the sea, would there cease to be high prices? According to their reasoning there ought. Yet it will be very difficult to persuade the world, that prices would not be higher from such a circumstance, or that the effect of the rise upon the lucky owners of the good land left, would not be to raise their rents. But the fact is that in many parts of the present work, there are traces of a desire to escape from the bad position, without carrying it into its consequences. The Ricardo mistake is stuck to in some places, and in others it is virtually given up; which is not fair.

If there were any doubt whether it had really been maintained that the essential and indispensable cause of rent was difference in soils, the following Note in I. 263 would appear decisive.

"In point of fact, however, no portion of this surplus will go to the landlord unless the rice fields under cultivation be of different productive powers. The best lands in Indiana are probably as fertile as the best lands in East Lothian, and yet they yield no surplus in the shape of rent to the proprietor; nor will they ever yield any unless inferior lands are taken into tillage."—I. 263.

There is no escaping from the fact, that the existence of rent is here stated to depend, not upon an increase of demand which shall carry the price offered for the rice to more than the average cost price, but upon "the rice fields being of different productive powers." This is simply the mistake which the commentator escapes from every now and then, when the consequences press closest; but cannot make up his mind to avow.

In I. 276, Adam Smith means something quite different from what is brought forward in the Note; and the Note brings nothing against him. The demand for coals produces the offer of a certain price; the owner of the "most fertile" coal mine (including evidently, in Adam Smith's meaning, the greatest and most extensive coal mine) has to a certain extent a power of underselling his neighbours, and therefore in a certain degree can regulate and keep down the price of coals. This is Adam Smith's assertion; and the Note only holds of the besetment of the author's school on the subject of Rent.

On the profits of silver mines (on which there is no difference of opinion between the commentator and his original) two powerful reasons exist why speculators in this country should speculate upon disappointment.

In the first place, supposing their agents in foreign countries to be ever so unexceptionable in integrity and zeal, their employers at home, from the very nature of the pursuit, may always rely on exaggerated representations of the chances of success. It is not in the nature of man to go on such an errand, and not make the most of his expectations for to-morrow. And secondly, if the success should be ever so great in point of quantity, this very success must have an effect in pulling down prices, vastly more rapid than anybody is likely to calculate upon. From these two causes, no business upon earth might be so safely betted against, as the business of the silver miners.

On the fallacy charged against Adam Smith on the subject of corn in I. 307, it is desirable to remark that what he says is not "that corn is, upon an average, the most invariable of all commodities in its value," (which, as taken from p. lxxiv. of the commentator's Introductory Discourse, was possibly the understanding of the commentator;) but that "the raising of equal quantities of corn in the same soil and climate, will, at an average, require nearly equal quantities of labour, or what comes to the same thing, the price of nearly equal quantities." The two propositions differ by the whole difference between value and cost. A bushel of corn may be conceived to be raised in *value* by the pressure of population and corn laws, to the value of its bulk in gold; but it does not follow that the *cost* of raising an average bushel of corn will thereby be raised in anything like the same proportion. The commentator has gone aground on that perpetual rock of his order, the fact that such a price of corn would cause its cultivation to be pushed into some nooks and crannies where for instance nine-tenths of a bushel of gold might be expended to secure the whole one.

The Note in I. 347, like another before remarked, is worded in a way to give rejoicement to the enemy. That

"The proportion between the average values of any number of freely produced commodities depends upon the comparative *cost of their production*, and is not in the slightest degree influenced by the quantities of them brought to market,"

May be true under explanation, but looks fearfully like a paradox without. The missing solution is, that the quantities brought to market will in the *long run* be such as will keep the average values proportioned to the comparative costs of production. It cannot be said this is happy.

In the Note in I. 407 where it is said that "the condition of all the other classes is as much improved by a decline in the value of manufactured goods, as that of the landlords," it surely is not intended to maintain, that the condition of the manufacturers is as much improved. It may be improved to a

certain extent; that is, a certain deduction may be made for the part which falls on themselves as consumers. If Wedgewood's ware falls in value, Mr. Wedgewood may congratulate himself that he drinks tea out of a cheaper tea-pot. And in the same way of other orders of manufacturers. But it may be vehemently doubted whether their condition is "as much improved as that of the landlords." This is another instance of inaccuracies put forward in the shape of most impolitic paradoxes.

In Dr. Smith's assertion (I. 408) that "the proprietors of land never can mislead the public with a view to promote the interest of their own particular order, at least if they have any tolerable knowledge of that interest,"—it is feared he must stand principally on the reservation in italics. When the poor rates have eaten up a little more of the landlords' rents, they will begin to find out that they have not had any tolerable knowledge of that interest.

In the note in Volume II. p. 5, the definition of Capital accumulates ideas which it should be the object of science to separate. Capital, is wealth employed in the production of other wealth. Adam Smith does not always confine it to this sense; but the business of an improver is to discern. A horse yoked to a gentleman's carriage, is wealth being enjoyed, not wealth employed in the production of other wealth; unless perhaps the gentleman should be a visiting physician. The same horse yoked to a brewer's dray, is not wealth being enjoyed, but wealth employed in the production of other wealth. The brewer does not exult in his horse by reason of the pleasure of seeing him draw, but by reason of the pleasure he expects from the possession of the proceeds. The question is not of *capacity*, for all horses may be capable; but it is of what the horse does. To say that all horses are "capital" because they are capable, would be like saying that all men are "fathers of families" for the like reason. If any person insists on employing the term "capital" for everything that is of value, he must do it if he pleases; but the other is the application which is useful.

Adam Smith stopped short in a metaphor, when he spoke of "the channel of circulation," and the necessity that whatever is poured into it beyond a certain sum must overflow. (II. 31.) To have gone into the subject, would have led him to the principle of depreciation; one of the most important at the present moment that can be named. But it is impossible for a man to have done everything.

When Adam Smith said (II. 78) that gold and silver money "is a very valuable part of the capital* of a country, which produces

* This is an instance where Adam Smith uses "capital" in the too extended sense.

nothing to the country," he plainly meant, "produces nothing but its effect as the instrument of exchange, which paper might do as well." An honest issue of paper money, —which means issuing the paper by means of a national Office and crediting the public with the amount of issues,—*would* "convert a great part of this dead stock into active and productive stock." It would turn the unnecessary gold, into gold as active and productive as any other in the hands of bullion dealers. To "substitute cheap in the place of dear instruments of exchange," (Notes II. 78,) is in fact to do this with all that before was employed to waste.

There is a much more effectual way than "compelling bankers to give ample security for their notes," to "protect the public against their insolvency and bad conduct," (Note II. 84;) which is, to allow them to issue none. Every note issued by private bankers, is so much of the public property given away by the government for sinister purposes, in the same way as if they were allowed to wheel away the pitch and tar out of the dock-yards. There are two perfectly distinct functions, which it is the interest of the public enemy to confound; the function of discounting, lending, and keeping cash accounts, which is *banking*,—and the function of making paper money. The first is a trade; and ought like other trades to be carried on by individuals and not by the government. The other is not a trade, but an exercise of public power; and ought to be exercised for the public, and not for individuals.

(To be continued.)

From the Examiner.

THE AMERICANS.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE EXAMINER.

Sir,—A general complaint against the Americans is, that they are not a refined people; i. e. not so refined as the English. Most of those who make this charge, take as their standard of refinement the factitious manners of such persons in England as live upon accumulated property, without the necessity of personal exertion; and who for the most part have little to do, except to acquire external habits, after the fashion of school-boys or soldiers, and which habits are totally independent of any mental excellence or defect. True politeness may be defined, as the spirit of benevolence carried into practice; and in this the patrons of English "manners" are eminently deficient, if we may trust the judgment of an intelligent foreigner. In lieu of politeness they have substituted certain arbitrary rules, to which a numerous herd of followers are absurd

enough to assent. A man may commit a malicious or malignant action; he may wantonly hurt the feelings of another, yet remain entirely irreproachable; but if he break through the rules of artificial decorum, he forthwith becomes one of the Pariahs of civilization. Sterne's landlord found fault with him because the *marchande* came in the evening, when fashion had dictated the morning as the proper time. It made no difference in the sin, but considerable difference in the scandal. The English travellers in America who have been accustomed to factitious politeness, meet in stages and steam-boats a heterogeneous mass of people of all classes, amongst whom the mechanic, or the small shop-keeper, are as well-dressed and as much "gentlemen" externally as the merchant, judge, physician, or member of Congress. A coarsely-bred mechanic, for there are such persons in America as well as in England, in steam-boat, stage, or tavern, commits some act of grossness, and "the staring tourist, with his note-book nigh," immediately gives it as a national characteristic. A Member of Congress talks in a mode not savouring of wisdom, and instantly he is booked as a sample of American legislation, as if in England we had never had Jack Fuller, or Colonel Wilson of York, or other motley exhibitors. Mrs. Trollope complains that she met with vulgar-minded persons. Her book gives intrinsic evidence that she did not mingle with the better portions of the community even in the hotels or boarding-houses, and in private life not at all. What would she have met with in England had she taken up her residence at the second-rate taverns and boarding-houses of Margate, amongst the flying visitants of the industrious classes of the community, whose time had been mostly taken up with money getting? Surely she would not have expected to meet higher minds there than in the secluded haunts of learning. She herself evinces no great capacity for judging of refinement and highmindedness, even if she were to meet with it, which is not a likely thing in the circles of which she has become a retainer. She talks of the Philadelphia Dorcas Societies. Surely they are not worse than the fanaticism of the Bible Society ladies of England, and the details of the last days of Cooke the murderer. In both cases it is a species of misdirected enthusiasm, which stirs the female heart, and which contains the germ of all that is good, when properly directed. As for the conventional hypocrisy of language, which refuses to call things by their right names, we need not cross the Atlantic in search of it. Objections are made to the homely manners of persons visiting the theatres; but it should at the same time be recollected, that the persons who in England visit the galleries, in America take possession of the pit, if not the boxes. There

is no squalid misery, and they can afford to be amused, and pay for comfortable accommodations. And if they are a little homely on the one hand, it must be remembered on the other, that there is none of the coarse and brutal indecency which so frequently pollutes English theatres, which obtrudes itself on the ears of the most refined females, without the power of resistance. The conduct of the American citizens towards their females in public is most scrupulously polite. On board a steam-boat, where four hundred persons of all classes sit down to dinner together, not a male takes a seat till every female is provided. In the midst of such a company I once asked a well-dressed neighbour to help me to a potatoe: he immediately plunged his own fork in one weighing a pound, or thereabouts, and placed it on my plate. Some pseudo refined Englishman of the Trollope school will perhaps exclaim in horror—"Did you not throw it at the vulgar republican's head?" I did no such thing. I did not visit America to breed quarrels, but to understand the country and its inhabitants. I therefore contented myself with separating the central portion, as I should have done had it been wounded in digging up with an earth fork, and then ate the remainder. Upon afterwards inquiring who my homely potatoe purveyor was, I was informed that he was some years before a mechanic, emigrated from England, who had saved money and turned farmer. In the western part of York State I have been served with roasted beef and boiled trout on the same plate, but it was at a tavern frequented by travelling mechanics and farmers, who had been much accustomed to eat their dinners in the woods.

These are the kinds of occurrences which prejudiced travellers snap up as a proof that the Americans are not refined. A British officer, of the school of Lieutenant De Roos, once told me, with a most horror-stricken face, that he could not get his coat brushed at a crowded tavern on the Canadian frontier of the States: and that when he wanted a bath, the tavern keeper referred him to the river St. Lawrence, which was close at hand. More than that, the towel was square and small, instead of being oblong and large. He did not reflect, that three years previous a forest had been the occupant of the land where the tavern stood. English travellers have frequently represented the Americans as calculating and cold-hearted. The best reply to this is, the collection of letters from the Sedlescomb emigrants, published by Mr. Cobbet; wherein American humanity is praised by those who stood in need of it.

"But," cry the anti-republicans, "the Americans are mere money hunters, and have no love for works of art; they build no private palaces or expensive residences, as in England." That they are money hunters

may be very true; but what are our aristocratic patrons of art, when they take unearned pensions of large amount from the people? "They expend them on works of art!" cry their retainers. If so, why is it that painters constantly complain, that there is no patronage but in portrait painting? They will, perhaps, point to the many useless piles of buildings, the fruits of the laws of primogeniture, and triumphantly exclaim with Basil Hall, "America has nothing like these!" It is true she has not any useless private buildings, but her children point more triumphantly to her canals and railroads, and exclaim, "These are of use!" That they have the capacity for appreciating beauty, let the white marble bank of Philadelphia, and the still unfinished gigantic sienite obelisk of Boston, raised to commemorate the site of Freedom's first battle, be taken in testimony. No love for art! Was not West an American, and Copley also! Are not many of the modern travellers in Italy Americans? I was in New York when a Jew arrived with a small collection of pictures by the ancient artists, with which he opened an exhibition. The eagerness with which the inhabitants thronged to it betrayed no lack of interest. Even the uneducated people—I mean unclassically educated—might be seen entering the doors. The exhibitor had taken some pains in making out a catalogue, instructing them how to praise, and I frequently occupied myself with curiously watching the effect the paintings produced in some of that class of persons from the canal borders, designated as "forwarding merchants." Untutored genius would often burst the bands of affected criticism, and vindicate the universal feelings of truth and nature. Individual Americans are not yet rich enough to purchase works of art, but there is a power gradually growing up; a public, which, like that of Greece in the elder time, will prove a more efficient patron than either the church, or the great potentates, or the petty princes of the middle ages. The works of utility once accomplished, capital will be produced faster than it can be absorbed, and a spirit of rivalry in works of art, will stir up the separate States to outshine each other, producing magnificent results, in picture and sculpture galleries, and public edifices, such as no private adulation could produce. Those who deem that the Americans have no capacity for any thing but mercantile speculation, betray themselves a shortsightedness, which cannot look beneath the surface. A native of Alabama once remarked to me, that the difference between the French and the Americans was, that the former talked much, and the latter thought much. It is even so. The Americans, as a nation, possess that power of deep thought for which their English and Saxon ancestors have ever

been remarkable. As yet, there has been more demand amongst them for physical than for moral excellence in scientific studies; and their capabilities in physical science have been well attested by their numerous valuable inventions, which even in England have raised individuals amongst them to importance. One of the most influential and wealthy individuals in Manchester at the present time is a native of New England, who by his own talents has raised himself from a humble station. The capability of invention, so remarkably developed in the Americans, is only one branch of intellectual power; which, when it is diverted into new channels, will produce similar successful results. In the field of literary excellence they undoubtedly fall short of English writers, as regards their published works; but those who take this for a proof that they are devoid of literary powers, will deceive themselves in their estimate. There has been as yet no demand for literature; there is no leisure class who can bestow time and money upon the producers of it. Many of the lawyers even, who now bear high names, have in early life taught at a school for their humble maintenance while pursuing their studies. But each day the desire of forming a stock of national literature is becoming stronger; and those who have carefully watched the American character, are well aware, that beneath an exterior seemingly of pure calculation, there lies hidden a well-spring of intense intellect, which, when once applied in earnest, will stir to the deepest sources of human reason and human passion. The vivid imagination of the German, and the powerful judgment of the Anglo-Saxon will be found united. Those who examine the physical form and intellectual expression of the finer specimens of the American countenance, will not doubt this. There was no want of talent when the revolution of physical force burst out. There will be as little want of talent when the æra of American literature shall commence. The fact that commerce and agriculture at present absorb their attention is no more a proof that they have not the capacity for logic, poetry, painting, sculpture, music, and the whole region of moral excellence and intellectual beauty, than the fact, that Shakespeare held horses was a proof of his incapacity for writing plays.

The Americans have been much ridiculed for being "Lord-hunters;" i. e. when a spare lord or man of rank has gone amongst them they have shown him great attention; and on some occasions have been swindled by imposters, who assumed the title for the purposes of deception. This is true, but only of a particular class, viz. the "good society" of New York; a class of persons amounting probably to some hundred families, who exercise about as much influence

on the national character, as the race called Bond-street Loungers may on the Political Unions of London. In America, as in England, and all other parts of the world, men who unite high moral qualities with high intellect, are not commonly met with. They shrink from the busy scenes of life, and endeavour to pass unnoticed in the crowd, unless peculiar circumstances call them forth; but that is no argument for their non-existence, though neither Mrs. Trollope nor Basil Hall were likely to meet with them. Is not this the case in England also, which they try to glorify at the expense of America? What is the kind of talent which is most prominent in England at the present moment? Are there no men of high intellect excluded from their sphere of utility at this very time in order to make room for quacks, from whom they would hide the sun by their superior talents? Let Henry Brougham answer. Thus it is in America. The most impudent will push themselves into notice, while wise and good men hang on the rear, awaiting the chance that their services may be called for in the moment of need. There are men of this class both in England and America, who will not shrink from the service of humanity when they may be able to serve her without a sense of humiliation. May they gradually become known to each other; and by their mutual aid to the cause of humanity, help to extinguish for ever the miserable feelings of artfully inflamed petty rivalry, which keep up the ball of contention between two powerful nations of "Earth's first blood," who ought long since to have become firm and warm friends.

I remain, Sir, yours very truly,
JUNIUS REDIVIVUS.

From the Athenium.
MISCELLANEA.

"Dermond Mac Murrogh; or, The Conquest of Ireland," a poem by the Hon. J. Q. Adams, in ottava rima, has been just published in New York.

A Pendant.—We cannot forego the opportunity of indulging the gentle reader with a companion to the touch at the sublime, which we presented him in a late No. There is obviously an idiom in the imagination, as well as the dialect, of our Teutonic brethren, which is un-englishable. "*The binding*" (says a parent's announcement of the decease of his son in a Berlin paper of the 8th inst.) of that beautiful and promising work, Oscar Maeder, student of theology, was returned to its mother-earth, after he had returned, a few weeks before, from the baths of Salzbrunnen to his parent's roof. The work, newly revised and improved by its Great Author, will reappear in a splendid day. This is the only comfort of his mourning parents and an only brother."

Antipathies.—What an unaccountable medley of strength and weakness is man! Lord Bacon, it is said, fell back inanimate at the occurrence of an eclipse. The astute and erudite Erasmus was alarmed at the sight of an apple. Bayle, the great lexicographer, swooned at the noise made by some water as it escaped, drop by drop, from a cock. Henry of France, the third of that name, though he had driven his enemies before him at Jarnac, trembled, from head to foot, at the sight of a cat. When a hare crossed the celebrated Duke d'Epemont's path, his blood stagnated in his veins. The masculine-minded Mary of Medecis fainted away whenever a nosegay was in sight. A shudder overcame the learned Scaliger on perceiving cresses. Ivan the Second, Czar of Muscovy, would faint away on seeing a woman; and Albert, a brave Field-Marshal of France, fell insensible to the ground, on discovering a sucking pig served up at his own table!

Habits of Animals.—One of the last numbers of the *Sundine*, a Stralsund periodical, contains a paper on the *swan's song*, by an eminent naturalist in Pomerania, which he closes by observing, that "in a state of nature, the *Anas Cygnus* as evening approaches, joins with its companions in a species of choral melody, which falls upon the ear, in the distance, with the sweetness almost of an *Æolian* harp. But when a person is near, it more resembles the quick, sharp clang of a carriage, traversing hardy frozen snow on a sledge." According to the writer's account, the chorus is not unlike the collected harmony of the Russian horn-band; "for each bird omits but a single note, and a response is given by each of his clan. The fisherman considers the swan's song as prognosticating a storm."

Crocodiles' Eggs.—"Walking along the banks of the river, I saw on the sand the recent track of a very large crocodile; and thinking that possibly it might have been a female come ashore to lay her eggs, I followed up the track about twenty paces along the water-side, where the ground, appearing to have been much trodden, and recently disturbed, I dug, and found ninety-nine eggs. The Arabs are in the habit of saying that ninety-nine is always the number of the crocodile's eggs; but I have found them of various numbers between sixty and ninety-nine. My people, and those of the place, immediately made a *fricassee*, which I tasted, but found very nauseous, having a flavour between rancid oil and musk. Each egg had considerably more white than yolk."—*Linant's Voyage on the White Nile.*

Navigation of the Euphrates.—A valuable report has, we understand, lately been made to Government, by an intelligent and scientific officer, on the practicability of a communication with Bombay by the Euphrates within forty days. If we are correctly

informed, the proposed route is by steam to Iskenderoom, thence to Bir on the Euphrates, by the usual caravans, and from Bir down the river to Bombay by steam. How far this plan is practicable, we are not, in the absence of details enabled to judge, but much credit is said to be due the officer in question, Capt. Chesney, of the Royal Artillery, for the very able manner in which the report is drawn up, and for the very enlarged views which he has taken as to the ultimate results of this important undertaking. We are informed that Captain Chesney twice descended the Euphrates into the Persian Gulf on a mere raft, and that his valuable Hydrographical Survey of that river from Bir to the Persian Gulf, made under every possible disadvantage, is now in the hands of Government.

The late William Knight F. S. A.—The library and "very interesting collection of antiquities and curiosities" of this man, described as "Assistant Architect and President Superintendent to the New London Bridge," were on Wednesday and Thursday last sold by auction by Messrs. Sotheby & Son, at their rooms in Wellington street, and "Lot 443" is thus described in the catalogue—"The Lower Jaw, and three other Bones, of PETER OF COLE CHURCH, the ORIGINAL ARCHITECT of LONDON BRIDGE, found on removing the foundation of the Ancient Chapel." It was the moral duty of this "President Superintendent," to have taken care that these few remains should have been respectfully interred in some neighbouring church-yard—but we cannot sufficiently express our disgust at the mercenary meanness of those, who could by this sale offend against common decency, for the few miserable shillings that some curious fool might be pleased to bid for such a lot.

A curious fact is mentioned, of the extreme accuracy with which the hand can divide space, which may interest our readers:

"Mr. James Gardener of Regent Street, the geographer, can rule, blindfolded or in the dark, with the natural angle of a diamond on hard white metal, fifty-one lines in the fiftieth part of an inch, and cross them at the same distances, with an additional line each way to complete the number of squares. There are thus 2550 spaces or 2551 lines in the inch in length, and there are 6,502,500 squares between the lines in the inch. These too are more regular in their sizes than the majority of people could draw lines by the eye at, say, the fortieth or even the twentieth of an inch. Small as that tactical, or rather muscular division is, the limit of it is in the instruments and not in the feeling; for if it were possible to obtain any cutting substance sufficiently fine, there seems no reason why each of those little spaces should not be equally divided into any number of parts."

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Engraved by Mrs. Bennett after Mrs. Hogarth.

MARRIAGE A LA MODE. PL. I.

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From the Christian Observer.

DEFINITION OF USEFUL KNOWLEDGE.

WILL one of your able correspondents be kind enough to inform a plain, simple man what is meant by "useful knowledge?" I used to think that to learn to know and serve God, to fear him, and to keep his commandments, was very useful knowledge; and I was accustomed to consider the Bible as containing the most useful knowledge extant; and even your pages I thought not wholly useless, as I often gained a hint from them for reproof, correction, or instruction in righteousness.

But all this, I am told, was my rustic ignorance; that useful knowledge means, to know all about rail-roads, and steam-engines, and elephants, and hippopotamuses, and other things which in our village no more concern many of us than a sermon preached twenty miles off. I admit that they are very entertaining as a recreation; and that they may also keep a man from the public house, and enlarge his mind; and in these and other respects be very serviceable; and I would not quarrel with the title of "useful knowledge" applied to such things, if I did not see a disposition among some of my neighbours to suppose that other knowledge must therefore be useless—particularly a knowledge of the Bible, and every thing that respects the soul and eternity—just as you hear some men speak of "the useful classes," as if no person were of any value in society who does not earn his living by manual labour. But why should not even parsons be reckoned among the useful classes? I am sure our clergyman has been of more use to me and my family, both in body and soul, than if he had taught us the names of all the parrots and monkeys in the Zoological Gardens; and that his religious tracts on our shelves, and his broad-sheets with very respectable pictures on our walls, have done more to make us wise, industrious, religious, and happy, than the most useful wood-cuts of the Seven Wonders of the World, and the history and representation of both the giants in Guildhall to boot.

I think, sir, you will see, upon reflection, that deception lurks under such exclusive titles. Why, are not Tract and Bible societies "useful knowledge" societies? I can hardly persuade myself that the assumption of such an epithet in relation to things merely temporal, is not meant as an indirect slight to things spiritual and eternal. Had it been said, 'secular' knowledge, or 'physical,' or 'scientific,' or 'literary' knowledge, it would have been very proper; but to call that knowledge exclusively "useful," which leaves out all that is useful to the soul and beyond the grave, is a perversion of terms which I cannot but think a symptom of the religious scepticism of these our unhappy days. Is it of no use to know how to get to heaven? I am the more anxious to have the subject considered, because some

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of my neighbours tell me that Mr. Hume, or some other great man, intends to get a system of national education constructed upon the "useful-knowledge" principle. Let us, before we begin upon this plan, really understand what useful knowledge is, especially to those whose time for reading is very limited. The Bible says, that "the fear of the Lord is wisdom; and to depart from evil is understanding." Might it not be worth inquiring whether this is true?

A Rustic Christian Observer.

From Ireland's Hogarth Illustrated.

MARRIAGE A-LA-MODE.

[Engraved by W. Keenan, after Hogarth.]

"While the proud Earl of Rollo's royal race,
"Points to the peers his pompous parchment grace;
"Builds all his honours on a noble name,
"And on his father's deeds depends for fame;
"The wary citizen, with heedful eye,
"Inspects what's settled on posterity;
"Pours out the pelf by rigid avarice pil'd,
"To gain an empty title for his child.
"In vain the pomp, in vain the gold,
"Love cannot thus be bought and sold;
"Such sordid motives he disdains,
"Nor can be bound in Mammon's chains.
"With cold contempt, disgust, and deadly hate,
"The new-made wife regards her tawdry mate;
"Her mate, Narcissus-like, with eager gaze,
"Eyes those fine features which his glass displays,
"In his own person centres all his pride,
"And as his bride loves him, he loves his pride."

It has been observed that woman, among savages, is a beast of burthen; in the East, a piece of furniture; and in Europe, a spoiled child. Under the last denomination, we may safely class the heroine of this history. She has all the pouting humours of a boarding-school girl. This alliance originated in her father wishing to aggrandize his family, and the sire of the viscount wishing to clear his estate. These purposes answered, the two patriarchs troubled themselves no farther. As to a similarity of disposition, or an union of hearts, the nobleman considered it as too vulgar an idea for a man of rank, and in the citizen's ledger of happiness, there were no such items. Their different dispositions are strongly marked by the different objects which engage their attention.

The portly nobleman, with the conscious dignity of high birth, displays his genealogical tree, the root of which is, *William Duke of Normandy, and conqueror of England*. The valour of his great progenitor, and the various merits of the collateral branches which dignify his pedigree, he considers as united in his own person, and therefore looks upon an alliance with his son, as the *acme* of honour, the *apex* of exaltation. While he is thus glorying in the dust which once compounded his ancestors, the prudent citizen, who in return for

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it, has parted with dust of a much more weighty and useful description, paying no regard to this heraldical blazonry, devotes his whole attention to the marriage settlement. The whole soul of this haughty and supercilious peer is absorbed in the contemplation of his ancient and illustrious ancestry. Very different ideas engage the mind of the worshipful sheriff; regardless of the past, and considering the present as merely introductory to the future, he calculates what provision there will be for a young family. Wholly engrossed by their favourite reflections, neither of these sagacious personages regard the new married pair as worthy of a moment's consideration. To do the viscount justice, he seems as indifferent as either of them. He is married,—and his dress and demeanour prove him in love,—in love with himself. From his young bride he turns away, for the superior gratification of contemplating his own face: gazing in the mirror with delight, and in an affected style displaying his gold snuff-box and glittering ring, he is quite an husband à-la-mode. The lady is very well disposed to retaliate: playing with her wedding-ring, she repays this chilling coldness with sullen contempt; her heart is not worth her husband's attention.

The two pointers in a corner, chained together against their inclinations, are good emblems of the ceremony which has lately passed.

The ceiling of this magnificent apartment is decorated with a painting of Pharaoh and his host drowned in the Red Sea. To delineate the ocean on a ceiling, is as strong an example of the taste of the projector, as the large portrait is of the taste of the painter. This fluttering hero is probably intended for one of the peer's high born ancestors. He is invested with the golden fleece, and some other foreign orders. To give him still greater dignity, he is in the character of Jupiter; and while one hand holds up his ample robe, the other grasps a thunder-bolt. A comet is taking its rapid course over his head, and in one corner of the picture two of the family of Boreas are introduced very judiciously blowing contrary ways. To some such supernatural cause we must attribute the drapery, and long peruke flying in opposite directions. Immediately behind him is a cannon, represented in the moment of explosion; and, to leave the spectator no doubt of its being intended for serious business, and not as a mere *feu de joye*, the ball is seen in its progress. All this, it must be acknowledged, is ridiculous enough, but it is not an *iota* more absurd than are many of the French portraits which we have seen, and which Mr. Hogarth evidently intended to burlesque by this parody.*

* Some of the portraits of Louis X. V. are quite as absurd. We are told that he once sent to Rome, for Poussin, to paint him in the character of Jupiter. This great artist obeyed the summons, and prepared his canvases and colours; when, to his extreme astonishment, the monarch informed him, that although he was to be delineated as the representative of Jove, *etiquette* did not permit him to appear without his major peruke, and he must, consequent-

The painters have mistaken extravagance for spirit, and violence for freedom. Fine as are many of their engravings, they frequently give us lines that more resemble the flourishes of a writing-master, than the free strokes of an artist.

The next painting represents *Goliath* slain by *David*; he is recumbent on the earth, and in truth appears to cover many a rood. Beneath it is the merciful *Judith*: one hand grasps the sword with which she decolated *Holofernes*, and the other rests upon his bleeding head. The adjoining picture is a view of *St. Sebastian* pierced with arrows. On the other side of the room is *Prometheus* and the *vulture*; that beneath it represents *Cain* slaying *Abel*. *St. Laurence* upon the gridiron, is placed under a painting of *Herod's* cruelty. As the ornament of a chandelier, over the sofa on which are the bride and groom, is a relieve of a *Medusa's* head. This, and the rest of these agreeable representations, may possibly have some covert allusions, but to me they are not obvious. Allegory was not Mr. Hogarth's forte, neither was it often his practice. His principal meaning, I believe, was to ridicule the bad taste of those purchasers who could prefer these barbarous delineations to his own paintings. For most of those pictures which were baptized by the names of the old masters he had a sovereign contempt, and gladly seized every opportunity which presented itself to satirize their absurdities.

The self-important haughtiness of the noble owner of this mansion, is displayed upon almost every piece of his furniture. The coronet glitters not only upon the canopy, but the crutches, is mounted upon the frame of the mirror, and marked upon the side of the pointer.

One of Mr. Hogarth's illustrators observes, that "Among such little circumstances as might escape the notice of a careless spectator, is the thief in the candle, emblematical of the mortgage on his lordship's estate."—As the mortgage appears to have been paid off, one thinks the thief might have been spared. The artist might, however, mean to show that his lordship's estate was run to waste, by the negligence and extravagance of the proprietor.

The same gentleman very properly remarks, that the unfinished edifice seems at a stand for want of money, no workmen appearing on the scaffolds, or near them. He adds, that a number of figures which are before the building, were designed by the artist to represent the lazy vermin of his lordship's hall, who, having nothing else to do, are sitting on the blocks of stone, or staring at the building. I have some doubts about this explanation. His lordship's servants, I dare say, are as idle as those of any other nobleman; but they would hardly choose

ly, he so painted. Poussin not being able to conceive any way of giving appropriate dignity to the thunderer of Olympus with this flowing appendage, declined beginning the picture, and returned to Rome without making his conge-

their lounging-place to be directly under their master's window, and immediately in his sight. From a carriage which appears to be driving under an arch-way, from the eagerness with which some of the figures seem to contemplate the building, and from the air and dress of all of them, except one servant with a portmanteau, I am inclined to think this company is made up of a party come to see the progress of the new house.

The characters in this print are admirably marked. Nothing can be better contrasted than the calculating, cautious countenance of the sheriff, and the haughty, overbearing air of the peer. To this may be added, the stare of the sergeant, astonished at so magnificent an edifice, and the cunning craft of the usurer delivering up the mortgage.

This plate was engraved by *G. Scotin*, and published April 1, 1745.

From the Spectator.

STUART'S THREE YEARS IN NORTH AMERICA.

At length a British traveller has returned from the United States, who *ought* to have gone there. At length we have a full, a fair, a deliberate account of that great country: not a eulogy; not in any respect rhetorical, or poetical; sparing of epithets, but copious in facts; giving character by actions, describing by a report of occurrences.

Both by reason and experience it would appear, that the duly accomplished traveller in North America must be no common man: his qualifications are peculiar—most peculiar for an Englishman. He must be thoroughly rational and unprejudiced on the great subjects of government and manners: he must have discarded the common aristocratic habits of his native land, arising from the great difference that exists at home between man and man: in a country devoted to discussion, he must be able to reason calmly and clearly: amongst a people greedy of information, he must have some to give: in a state devoted to affairs, he should have some knowledge of business, and more particularly of agriculture, necessarily the grand business of a nation occupying a territory of enormous and indefinite extent. On the very face of his book, the author of this work is the man thus predicated; on other grounds, the same conclusion might have been come to. The name is not one unknown in Scotland. For many years Mr. Stuart was a representative and supporter of liberal principles in Scotland, when it was no holiday work to keep the sacred fire of liberty alight. Where any thing was to be done, there was he; when any thing was to be said, he was in his place; and all that energy, courage, perseverance, and talent could effect, was effected by him. It was his prominence in the ranks—not the busy bustling of vanity

and self-importance, but the modest prominence which zeal for a good cause, joined with moral energy, always gives—that brought upon him the attacks of a most rancorous and unsparing party,—the old Tories of Scotland; who, at one time, had it not been for such men as Mr. Stuart, would in that country have trampled both liberty and liberals under foot. It was but a wretched copy of verses that brought about the meeting between Mr. Stuart and Sir Alexander Boswell, which ended so fatally to the latter: but it had been found absolutely necessary to make a stand against the virulence of men who in their fury spared neither private nor public fame. This duel was a bitter necessity; but for Mr. Stuart it had the advantage of proving him, by means of overwhelming testimony, in possession of one of the noblest characters in the country. Subsequent to his trial and most honourable acquittal, the vast changes in the value of land, in which, like many others, Mr. Stuart was deceived, produced a change in his fortunes; and it seems to have been with some view of transferring his residence from Great Britain to America that the travels herein described were undertaken. He has, however, returned: let him not again be permitted to wander without *public credentials*. Shame that such a man should be allowed to leave a country which his exertions have so largely contributed to put in the way of good government! shame that such a man should depart to seek a foreign home, and leave others to reap the harvest he toiled so industriously to sow! Do knowledge and talents, joined with station, habits of business, and known firmness—and energy combined with mildness, temper, and discretion—so abound among us, that we should permit them to drift from our shore? More especially is it culpable in those who have the power to correct and yet neglect an evil of this kind, for they cannot plead ignorance. These deeds have not been done in darkness: there are those who hold their heads high in his majesty's councils, who cannot pretend not to be well acquainted with them—and who, if it were not the cowardly plan to buy off enemies rather than reward veteran friends, would know how to benefit the country while they discharged a debt of almost personal gratitude, and vindicated the good old cause of genuine liberal principles.

But to our book.

Mr. Stuart left England for the United States in July, 1823, and sailed from New York on his return in April, 1831. During the period between these dates, he travelled and resided in almost every part of the Union—at least all in which his countrymen are most likely to be interested. From New York he proceeded up the Hudson to Niagara; thence into the Canadas; on his return, he crossed New England to Boston; afterwards he visited the Eastern and Southern states; from New Orleans proceeding up the Missis-

issippi to Louisville, visiting the Illinois and Indiana states, crossing thence the Alleghany Mountains, and returning through Washington. This is the merest outline of the route, and does not include any of the numerous excursions and deviations which the author made for the purpose of more accurately informing himself of the state of the country. Mr. Stuart's familiarity with rural affairs, makes his reports on the Illinois and other Western states in the Valley of the Mississippi of peculiar value. Indeed, the chapter on Illinois ought to be pointed out as containing indispensable information, not to be procured elsewhere, to all who are thinking of emigration. The report on the great Prairie countries is full of interest, and even of novelty. Mr. Stuart visited all the new settlements of the emigrants; and his account will be not a little gratifying to the friends of those who have gone out, and not a little encouraging to those who propose to follow them.

Mr. Stuart mixed with all classes, freely and pleasantly; was always well received; and seems in most cases to have separated with regret from his American friends, after a mutual interchange of good offices and solid information. Mr. Stuart does not omit to notice the difference existing in the manners of the two countries, or to censure practices which he disapproves, when such occur: this, however, is but rare, for Mr. Stuart, like other sensible persons, knows that habits and manners are as naturally the growth of circumstances as vegetation is the modified production of the soil and the climate. Looking, therefore, upon this extraordinary people with a mind perfectly free from prejudice, and a disposition rather to discriminate than censure, we are not to be surprised that the effect of Mr. Stuart's work is far more favourable to the Americans than any account hitherto published. The favour, however, is not shown in praise, but rather in the direction taken by Mr. Stuart's observations; being neither idle, ignorant, nor ill-natured, he has neither laid himself out to listen to foolish boasts, nor exposed himself to the provocation of insulting comparisons, by an exhibition of contempt or an ostentation of a difference of habits of thinking and acting: he has looked to the doings of the Americans rather than their sayings; and having something to converse about, these sayings are of a very different character from the reports of other less qualified travellers. Neither was Mr. Stuart terrified by the bugbear democracy: he could look the tremendous majesty of the people in the face, and not be either abashed or alarmed.

There are no theories in this work—no scenes—no satire: it is not a series of controversial dialogues, flavoured with spite and prejudice, like Captain Hall's work, nor a mere libel, like Mrs. Trollope's: it is a mass of facts and observations, with such a commentary on them as good sense would dictate, or

their nature render necessary to their being thoroughly understood and applied. Mr. Stuart has been careful as well as curious in selecting those little circumstances, and those floating documents, whether in newspapers or other publications, which indicate the state of a country, like straws thrown up to show the direction of the wind. This work is very abundant in those little extracts and selections which often, in three lines, tell us as much as a traveller could in a page.

The form of the book is the lively and real form of the diary. The notes have all the fulness and freshness of immediate impressions upon them: they appear to have been taken on the spot, though subsequently to have undergone a careful revision.

The description of the state of slaves and slavery, in the Southern states of the Union, will be read with shame by every American citizen. This horrible anomaly in a perfectly free country, is painted by Mr. Stuart in more vivid colours than by any previous traveller; chiefly, we presume, because he saw more of it. It must always be remembered, that Mr. Stuart is not a hasty traveller, solely anxious to get back: he is an observer in motion.

Some of Mr. Stuart's anecdotes of slavery will be found mixed up in his account of Charleston; which, as it has a peculiar interest at this moment, we shall partly extract:

"I had heard on the way to Charleston, that this was the week of the Charleston races; and I was therefore not much surprised when I found that I could not be accommodated at the Carolina Coffeehouse, kept by Stewart, or at Jones's Hotel, which I had been desired first to try. From thence I went to Planter's Hotel. On my mentioning that I required a room for myself, the landlady protested that the house was so full that it was impossible to let me have one. I pressed my suit, however, so long and so earnestly, that she at last became propitious, and told Mr. Street, her husband, who happened to come in at the moment, what she had done, but that she was persuaded that I was at least a colonel. I got possession of a small apartment; and after the races were over, I was comfortably enough accommodated.

"The ordinary at this hotel was very good. It being the race week, the table was full, and there were several ladies. The dinner consisted of turtle-soup, fish, and abundance of food. Mrs. Street sat at the head of the table, and her husband at the foot. I lost no time in walking about the town, which is as different as possible from any of the American cities I have yet seen. The population is somewhat above 30,000. The fine houses are very large, many of them enclosed like the great hotels in Paris, and all of them covered with verandas, and situated in gardens neatly dressed, and at this season not only adorned with the fairest evergreen shrubs, but with a great variety of beautiful roses, jonquils, and sum-

mer flowers. On the other hand, many of the streets, though not all of them, were dirty and unpaved, and the houses in some parts of the town had a filthy appearance. It was at once obvious, from the style of the town, and the appearance of the people, many of them but meanly apparelled, and from the great number of coloured people, that I was now in a state where there was a far greater inequality of condition than in the American cities which I had yet seen, and that I was in a slave-holding state. In fact, the coloured population is greater than the white population in the state of South Carolina. The churches and public buildings are handsome, especially St. Michael's church, with its steeple 168 feet high. The post-office is a large, handsome building. All the finest buildings here were erected previous to the Revolution. There are many charitable institutions, among which the Orphan Asylum stands in the first rank.

"The situation of Charleston, which is within seven miles of the ocean, is a good deal like that of New York.

"It stands upon a piece of land projecting into the bay, at the confluence of the Ashley and Cooper rivers, and has a deep and safe harbour. Ships drawing twenty feet of water pass the bar. I went to the theatre on the evening I arrived at Charleston. It is a clean-looking house both without and within,—particularly within. I was surprised to see it so ill attended, especially in the race week. When I returned to the hotel in the evening, I found the streets totally deserted. I hardly met a person of whom I could ask my way home. This is owing to a regulation, which requires that none of the coloured people,—that is, about one-half of the population,—shall be out of their houses or residences after nine o'clock in the evening. On opening the hotel door, the male servants of the house were, I found, already laid down for the night in the passages with their clothes on. They neither get beds nor bedding here, and you may kick them or tread upon them as you come in with impunity.

"On the following morning, I had a delightful walk in the city and its environs, and was very much confirmed in the opinion which I had formed at first sight. There is obviously a great distinction of classes here. Some of the houses are worth £10,000, and are real palazzes, surrounded with orange trees, magnolias, palmettos, and other trees almost of a tropical climate. The streets are lined with the pride of India tree. The whole appearance is far more that of a city where luxury abounds, than what I have previously seen in the United States. Early in the forenoon, I went to the race-ground, which is on a piece of very fine turf, about two miles from the city. Many alterations in the manners of the people were obvious. The equipages were much handsomer. Coaches with coats of

arms were not uncommon; and there were several servants in livery.

"The race was very well attended by gentlemen and by the nobility, but the number of ladies was comparatively small. There is a jockey club here, from whom the stewards of the races are chosen. The stewards wear roses of crimson riband in their breasts to distinguish them, and top-boots and white corduroys, and seem disposed to exert their little brief authority to the utmost. Although there are constables at the starting-post to prevent the people from coming on the course, one of the stewards appeared very much to envy them their calling, for no sooner did a man of colour appear on the course, and within his reach, than he struck him with his horse-whip. No wonder that these people thirst for vengeance. Here on the race-course, there were at least two men of colour for every white person, yet they were obliged to submit to treatment which the white man dared not even to have threatened to a person of his own colour. The race turned out a very good one, as the horses, though of no great swiftness, were well matched. There were four heats. The riders were all boys of colour. The thermometer is at present here above 70°. I saw no mosquitos, but the flies are exceedingly troublesome, and are kept off the provisions, while on the table, by slaves with palmetto fans. Oranges, shaddock, bananas, and other fruits of a tropical country, are very abundant here. Oranges are sold for a halfpenny each. There is frequent communication with the Havannah.

"On returning to the hotel, I found a gentleman had in my absence called for me, and left a note asking me to dine with him next day. Having written my answer accepting the invitation, I went to the bar-room to beg Mr. Street to send it by one of the boys, of whom there were several about the house; but he at once told me, that he could not send any of his slaves out of the house. The bar-keeper, Mr. Ferguson, from Golspie, in Sunderland, North Britain, seeing my dilemma, offered to carry my note, and the landlord consented. Ferguson, however, afterwards told me, that the landlord had been very ill pleased with him for showing me so much civility, because he knew that his presence was always necessary in the bar-room. Ferguson at the same time told me, that the slaves were most cruelly treated in this house, and that they were never allowed to go out of it, because, as soon as they were out of sight, they would infallibly make all the exertion in their power to run away. Next morning, looking from my window an hour before breakfast, I saw Mrs. Street, the landlady, give a young man, a servant, such a blow behind the ear, as made him reel; and I afterwards found that it was her daily and hourly practice to beat her servants, male and female, either

with her fist, or with a thong made of cow-hide.

"I dined with a large party this day in a very handsome house of some antiquity, the rooms fitted up with figured wainscot in the old English style. Twenty persons sat down at dinner at about half-past four o'clock. We had a most abundant feast, of which I mention the particulars merely to show the style of such a dinner here. It was attended by an upper servant and three servants in livery, all of course slaves. The table was covered with turtle-soup, fish, venison, boiled mutton, roast turkey, boiled turkey, a ham, two boiled salted tongues, two tame ducks, two wild ducks, some dressed dishes, boiled rice, hominie, potatoes, cauliflower, salad, &c. The whole of this dinner was placed on the table at once before we sat down. When it was removed, a complete course of pastry and puddings succeeded, and then a most excellent dessert of oranges, shaddocks, and a variety of West India fruits, with iced cream in profusion. The liquids consisted of Champagne, Madeira, sherry, port, claret, porter, lemonade, &c. The ladies left the table soon after the dessert appeared, and the gentlemen broke off one by one, and always went out by the outer passage, and not by the stair to the drawing-room; from which, and from coffee not being announced, I presumed that it was not understood that the dinner party were expected again in the drawing-room. I took my leave before eight o'clock, when only three or four of the party remained.

"Dr. Tidyman, of Charleston, to whom I had been made known by Colonel Burn, was at great pains to show me the objects worthy a stranger's attention here, although my visit happened to be at a time not very convenient for him. He could not see me at first when I called, but he applied to one of his friends within an hour or two afterwards to take me to the race, and who came to the hotel for me in his carriage. He took me to his seat in St. Michael's Church on the following Sunday forenoon. This is a very handsome church, of the Episcopalian persuasion, with as respectable and genteel-looking a congregation as one would see anywhere in Britain. I afterwards went to his house, where I met many of the principal inhabitants of the city. It seemed to be the fashion for them to come for a few minutes on a Sunday forenoon to drink a glass of wine and take a bit of cake. The custom seems to be the same here as in the Northern parts of the United States, that when two gentlemen are introduced to each other, they shake hands. I have found this custom to be universal in every part of the United States, instead of the formal bow in Great Britain. The persons made acquainted with each other uniformly shake hands. I afterwards again and again partook of Dr. Tidyman's hospitality. His dinner was very much in the English style. Venison is on the table at every din-

ner here, and although not so dry as in the Northern states, is very inferior to the wild venison of Scotland, or even to a good leg of Scotch Highland mutton.

"Dr. Tidyman had four livery servants, of course slaves, who, by their obvious attachment to him and his family, and the alacrity with which they attended to every instruction that was given them, showed their sense of the kindness with which they were treated.

"Dr. Tidyman, in a late publication, relating chiefly to the establishment of the recent tariff, states the expense of providing clothing, food, &c., for a slave, on a well-managed plantation, to be about thirty-five dollars per annum. He also states the amount of the wages of a labourer, a white man, in the United States, to be three times as great as in Europe. Now, supposing the price of a slave to be 400 dollars, and 40 dollars a year's interest at 10 per cent. on his price, the prodigious saving of employing slaves is obvious. The wages of a white man cannot be reckoned at less than 500 or 600 dollars. Dr. Tidyman mentions that, with kind masters, the condition of slaves is rendered as happy as a state of slavery can admit of. This is unquestionably true. Indeed I myself have seen instances of quite as strong, if not stronger attachment, on the part of a slave, than I ever saw on the part of a white man to his master,—but the master may, at pleasure, be guilty of abuse of power to his slave; and it is quite notorious in the Southern parts of America, that even the greatest slave-proprietors, whose interest ought to lead them to treat their slaves well, treat them the worst. I could easily refer to many instances. One, however, is so well known, that there is no impropriety in mentioning it, viz.—that of General Hampton, one of the greatest, if not the very greatest, slave proprietor in the United States, a South Carolinian, with, however, the chief part of his property situated in Louisiana. He not only maltreats his slaves, but stints them in food, overworks them, and keeps them almost naked. I have seen more than one of his overseers whose representations gave a dreadful account of the state of slavery on his plantations, and who left his service because they would no longer assist in the cruel punishments inflicted upon his slaves; but I do not mention such a fact as this merely on such authority. General Hampton's conduct towards his slaves is matter of notoriety.

"Dr. Tidyman has a large plantation; his overseer's salary is 1,000 dollars a year.

"Dr. Tidyman carried me round the environs of Charleston in his carriage, to the Orphan Hospital, in the front of which is a statue of the great Lord Chatham, who was justly popular in this country on account of his opposition to the war with the Colonies. The whole hospital is clean and well kept. The top of the hospital affords the best view which there is of the city and neighbourhood of Charleston, and of the bay and adjoining rivers.

"Dr. Tidyman also took me to a rice-mill, the whole arrangements of which are very conveniently and beautifully managed. The process is shown,—beginning with the conveyance of the rice from the schooner into the cart, until it is ground and ready for packing.

"There is at Charleston a guard of soldiers, who patrol the city during the night.

"During part of the summer months, so dangerous a fever prevails here, that a great part of the inhabitants leave the city; many of them go to an island in the bay, called Sullivan's Island; others go to the mountains or hilly part of South Carolina, which is quite healthy; and many emigrate to the north, to the Saratoga Springs, or the neighbouring states. Dr. Tidyman and his family go regularly to the vicinity of Philadelphia.

"I took a long drive on the 4th March, in an open carriage, to see the country in the neighbourhood of Charleston, great part of which is of very sandy soil. The roads are in some places very bad, owing to the great weight of the wagons bringing cotton to be shipped at Charleston. The scenery here would be very tame, if it were not for the fine rivers on both hands; but the inland part of South Carolina is in many places mountainous, and very beautiful.

"There is a considerable extent of country from eight to eighteen feet high; and the summits of some of the spurs of the Alleghanies, which project into this state, are between 3,000 and 4,000 feet above the sea. The Table Mountain, a rock of granite naked on three sides for 1,100 feet above its base, and between 3,000 and 4,000 feet above the sea, is the highest of the mountains. A great many of the finest trees in the neighbourhood of Charleston, and especially evergreen oaks, are covered with a long pendulous moss (*Tillandsia usneoides*), wherever the neighbouring ground is moist: when properly prepared, it is used in stuffing mattresses. Cattle are fond of it before the grass springs. This moss is injurious to the trees to which it attaches itself. It robs them of nourishment, and prevents them from receiving the heat of the sun.

"My driver was a free man of colour. He gave a frightful account of the treatment to which he and all the people of colour, whether free or slaves, are subject in this state. He had been accustomed formerly to go every season to the state of New York during the period when, owing to the inhabitants leaving the city, business was almost at a stand; but, by an act passed a few years ago, it is declared that a free person of colour leaving the state, though merely crossing the boundary, shall never be allowed to return; and as this person driving me has a wife and family, he feels himself really and truly a prisoner in the state of South Carolina. The same law declares, that it shall not be lawful for free persons of colour to come from another state into this. If they should be brought in a vessel,

they are immediately confined in jail, till the vessel is ready again to proceed to sea,—the captain paying the expenses of their detention. It is now contrary to law that even free persons of colour should be educated; they are incompetent witnesses in any case where the rights of white persons are concerned; and their trials are conducted by a justice of the peace and freeholders, without the benefit of a jury. So far as respects the slaves, they are even still in a worse situation; for, though their evidence is in no case admissible against the whites, the affirmation of free persons of colour, or their fellow-slaves, is received against them. I was placed in a situation at Charleston which gave me too frequently opportunities to witness the effects of slavery in its most aggravated state. Mrs. Street treated all the servants in the house in the most barbarous manner; and this, although she knew that Stewart, the hotel-keeper here, had lately nearly lost his life by maltreating a slave. He beat his cook, who was a stout fellow, until he could no longer support it. He rose upon his master, and in his turn gave him such a beating that it had nearly cost him his life; the cook immediately left the house, ran off, and was never afterwards heard of,—it was supposed that he had drowned himself. Not a day, however, passed without my hearing of Mrs. Street whipping and ill using her unfortunate slaves. On one occasion, when one of the female slaves had disobliged her, she beat her until her own strength was exhausted, and then insisted on the bar-keeper, Mr. Ferguson, proceeding to inflict the remainder of the punishment. Mrs. Street in the mean time took her place in the bar-room. She instructed him to lay on the whip severely in an adjoining room. His nature was repugnant to the execution of the duty which was imposed on him. He gave a wink to the girl, who understood it, and bellowed lustily, while he made the whip crack on the walls of the room. Mrs. Street expressed herself to be quite satisfied with the way in which Ferguson had executed her instructions; but, unfortunately for him, his lenity to the girl became known in the house, and the subject of merriment, and was one of the reasons for his dismissal before I left the house; but I did not know of the most atrocious of all the proceedings of this cruel woman until the very day that I quitted the house. I had put up my clothes in my portmanteau, when I was about to set out, but finding it was rather too full, I had difficulty in getting it closed to allow me to lock it; I therefore told one of the boys to send me one of the stoutest of the men to assist me. A great robust fellow soon afterwards appeared, whom I found to be the cook, with tears in his eyes; I asked him what was the matter? He told me, that just at the time when the boy called for him, he had got so sharp a blow on the cheek-bone, from this devil in petticoats, as had unmanned him for the moment. Upon

my expressing commiseration for him, he said he viewed this as nothing, but that he was leading a life of terrible suffering; that about two years had elapsed since he and his wife, with his two children, had been exposed in the public market at Charleston for sale,—that he had been purchased by Mr. Street,—that his wife and children had been purchased by a different person; and that, though he was living in the same town with them, he never was allowed to see them; he would be beaten within an ace of his life if he ventured to go to the corner of the street. Wherever the least symptom of rebellion or insubordination appears at Charleston on the part of a slave, the master sends the slave to the jail, where he is whipped or beaten as the master desires. The Duke of Saxe Weimar, in his *Travels*, mentions that he visited this jail in December, 1825; that the "black overseers go about everywhere armed with cow-hides; that in the basement story there is an apparatus upon which the negroes, by order of the police, or at the request of the masters, are flogged; that the machine consists of a sort of crane, on which a cord with two nooses runs over pulleys; the nooses are made fast to the hands of the slave and drawn up, while the feet are bound tight to a plank; that the body is stretched out as much as possible,—and thus the miserable creature receives the exact number of lashes as counted off. The public sale of slaves in the market place at Charleston occurs frequently. I was present at two sales where, especially at one of them, the miserable creatures were in tears on account of their being separated from their relations and friends. At one of them, a young woman of sixteen or seventeen was separated from her father and mother, and all her relations, and every one she had formerly known. This not unfrequently happens, although I was told and believe that there is a general wish to keep relations together where it can be done."

Our next extract contains an interesting discussion of the complaints of a Mr. PHILLIPS, a British settler in the Illinois, who was dissatisfied because he had no gentlemen in his neighbourhood—

"After breakfast I paid a visit to Mr. Phillips, who has a very fine plantation, the best in the neighbourhood, about a mile from the town. Mr. Phillips is an Englishman, and was contractor for the mail-coach establishment in Edinburgh, in Scotland, where he made a fortune. His farm is of excellent soil, beautifully situated, commanding a delightful view. He told me, that, literally, his hogs were fed with peaches and apples. In short, he is living as the proprietor of a place so comfortable in appearance in all respects, and so much improved in the British sense of the term, that, if it were in Scotland, it would be envied by many; but he is obviously not altogether satisfied with his situation on some accounts, which, I think, I may perhaps be able, in consequence of the

conversation I had with him, to understand, and to explain better than he could do himself. First of all, he has committed an error into which British emigrants, who come out here with their pockets full of money, very generally fall, viz. that of laying out a large sum of money in improving and beautifying his land in the British style. Such improvements yield no adequate return in this country, even upon a sale. The price of labour is high in this country; the value of produce is low. I am not, therefore, at all surprised that Mr. Phillips feels chagrined on account of his having laid out his money unprofitably; but he is wealthy, and this circumstance is obviously not that which annoys him most. His complaint is, that he has not a gentleman in his neighbourhood to associate with.

To explain what, I presume, Mr. Phillips means by this expression, I must premise, that Mr. Phillips, at the period of his emigration to the United States, was in the possession of a competence at home of his own acquisition, and in the enjoyment of every comfort in that walk of life in which Providence had cast his lot. His occupation must have led him to be chiefly engaged in transactions with farmers, innkeepers, and persons following his own business. People pursuing what was his professional occupation lead a varied, bustling life. They generally keep a mercantile inn or hotel, and much of their time is occupied in attending to it, and to their numerous servants and coachmen, and in the purchases of carriages and horses, and of food for the latter; but, notwithstanding the number of their occupations, they in general contrive to find time for the enjoyment of what they consider the comforts of life, and also for amusement. They seldom conclude a transaction, or make a bargain of importance, without the parties engaged in it eating and drinking together; and if a friend or two are in the way, they are asked to partake, and an hour, or two, or three, are spent over a bottle or two of wine, or a jug of spirits and water. If the bargain is one of great moment, or to last for a period of years, a distant day is named, in order to drink good luck to it, so that the attendance of the intimate friends of the parties may be secured to an entertainment not exactly in the 'pot luck' style. Family dinners, too, among the friends and relations of people in this class of life in Britain are quite common; and the whole afternoon is, on such occasions, pretty generally spent happily together in convivial conversation, and an approach to jollification.

"Now Mr. Phillips has thought fit to put himself down in a very beautiful, but still very thinly peopled, district of the Western country of America; and I have no doubt that he believes what he says,—that he has not a gentleman to associate with; because his idea of a gentleman is that of a person who will eat and drink with him, and spend his time with him according to his previous modes and habits of

life, and who would be what Mr. Phillips would consider on friendly and social terms with him.

"Americans would very probably, I suspect, make the same complaint against him,—that he does not live as they live, eat his meals as rapidly, smoke his cigar, and take a little spirits and water, half a dozen or a dozen times, perhaps, in an afternoon. They have exactly the same grounds to complain of him.

"My own impression is, that every Englishman of Mr. Phillips's habits and situation in life will prefer the mode of life to which he has been previously accustomed; but that is nothing to the purpose. The Americans are so thoroughly occupied by their own business that they seldom find leisure to sit and converse over their 'tippie' for two or three hours at a time: and long-continued habit leads them to prefer their own mode of enjoyment,—of smoking and drinking their spirits and water, not at one long-continued session, but now and then when they feel disposed.

"It is quite a good-humoured, but still a complete mistake on Mr. Phillips's part to charge the Americans with not being gentlemen, because they do not choose to live as he lives. The mistake is with him in conceiving the term only applied to people who lived as he would like to live, and as he did live at home. This mistake is frequently committed by persons of various descriptions in other countries as well as in America. The term gentleman is as well known and recognized among highwaymen and pickpockets as with the highest duke in the land. No doubt their interpretations of the term do not agree. But if the most generally accepted definition of the term be admitted, that it includes all persons of good education and good manners, I venture to say, without fear of contradiction from any one who has had opportunities of seeing the mass of the population of the United States,—the North and the South, the East and the West,—that that great country contains an infinitely greater number of gentlemen than any other country which exists, or ever has existed, on the face of the earth. I am glad to be supported in this opinion by at least one late British traveller in America, Mr. Ferrall, who says, "that all in America are gentlemen."

"Mr. Phillips has, I am persuaded, other reasons for not being very partial to his situation in this country. His circumstances at home would probably lead him to frequent fairs, horse-markets, cattle-shows, &c. He had no substitutes in this country for the pleasure which he probably took in such meetings, and in the society to which they led. He was easy in his circumstances, and in the possession of every comfort of life at home; and most probably he came here tempted by flattering representations that the money which he had made would bring him a far better return in this country than in Britain,—would enable him to buy a much larger estate—perhaps to keep a carriage—to purchase every article he required

free of duty—and that he would be at once liberated from the payment of that direct taxation to which his property in Britain of course subjected him.

"Every part of this representation, if it was made to him, is true; and Mr. Phillips is proprietor of a fine estate, which would be thought a desirable one in any part of the world; but he does not feel at home with the people, and he dislikes their mode of life, which is totally different from that to which he has become attached. He misses his frequent chats with his neighbours, and the companions of the first part of his life; and he cares little about the enjoyments of which he is possessed in this country, unless he can share them with his friends.—This is all very natural; but had Mr. Phillips come to this country at the age of thirty or thirty-five, with manners not so entirely formed as they seem to have been, without prejudices, with some such sum as 700*l.* or 800*l.*, and with a wife and a family of half a dozen children, for whose support that sum would have availed but little at home, he might have obtained a plantation here, from the produce of which, if managed discreetly and without unnecessary expense, he not only could have maintained his family well and respectably, and given his children excellent education, but have at once come into possession of every political privilege—in fact, have become a country gentleman. The situation and status of such a family coming to this country are entirely altered. Their prospect at home is gloomy and dark: here, with industry, it is bright and secure.

"It is for persons of this description (no matter though they have a little more money, but they must not be rich nor independent), and for mechanics and labourers, that the United States hold out inducements for emigrants not to be found elsewhere; but the rich, the luxurious, the man of letters, or of refined habits, should never, in existing circumstances, think of crossing the Atlantic with a view to better himself by a permanent residence in the United States. The British have far more aristocratical feelings and manners than the French, or the people of any other nation.—Haughtiness to their inferiors, although implying conduct very different from that of a gentleman, must, I fear, be attributed as a fault more to individuals of rank and riches in Great Britain than in any other country. The New-castles and Kenyons, or the Neelds of England, could not fail to find the United States, and especially the Western countries, a horrible country to live in. There is no class of people there who live at all like the select, the artificial class of London or of British society, who yawn themselves out of bed at eleven or twelve in the forenoon—pass an hour sipping their coffee over the brilliant columns of the *Morning Post*—who afterwards find it difficult to kill time in St. James's Street, or in some frivolous pursuit, until their ennui is in the evening relieved by a luxurious dinner, with a party,

accompanied and followed every day by no small quantity of wine; and whose evening and night is afterwards passed in the House of Commons (a seat in which was obtained with a view to the exclusive society it has hitherto conferred or rendered comestable), if there is to be an important division; at the opera, in the gambling-house, or in some house of entertainment. People born with a fortune, and thus making use of it,—the real *fruges consumere nati* of other countries,—are utterly unknown in America. They would be viewed there as having lost their senses, and would be so treated.

"Men of science, too, and of literature, not a small body in England, find but few persons in the United States who are not engaged in professional business, and have not in that country the means of resorting to great public libraries, which they find in England indispensable for their pursuits. They meet with few people disposed to sympathize with them in the objects which interest them, or to enter into their feelings, or to live in the way in which they have been accustomed to live. The United States do not offer a desirable asylum for persons of this description, even if they are in straitened circumstances. It will be much more for their happiness to contract their style of living in England than to make a voyage to America.

"I do not think, however, that the same rule is to be applied indiscriminately to that description of persons which comprehends physicians, lawyers, merchants, and clergymen. On the contrary, I have met with many individuals in all those professions, originally from Britain, who had adopted the American mode of life, and were perfectly satisfied with the country and with the manners of the people. But it is universally observed, that the British have more difficulty in changing their mode of life, and especially in accommodating themselves to the manners of the Americans, than any other people. No people consider it so great a hardship to be obliged to eat or associate with those whom they consider to be their inferiors in point of station, as the British. It is, therefore, very hazardous for people, even of the middling classes, to come here unless they arrive in early life, and with manners still in a great degree to be formed. The slightest assumption of superiority over a person conceived to be lower merely in point of station or wealth in the United States, is not tolerated. Superiority is yielded to men of acknowledged talent alone. New York would be in a fever of joy were Mr. Clay, a man certainly of the first talents as a statesman in America, though at present unemployed and in retirement, to appear there; but the richest man in the United States—such as Mr. Girard, who died lately at Philadelphia worth many millions—even if he appeared with as great a display of wealth as George the Fourth at his coronation, would command no respect or attention whatever. Men of refined

manners, and accustomed to the British mode of living, can as little submit to such a state of things, as to the American style of living, the constant business, the hurried men, the frequent cigar and spirits and water. There are, it is true, many accomplished and polished persons in the best sense of the words in the United States; but their number is infinitely smaller in reference to the population than in Great Britain. In this admission, I of course neither allude nor mean to allude to that class of persons whose mode of life I have already attempted to describe, who acquire artificial habits, and pass through life alike useless to themselves and to the world. They are objects of pity in all countries. Our boasting, however, must be carried no farther than to the class of the highly educated, accomplished, and refined; for the great mass of the people in the United States are so much better educated, so much better informed, and possess so much better manners, so much more self-possession and ease, that it is absolutely ludicrous to compare the people of Great Britain with them in those respects.

"To the poor, then, if industrious and able to work, the United States is the most inviting country that ever existed: they are sure of obtaining political privileges, station, and a competency. No wonder, then, that the great people of this country, whether the old Tory nobility or the merest upstart, should be alike disposed to adhere tenaciously to things as they were and as they are, which give them much in proportion as they yield little to the mass of their countrymen. Mr. Ferrall has precisely entered into the views which I am attempting to explain, when he says, that "the higher classes in the United States have some of that high polish rubbed off, by their occasional contacts with their less civilized fellow-citizens, but that 'the humble classes decidedly gain what they lose,' and that the general good conduct of the humblest persons is remarkable, when contrasted with that of the same class in England."

Besides an immense number of facts and observations in these bulky volumes, the reader will find numerous mistakes and misconceptions of former travellers rectified: so that, on the ground of the extent of the information, and its accuracy, the work ought to be recommended not merely as a book for the instruction of those who stay at home, but as a guide for those who wish to go abroad.

Our extracts have consumed all the space we have now to spare, but the book is too rich to be passed over with this hasty notice. We shall return to it.

From the Athenæum.

Gossip on Literature, Science, Art, &c.

Mr. Bonin's Subscription.—We are most happy to announce, that the appeal to the public on behalf of this distinguished man and his amiable family, has not been made in vain. Subscriptions, we hear, are coming in fast—and we have good hopes that something worthy of the country will be done on this occasion. And that this age will save itself from the old reproach of leaving men of genius to live in misery and die in wretchedness, only testifying their sympathies by raising monuments to their memory. The following noblemen and gentlemen have already consented to act as a Committee, and Mr. Leitch Ritchie has kindly taken on himself the troublesome office of Secretary.—Lord John Russell, Chairman; Right Honourable Henry Ellis, J. Grattan, Esq. M.P., Edward L. Bulwer, Esq. M.P., T. B. Macaulay, Esq. M.P., Rev. Hobart Caunter, R. Sharp, Esq., Thomas Moore, Esq., John Crawford, Esq., J. H. Gladstones, Esq., Edward Stirling, Esq., J. Stirling, Esq., John Gibson Lockhart, Esq., Wm. Jerdan, Esq., Leitch Ritchie, Esq., C. W. Dilke, Esq.—The Committee are to meet at one o'clock on Wednesday next, at Mr. Ritchie's, 17, Great Coram street; and we trust they will be able to make a good report. In the meantime let us remind the public that subscriptions are received by Messrs. Hoare, Fleet street, and Messrs. Hopkinsons, Regent street.

Mons. J. J. R. faud, whose scientific researches in Egypt and Nubia during a residence there of twenty two years have made him known to all Europe, has lately arrived in this country, and brought with him several portfolios of the drawings with which he intends to illustrate the future numbers of his splendid work on those countries, now in course of publication. Having been favoured with a private examination of these, we must express our admiration and astonishment at the zeal and perseverance which could alone have sustained him through so many years of devoted application. His drawings, six thousand altogether, include the more interesting of the antiquities of Egypt and Nubia—sketches illustrative of the customs and manners of the people—the natural history of the country—its quadrupeds, birds, fishes, reptiles, insects, and plants—all executed with admirable skill. The zoological specimens are accompanied by anatomical drawings made from actual dissections, and the botanical by representations of the plants in different stages; and they include many species hitherto unknown, which will be found useful in medicine, in art, or for human food. In the classification of these, M. Rifaud received the assistance of Cuvier and the most distinguished French naturalists. We are happy to announce, that three drawings will be exhibited on Friday next at the Royal Institution in Albemarle street, when our scientific friends will have an opportunity of examining them.

The Scott Monument.—We had great pleasure last week in announcing the noble example of liberality set by her Majesty the Queen of Spain, in contributing towards the erection of this monument. We now copy the following from the

Corres of the 17th December:—"We have often expressed our admiration of the immortal Scottish writer, Sir Walter Scott, and have more than once made mention of the monument which his countrymen are about to raise to his memory at Edinburgh. It is now our pleasant duty to announce, that her gracious Majesty has not only expressed her intention of contributing herself to the monument, but has authorized a voluntary subscription being opened in Madrid for the same purpose.—It is the more agreeable to us to announce this new proof of the protection that our beloved and great Maria Christina extends to literature, as the object of it was a writer, who, unlike other foreigners, has always shown a high regard for our literature."

Political Squibs.—Our American friends perplex us sadly upon occasions with their political jokes. There is humour in the following, though we do not pretend to understand who is referred to.—"*Davy Crockett's last.*—Crockett, at one of the President's levees at Washington last winter, was offered an ice. After tasting it, he whispered to a gentleman near him, 'The cream is very sweet, but how mortified the general would be if he knew it was frozen.'—The last we heard of Davy Crockett, was, that he had been appointed, by the President, to stand on the Alleghany mountains, to wring off the tail of the comet, to prevent it from burning up the earth."—*U. S. paper.*

NOTES BY THE EDITOR.

The contrast and character of the periodical press in England and France is well exhibited in the article on Journalism (p. 450) from the Westminster Review. As this subject is one of increasing importance from the growing influence of the press in Europe, we have copied another comparative article from the Examiner (p. 499)—and a very entertaining piece from the Metropolitan (p. 481) upon the present and past state of newspapers in London, with many curious particulars of their internal machinery, and amusing anecdotes of editors, reporters, &c.

Poor Mrs. Trollope is reviewed by the Westminster, which is not likely to consider with favour any attack upon the good people of the United States. For our own part, we must acknowledge that the extracts from her books which have from time to time come into our way, have amused us, and have entirely failed to kindle a glow of patriotic indignation. We consider the character and stability of the nation as invulnerable by her attacks, or that if they were not, they would not be worth defending.

We do not agree with all Miss Martineau's opinions in the article on the Achievements of the Genius of Scott—but there has nothing been written by this lady which does not deserve the attention of every philosophical reader.

The article on Count Pecchio's Travels in England was founded upon the original work published at Leghorn. It has since been translated in London, and reprinted in the United States.

We need not ask any of our *young* readers to look at "Love at Colin Maillard," which is one of the best tales we have read this year.

The contracts between Sir Walter Scott and his publishers (495) will be interesting to all who care about literary history.

Notwithstanding the disgusting nature of the exhibition, we have compiled from several journals, an article (501) showing Lord Byron's treachery and hollow-heartedness, as evinced in his conduct toward Mr. Rogers. The malignity of his satire cannot be forgiven on account of its virulence.

From the Quarterly Review we publish two very long articles, which yet will attract even the light readers; we mean the articles on the Philosophy of Apparitions, and on Modern Travelling.

The very able historical article upon M'Culloch's edition of the Wealth of Nations, will not be of such general interest. Those of our readers who consult the work merely for amusement, must bear in mind the necessity under which we labour, of giving the Spirit of the Foreign Journals generally; as well the more erudite and philosophical as the light and the gay. This article deserves the study of the historian and the statesman. The remainder will appear in our next.

Just as we are completing these Notes, our parcel for February has arrived, and we are glad to see that the Monthly Magazines are good once more. Our next number will accordingly be more various than the few latter have been. Blackwood, especially, is very good, as we shall show.

The opinions concerning the Tariff, the President's Message, Proclamation, &c. which we copy from some of the periodicals, may interest our readers of all parties.

Stuart's Travels in this country is the work of a better traveller than we have had before. Some of the following remarks by the editor of the New Monthly Magazine relate to it:—
"Between the maxims of the French governing powers and the English, a very remarkable difference exists in this, that literature in France is a step to public employment and public confidence—in England, it is a step, but a step backwards. Aptitude, as shown in books, is hailed in France, and instantly ap-

plied; in England, it is lamented. A person seeking public employment in this country would suppress his materials for a book: in France, he would hasten to publish his works and confidently reckon upon the effect. This remark is made, as the commentator on Men and Things by two facts, or supposed facts: The first is, that Fontanier, on the publication of his Travels in Turkey, was immediately appointed consul at Trebizond, on the sole ground of his excellent book. This book of travels, which we read *professionally* on its appearance, we had occasion to recommend as an able work, and as entitling its writer to public confidence: but how many excellent and similar works have been and may be published in this country, without attracting for one moment the attention of the governing powers, or, in other words, how much talent, experience, and ability are lost to the national advantage, because our rulers have hitherto proceeded on the grand principle of self-seeking alone, and in fear and trembling of the press. The other fact we will not vouch for, as it reaches us but at second-hand. The most valuable work on the United States in the English language, is that just published by Mr. James Stuart; and yet we are told this work never would have seen the light had not the author despaired of promised public employment. This means, that government does not like people who publish,—they are afraid of them. Mr. Stuart, therefore, with a due knowledge of his men, kept his book back until he saw family or borough interest preferred: then he published his excellent book—the book, of course, precluding all expectation, which it was understood had expired.

"Aptitude, unfortunately, has never been the guide of our government in their distribution of employment, or England would have stood in a far different position, whether at home or abroad: in fact, the question has always been, after the selection of the man, whether he was such as could keep up even the appearance of doing his duty. If aptitude were the qualification of office, there is no better test than a man's book—and so the French think. A book was published lately in England, quite as good, and more remarkable, than Fontanier's, which, in France, would have instantly called the author to office,—we mean the Turkish travels of Slade; and had we been in a position to pick and choose public servants, that man would have been instantly seized as a prize; as it is, he will probably only be injured by his work. As for ourselves in this matter, we know as little of Slade as Fontanier: we never even 'saw one that had seen them;' but we have had the honour of 'reviewing' their productions.

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M. Bessington

AUTHOR OF "CONVERSATION WITH LORD BYRON"

Published by E. Littell Philad.

